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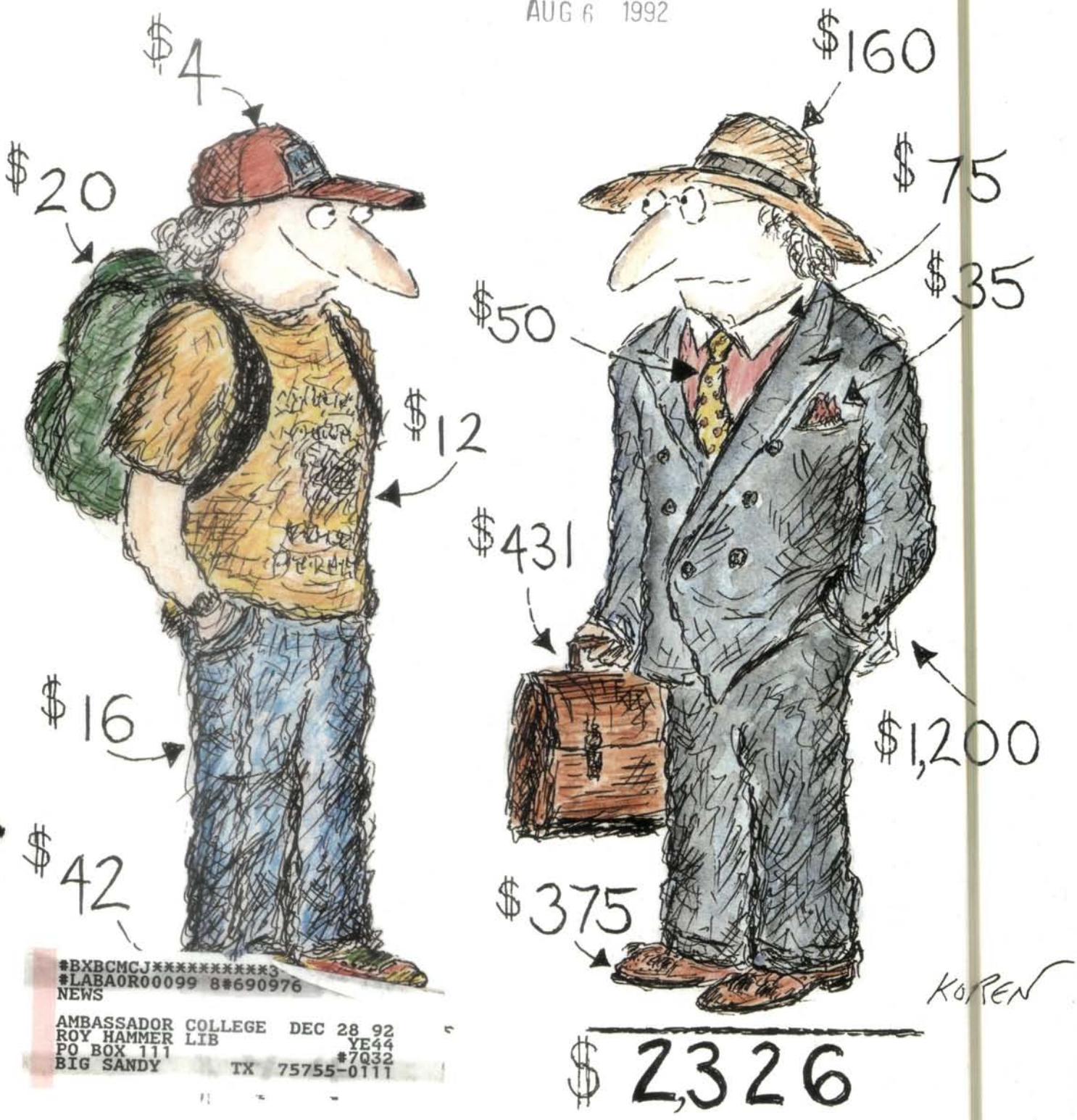

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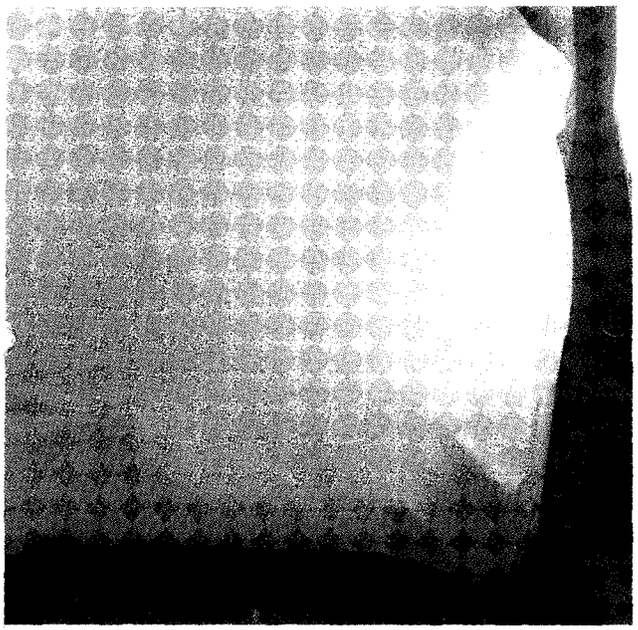

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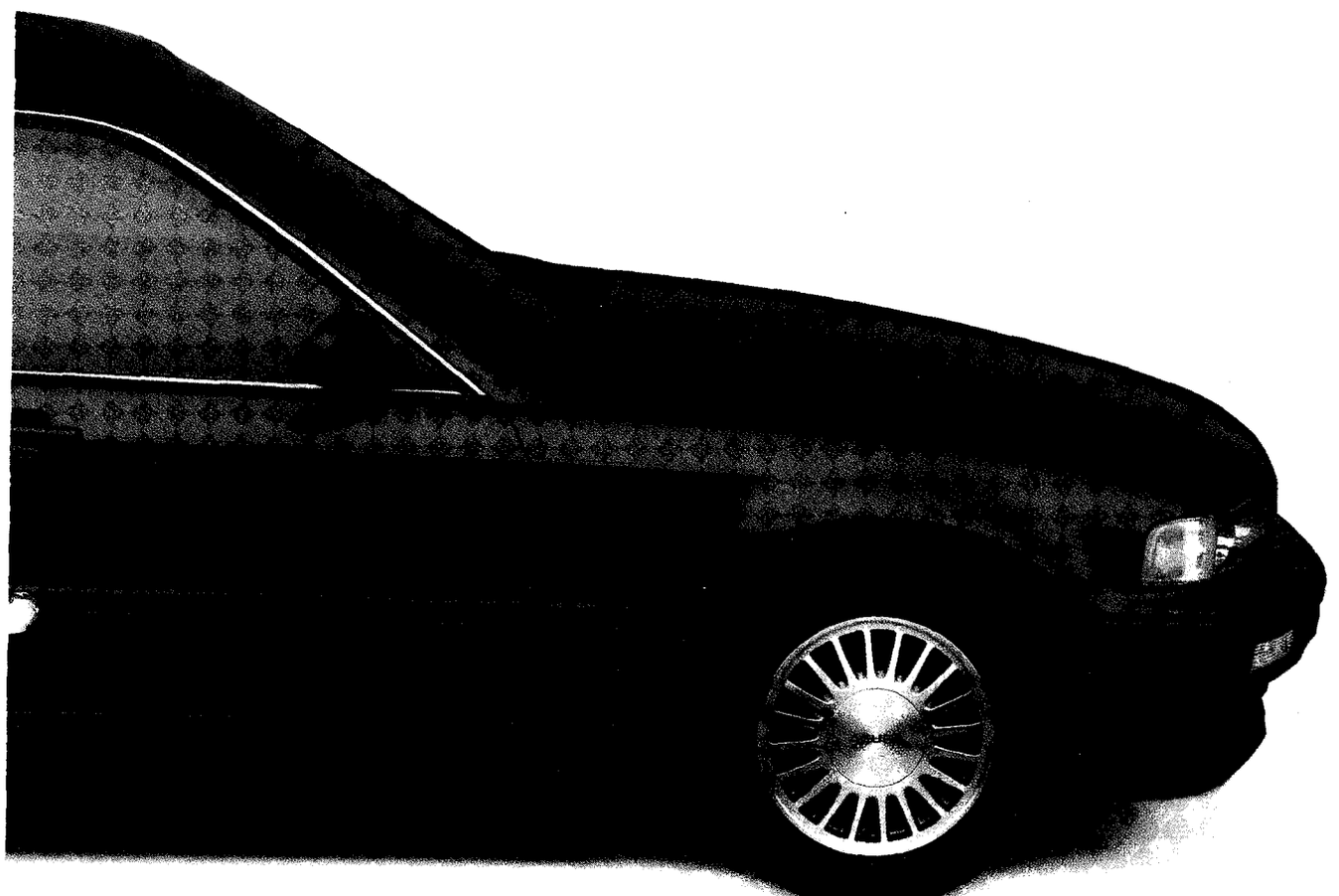

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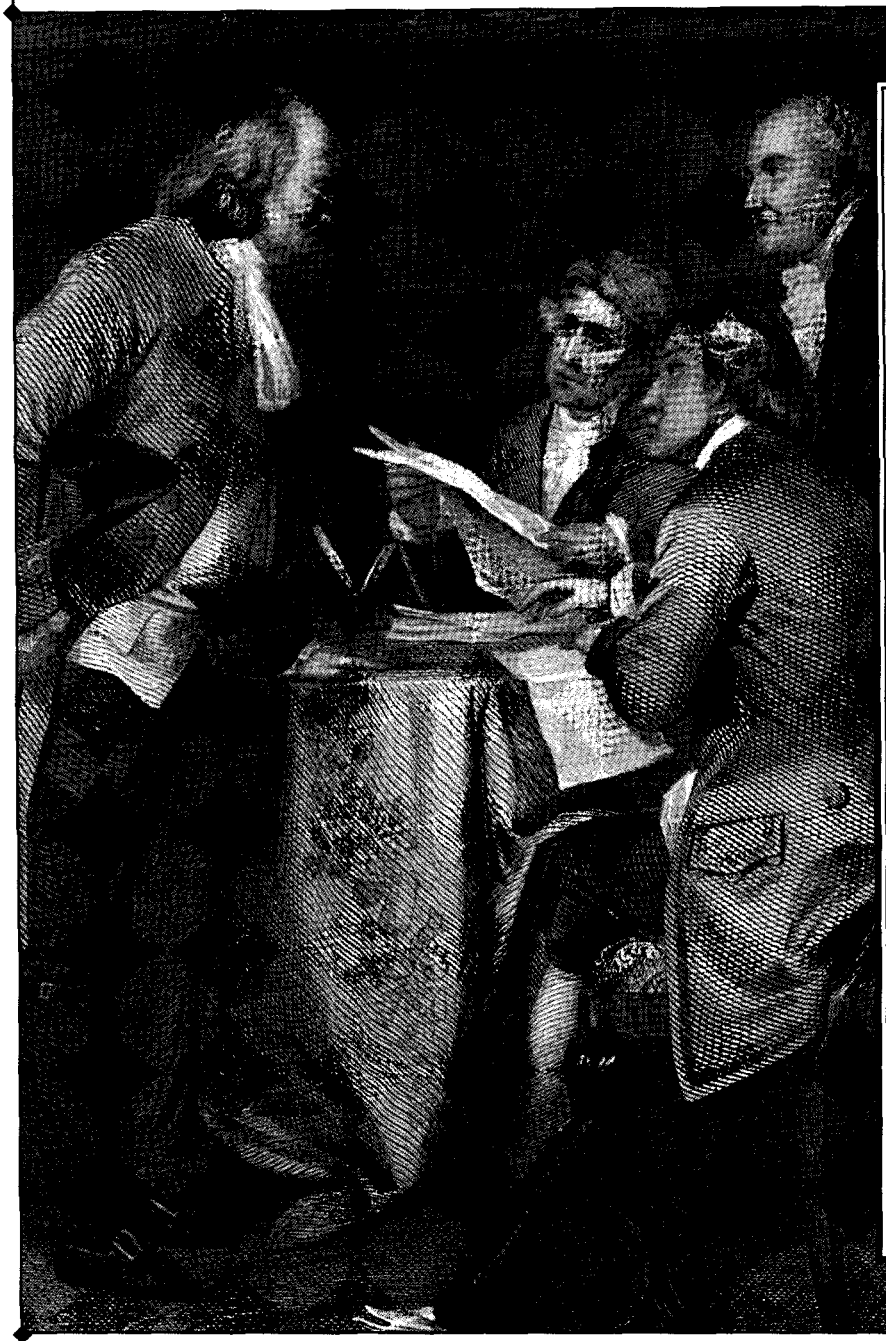

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

LOUISE DUART may be female, and she may be an impersonator, but she's not a female impersonator. Or, rather, she doesn't impersonate only women. In her deft act in "Catskills on Broadway," she closes with George and Gracie, and it's the Burns that burns (her Allen's too kewpie-sweet). DuArt does Burns aptly enough to make you aware of her anomalous position in the world of comedy: her colleagues (Lily, Whoopi) may inhabit male characters, but they rarely impersonate real ones—at any rate, not successfully. The explanation is simple enough—it's easier for men to throw their voices higher than for women to pitch theirs low—but it's a question of available targets, too. You take your targets where you find them, and if they happen to be men, so much the better. Even DuArt, however, can't find all that many men to mimic, which makes sense, given the available celebrity choices. Who is easier to mock, after all, Tom Cruise or Madonna?

DuArt doesn't, in fact, do Madonna, but she does do Barbra and Shelley, as well as Jean Stapleton and Dr. Ruth. And she excels at Cher. Cher sporting vermicelli tresses. Cher swaggering around the stage. Cher announcing the age of her new boyfriend (twelve). The singer is easy prey, a favorite of every mainstage wannabe since Day One, but DuArt gives her a fresh spin—one without pathos. Whether this is a function of temperament (DuArt describes herself in the program as a housewife with "a regular spot in the car pool") or talent (when your mimicry is sharp, why give it camp accents?) or some alchemical combination of the two is for each audience to decide. Whatever the reason, she's a chameleon with class, though she's not afraid to kid class when class gets out of hand. Katharine Hepburn, for example, she brings maliciously low. In DuArt's version, the crotchety actress extends her career to standup. Test-marketing her material at a New Jersey comedy club, she edges into the kind of Borscht Belt humor at which the other "Catskills" performers (especially Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence) excel. Kate's opening joke, delivered with tremor-filled, Yankee-perfect diction, begins, "Two Jews . . . walk into a bar." The followup? At the Lunt-Fontanne, eight times a week.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ANNA KARENINA—A musical by Peter Kellogg (book and lyrics) and Daniel Levine (score), which is based on Tolstoy's novel. Ann Crumb, Melissa Errico, Gregg Edelman, Scott Wentworth, John Cunningham, and Jerry Lanning lead the cast. Previews begin Aug. 11. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—Shakespeare in the Park continues with this production, which was staged by the Brazilian director Cacá Rosset. The cast includes Elizabeth Franz, Boyd

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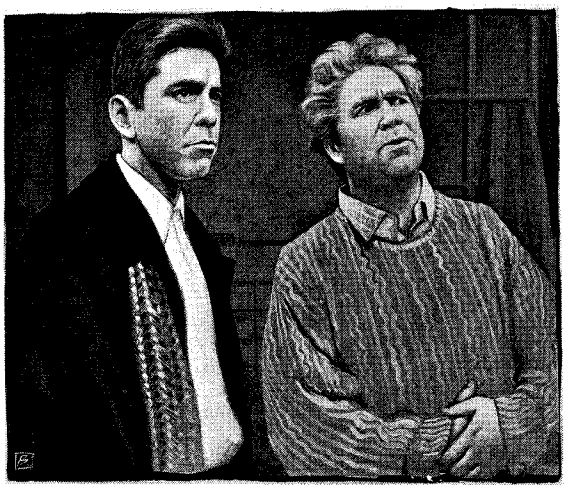
Gaines, John Michael Higgins, and Marisa Tomei. Previews begin Aug. 6. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and THE FIFTEEN MINUTE HAMLET—The Roundabout Theatre Company presents a double bill of comedies by Tom Stoppard. Simon Jones and David Healy star in both. In previews. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)



Adam Arkin and John Christopher Jones in "Sight Unseen"

OPENED RECENTLY

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Louise DuArt does impressions. Nipsey Russell fills in for Mr. Lawrence from Aug. 4 through Aug. 9. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

ETHEL MERMAN'S BROADWAY—Rita McKenzie is Miss Merman in this one-woman show. Written by Miss McKenzie and Christopher Powich, who also directed. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes Aug. 8.)

FALSETTOS—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. James Lapine directed. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FIRES IN THE MIRROR: CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN AND OTHER IDENTITIES—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer, in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato. Miss Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung, and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. Those here gathered include Angela Davis, in California; Professor Leonard Jeffries, of City College; and the omnipresent Reverend Al Sharpton. There are also a couple of rabbis; a couple of rapping street kids; a local Jewish housewife; and, most notably, Norman Rosenbaum, an Australian whose brother Yankel was stabbed to death in retribution on the night of the accident. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Aug. 16.)

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JAKE'S WOMEN—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

JELLY'S LAST JAM—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

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LOTTO (EXPERIENCE THE DREAM)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore about a Los Angeles family who wins the lottery. The cast: Alimi Ballard, Steve Baumer, John L. Bennett, Elise Chinyere Chance, Earl Fields, Jr., Maurice Fontane, Peace Roberts, Bryan Roquemore, Jessica Smith, and Otis Young Smith. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

MURDER IN DISGUISE—A gay comedy mystery by John Glines. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St., at Bleecker St. 564-8038.)

THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME—A play written and performed by David Drake. Segments include "... and *The Way We Were*," "Why I Go to the Gym," and "12" *Single*." (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

RED DIAPER BABY—Josh Kornbluth's one-man show, recently seen at Second Stage. Joshua Mostel directed. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes Aug. 9.)

RUTHLESS!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

SIGHT UNSEEN—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. With Adam Arkin, Margaret Colin, John Christopher Jones, and Pamela Gray. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Gregory Mosher's revival, with Jessica Lange in the role of Blanche DuBois, plays like a parody. It features a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a Stella (Amy Madigan) straight out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a lot of embarrassing staging. Miss Lange's acting is all "for the camera." One feels that she is trying to rescue the role of Blanche from decades' worth of assumptions about it but hasn't had much help or guidance from her director. (4/27/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 9.)

TWO TRAINS RUNNING—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after award nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)... **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **DANCING AT LUGHNASA:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **LOST IN YONKERS:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. With Anne Jackson and Lucie Arnaz. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation, as you probably know. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.)... **TUBES:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)... **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Mac Davis plays Rogers, and—yes, it's true—on Aug. 3, Marla Maples joins the cast as Ziegfeld's Favorite. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

EVERY Wednesday night, sometime after nine, the distinguished tap dancer Jimmy Slyde gets up on the vest-pocket stage at La Cave (1125 First Avenue, at 62nd Street), greets the band, and starts to think with his feet. We were going to say that he starts to lay down some iron, which is dancers' lingo for what a tapper is doing when hard at work, but in Mr. Slyde's case that would be misleading. The taps on his black kidskin laceups are conventional metal taps, all right, but when they strike the wooden stage they don't, as some taps do, vibrate or clatter or—the worst possibility—jingle like a glockenspiel. Rather, they produce quick, touchy hammerings; they constitute a percussive instrument, along the lines of a piano. If Mr. Slyde were a pianist, one would be tempted to speak of his articulate style and witty phrasing. We're already talking about his trademark glissandi—those moments when he slides across the stage on both feet. He put lots of slides into one of his recent performances at La Cave, and no two of them were the same. They differed in length, in sound, and in the way they interrupted the step sequences. They weren't mannerisms but idioms.

During a break, he said, "I'm not a heavy dancer. I lay down iron, but I prefer to focus on intonation. There's a time for heaviness and a time for lightness. It's a mellowing. When you first start dancing you just try to get all the sounds you can get. Then, as you go along, you try to master those sounds. Then, *then*, you have something to say."

We asked him about the slides. "You never know in advance how far you're going to slide," he said, observing that one must have a kind of sixth sense about how the musical time is structured. "You must know your punctuation," he added. "That's when what I call the overlay and the overplay of dance and music come in. For me, that unrehearsed factor keeps the humor in the whole thing. You have to laugh at yourself for trying to make it look graceful. That's the fun of the dance, and the humility."

On August 7 at 8 P.M., Mr. Slyde joins fellow tap stars Chuck Green, Bunny Briggs, and Lon Chaney to headline a program of jazz and tap dancing titled "The Majesty of Tap," at Alice Tully Hall.

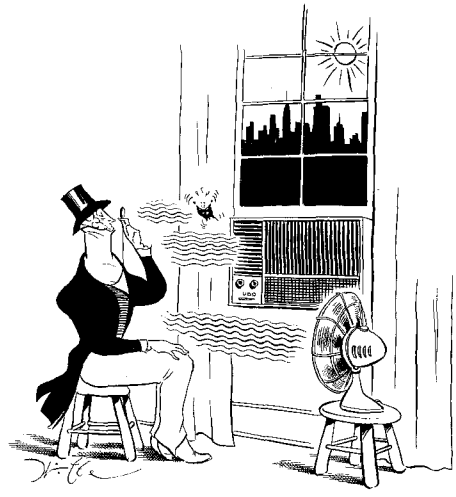
IN TOWN

PILOBOLUS—Aug. 3 at 8: "Land's Edge," "Ocellus," "Moonblind," "Alraune," and "Day Two."... ¶ Aug. 4-5 and Aug. 12 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," an unnamed work (première), "Televisitation," and "Début C."... ¶ Aug. 6-7 at 8: "Land's Edge," another unnamed work, "Alraune," "Walklyndon," and "Day Two."... ¶ Aug. 8 at 2 and Aug. 11 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Axons," "Clandestiny," "Pseudopodia," and "Sweet Purgatory."... ¶ Aug. 8 and Aug. 10 at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," "Shizen," "Walklyndon," "Ocellus," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Aug. 15.)

SAMULNORI—Four dancers and drummers from Korea. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 7 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The Hubbard Street Dance Company, Aug. 4-6 at 8, Aug. 7 at 8:30, and Aug. 8 at 2 and 8:30. The program features works by Twyla Tharp ("Baker's Dozen" and "The Golden Section"), Margo Sappington ("Mirage"), Bob Fosse ("Percussion Four"), and Daniel Ezralow ("Super Straight Is Coming Down").... ¶ Lisa Nelson, Dennis O'Connor, Wendy Perron, and Timothy Buckley, Aug. 7 at 8 and Aug. 8 at 5.... ¶ Steve Paxton and Koichi Tamano, Aug. 9 at 7.... ¶ The début of Ballet De Ville, a company directed by Peter Anastos, Aug. 11-12 at 8. The program includes Petipa and Ivanov's 1893 "The Awakening of Flora" and Anastos's "Table Manners" and "Footage." Through Aug. 15. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)



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Iris DeMent

NIGHT LIFE

IN the liner notes of her début album, "Infamous Angel," Iris DeMent talks about her roots in Arkansas; about hard times on the family farm; about her thirteen brothers and sisters; about her boyfriend, Elmer; and about her mother, Flora Mae. DeMent's story is so affecting and homespun that it must be either the work of wily admen or the real thing. We're here to tell you that it's the latter. "Infamous Angel" is a spare, wide-eyed sort of country album. DeMent's voice is raw and fluttery—it belongs on a scratchy old record—and it can strike you as lovely or inexpressibly sad, or both. Her songs are mostly pen-and-ink drawings of childhood and young love. They're performed on acoustic guitar, with pianos, fiddles, and mandolins coming and going so gently that you hardly notice them.

The other day, we called DeMent at her current home, in Kansas City—she married Elmer last November—and talked to her awhile about songwriting: "I go for long periods where I don't write anything. And then I go for long periods where I write lots of stuff, but it's all really bad and it goes into the box under the bed," she said. She also told us about her idol Emmylou Harris, who sings harmony on a tune called "Mama's Opry": "She kept saying things like, 'Does that sound O.K.?' And that was a little awkward for me, because of course it sounded O.K." She told us that until recently she'd been waitressing and doing office work, and that it was all right if she didn't sell too many records, because, as she put it, "I never made a whole lot of money at anything I did."

DeMent is currently on tour with Dave Wilcox. (They'll each do solo sets at the Bottom Line, on August 5.) Asked what she does when she's not on the road, DeMent laughed and told us, "Really nothing out of the ordinary. I sing. And I sit down every now and then and try to write a song. But the rest of the time I'm just cooking and cleaning, and worrying about life."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which *boldface type is used to pick out* some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin a *scandal.* Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist Lee Lorenz leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing, and Tuesdays through Thursdays belong to Al Bundy. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool, green cabaret with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. Just now, the Ballroom is home to All Four Fun and a program titled "All Ellington." Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays at six-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays and at three on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **CARMELL JONES** quintet is here Aug. 6-7. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The décor is on the self-consciously glitzy side, the seating is cramped, the atmosphere is harried, and the prices are steep, but so many fine jazz musicians step through the Blue Note's doors that every so often you'll be raring to come. The **RAY BROWN** quartet, with singer **MARLENA SHAW,** is here Aug. 4-9, and **JOÃO BOSCO** starts up on Aug. 11. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE WILLOW, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of youth culture. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Music from seven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club tends to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes. If you have trouble getting tickets to the early show, it's usually because some record company has bought the place out. The atmosphere here, as a result, can be a bit weird: the record-company types have to have fun, because their own artists are onstage, but they can't have too much fun, because their bosses are watching. The later shows, though they're not as well attended and though they tend to run late, are much looser in spirit. **DAVE WILCOX** and **IRIS DE MENT** share the bill on Aug. 5; **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and **SCOTT KEMPNER** come in on Aug. 11. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. Trios currently rule the roost: Gary Bartz, Donald Brown, and Ira Coleman play Aug. 3-8; Chris Anderson, Billy Higgins, and Ray Drummond perform on Aug. 9; and Barry Harris joins Messrs. Higgins and Drummond beginning on Aug. 10. Music from ten. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The main music room here—the Café Carlyle—is closed for the summer, but across the hall, in the intimate Bemelmans Bar (named after the Austrian painter whose whimsical murals surround the room), singer-and-pianist Kurt Wieting provides the tunes from nine-thirty Mondays through Fridays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. This week: Eve's Plumb (Aug. 4), Lovin' Kind (Aug. 5), Bizbees (Aug. 6), and the 360's and 700 Miles (Aug. 7). Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A club that features "only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." This concept may not appeal to New York blues artists, but it could save local blues aficionados a trip to the Midwest. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHINA CLUB, 2130 Broadway, at 75th St. (877-1166)—Glam-seekers come here hoping to rub shoulders with models and celebrities. It's the kind of place with some rooms you can go into and others you can't. Decorative touches include a big aquarium over the bar, Chinese folding screens, and snapshots of the fabulous partying at the club. Once in a while, rock stars show up to jam after a performance in town. Usually, though, you'll find a roster of heavy-metal-leaning upstarts. Dress is come-as-if-you-were-in-L.A.

CLUB 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas. **PEGGY LEE** is in the midst of an engagement. The singer, who was born Norma Doris Egstrom, in Jamestown, North Dakota, has been in the public eye since her days with the Benny Goodman orchestra. Her varied career has included such hits as the much-covered "Fever" and "Is That All There Is?" Here, she'll be examining the songs of Frank Loesser, among others. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Singer **ANITA O'DAY** likes to check in around this time of year, and she'll begin a week-long stint on Aug. 4. O'Day rose to fame with Gene Krupa's big band in the forties, and then drifted out of the jazz world. A few years back, she made a critically acclaimed comeback, and has been working since. These days, she performs hits she sang with Krupa's band and tells war stories from her days on the road. O'Day is an especially fine scat singer, who uses her voice like a solo instrument. She's also quite funny, in that peculiarly Second World War-era, tell-me-another-one kind of way. As of Aug. 11, the club belongs to the **RITZ.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

JUDYS', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine. Shows at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

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KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **CAROL BRITTO** is at work Aug. 5-8, with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** Aug. 7-8. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** gets under way on Aug. 12. Music from about nine-forty-five.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsonites, the Knitting Factory takes in all manner of avant, neo, and post ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key bohemian—it's like a frat house for the avant-garde. Back in the eighties, singer and percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS,** who'll perform on Aug. 7, spent a few years collaborating with jazz guitarist Pat Metheny. Metheny's record "As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls" includes a gorgeous and ghostly sidelong composition on which Vasconcelos's work is simply stunning. The **JAZZ PASSENGERS** are here on Aug. 8, and **CHARLES GAYLE** on Aug. 9. Music after nine.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—It's an improbable bar in an unlikely location, but Lauterbach's has spawned a scene of sorts—and the owners have a wall of press clippings to prove it. In its short life span as a rock venue (it has a longer one as a neighborhood bar—the kind of place where Archie Bunker might feel at home), the club has become HQ for a tight little community of Brooklyn bands, a development that has apparently brought in enough money for the club's recent facelift. Still, it's not as though you need a tux to get in the door.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it were the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. **PHOEBE SNOW, RICK DANKO, WILL LEE,** and others share a bill on Aug. 8; the **MARSHALL TUCKER BAND** performs on Aug. 11. Music after nine. Dining.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The veteran bluesman **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON,** a onetime Muddy Waters sideman, brings in a combo on Aug. 6. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Three bands will take the stage on Aug. 7: **VELOCITY GIRL, TSUNAMI,** and **NOTHING PAINTED BLUE.** Velocity Girl, which is based in Washington, D.C., plays a pop-influenced variety of indie rock, which is to say it puts a premium on songwriting and a lid on distortion. The band has put out some pretty successful vinyl singles, and its first CD should be out, on the Sub Pop label, early next year. Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. The current attraction is Queen Esther Marrow, who (with the help of a four-piece backup band) is performing hits associated with the late Sarah Vaughan. Shows

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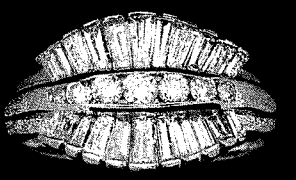

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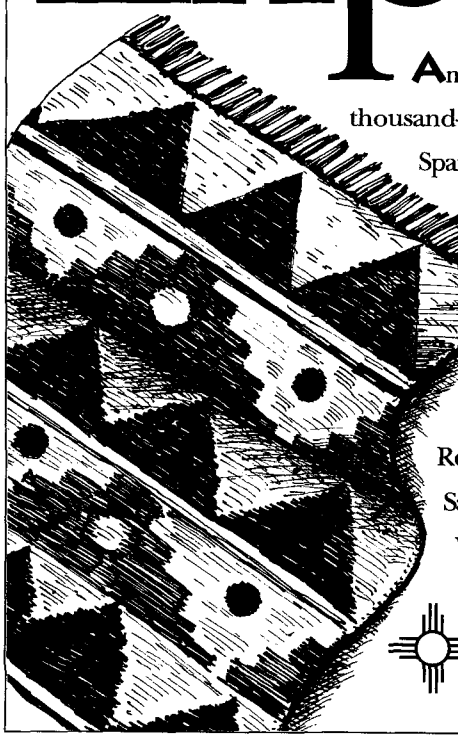

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HABITAT

Those strange creatures poised around the seating area in the northeast section of Hudson River Park, in Battery Park City, are actually parts of a single sculpture, a work by Tom Otterness titled "The Real World." According to the artist, the bronze figures, which number more than a hundred, inhabit an apocalyptic mockup Manhattan in urgent need of revolution. The small figures are divided into five groups—rich, white collar, blue collar, policemen, and radicals (the radicals have no clothes on)—and many enact grim moral vignettes. For example, on a little side street there's a group of upper-class characters, with tails like rats, who are carrying away a bound female cat, while up above, on a lamppost, an owl has an upper-class man in its talons.

In the center of the seating area, two tiny creatures—one a radical, one a worker—are flinging a rich Humpty-Dumpty off the roof of a leaning building, while on other floors figures are variously getting robbed, drinking cocktails, and getting spanked. Hanging from a lamppost is a serpent with the head of Malcolm X. Otterness said that he had the host neighborhood in mind when he did the sculpture, which was financed by Battery Park City's Fine Arts Fund. "I thought it would be a good lesson for all the Wall Street kids—an antidote to the lessons they're getting in their homes."

Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" "Say It with Music," an appealing, expertly produced Irving Berlin revue, is currently under way. **Kaye Ballard, Liz Callaway, Joe Cocuzzo, Jason Graae, Jay Leonhart, Ron Raines,** and **Fred Wells** make up the cast. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—A small, tastefully appointed cabaret that feels like some very rich person's living room. In a good way. **Karen Mason** performs on Aug. 5. Shows at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Song of Singapore Theatre, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This is the new home of the Swing Dance Society, a group of Lindy Hop enthusiasts who've been putting on Sunday-night dance parties for several years now (the Cat Club was their former home base). Swing music at a mock forties Singapore night club—the musical "Song of Singapore" was put on here—may sound like an odd juxtaposition, but who cares? Strike up the band. **Swing Fever** is in action on Aug. 9. Sets begin at eight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. The current lineup includes Sarah Dash (Aug. 5), Guilherme Arantes (Aug. 8), and Eddie Palmieri (who begins a two-night stand on Aug. 12). Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Space at Chase, 98 Third Ave., at 12th St. (475-1407)—One of those East Village joints where, for a few bucks, you can hear a handful of local rock bands. As is usually the case at these establishments, some of the bands will make you want to cower under the pinball machine while others will make you want to dance and shout and start your own independent label. As for décor, there's a bar, some chairs, some tables, some walls, a ceiling, and two dart boards. Music from nine-thirty, except on Tuesdays, when it starts at seven.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. **Julian Joseph** leads a quartet here through Aug. 9, and, as of Aug. 11, **Richard Davis** performs with a few able friends: Roland Hanna, Ricky Ford, Cecil Bridgewater, and Ronnie Burrage. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **Miles Evans** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a sunken dance floor with a circa-1975 mirrored disco ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. acts. Shows at nine and eleven.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. The sound system can be overwhelming, but the place is big enough to accommodate both those who want to lose their hearing and those who don't. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main order of business here. Chicago blues guitarist **Son Seals** performs Aug. 7-8; **Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys,** a Bayou-country zydeco group, claim Aug. 12. Sets get underway at eight and eleven weeknights, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Located on a beery strip of the Village where every day is spring break, this club offers three floors of fun. Since this makes for a rather confusing traffic pattern, you might want to use the buddy system. In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays are set aside for salsa bands. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the Dave Kikoski trio works out Aug. 5-Aug. 9, and the Jiro Rantalaa quartet gets started on Aug. 12. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. Saxophonist **David Murray** brings in a quartet Aug. 4-9. Guitarist **Bill Frisell's** band, which features clarinettist **Don Byron,** takes hold on Aug. 11. Mondays are reserved for the **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra.** Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **Chucklehead** and **D'Tripp** appear on Aug. 6. Slide-guitarist **Warren Haynes,** who's been on the road with the Allman Brothers Band for a few years now, leads a band of his own on Aug. 8. Music at ten.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Miauhaus"—A large installation of visual art works will serve as the backdrop for numerous performance artists, poets, musicians, and dancers. In all, fifty-seven artists are involved. Aug. 7 at 9: Musical performances by John King, Fast Forward, and Ikue Mori. . . . ¶Aug. 8 at 10: Music by Dung Beetle. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. 966-9520.)

Penny Arcade—In a reprise of "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!," a performance piece that employs video and erotic dancing. (P. S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Aug. 6-9 at 9. Through Aug. 23.)

ART

TAKEN anew as an institution, the reconstituted Guggenheim appears to have a multiple-personality disorder. It exhibits, conserves, and acquires works of art. It is also more than usually willing to deacquisition works—or sell "assets," in the words of the museum's director, the technocratic Thomas Krens. Furthermore, according to many recent reports, the museum seems all too happy to showcase works currently in the hands of private collectors, or even dealers, under the rubric "Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." And, finally, it is turning itself into a sort of global franchise operation, with Guggenheim satellites being planned in Salzburg, Austria (doubtful), North Adams, Massachusetts (iffy), and Bilbao, Spain (seems to be in the works).

Dan Flavin's huge pink neon Maypole, with its surrounding neon rigging—an enlarged version of a 1971 piece—is for the moment the lone occupant of Frank Lloyd Wright's restored Fifth Avenue snail. The Flavin has clout, especially at night, when it conjures the honky-tonk Art Deco motifs of South Miami Beach—which is possibly what the global-trend-conscious Mr. Krens intended. Meanwhile, the "permanent collection," in the new annex, on the whole looks forlorn: crowded, badly lit, and compressed by two museum shops at the top and bottom of the mini-rotunda.

The Goog's new SoHo branch, a loft building whose floors have been transformed, by Arata Isozaki, to accommodate contemporary art, is sleek, with large paintings by Warhol, Tàpies, Joan Mitchell, and Lichtenstein decorating the reception area. But the inaugural installations are shameless. The show, grandiosely titled "From Brancusi to Bourgeois," includes a section on the ground floor of work by Joseph Beuys and Louise Bourgeois. While her enclosures and display cases are sensationally potent, his installations look as if they had been plunked down in an automobile showroom. On the vast bisected floor upstairs, the situation is even worse. On one side, white-on-white paintings by Robert Ryman seem to have been hung as backdrops to a group of Brancusi sculptures, while, on the other side, several floor pieces by Carl Andre undermine a vast assortment of extraordinary paintings and drawings by Kandinsky, who, as ever, is at once this museum's bulwark and its sacrificial lamb.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Al-Andalus: The Art of Islamic Spain" includes more than a hundred works of art, from a wood ceiling to a mosaic dado to an ivory coffin. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. Through Oct. 25. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13. (See Photography listing.). . . ¶ In an effort that is not without its ironies, Erika Rothenberg has lately been struggling to find a resonant way of combining her illustrational style with a political agenda favored by the small, already converted art world she has chosen to address. A recent gallery show gave evidence of a breakthrough of sorts; her series of sardonic "greeting cards," which took on such subjects as racism, child abuse, and political exploitation, was chillingly unfunny. Now she has carried this tack even further, by transforming the museum's "Projects" space into a card shop à la Hallmark; unfortunately, all this display accomplishes is to show how easily surfeit can destroy a good idea. Rothenberg treats the space as if it were an extension of the museum's gift shop, and this may explain why her show always seems to be crowded. But once she captures her audience, she seems incapable of doing anything with it—the work elicits neither laughter nor outrage. Through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Stephen Kroninger's wacky photomontages, made of savagely snipped and snazzily rearranged bits of magazine and newspaper images, have consistently provided some of the most memorable political commentary of recent years. Kroninger is a good old leftist curmudgeon, and he comes up with some pretty devastating caricatures. At his best, he shows just how potent visual images can be—how, when they're successful, they can render columns of text superfluous; many so-called fine artists could learn about loaded imagery from this illustrator. (During Reagan's million-dollar-promo tour of Japan, for instance, the *Times* ran a Kroninger on the editorial page, showing a marionettish Reagan being force-fed dollars with chopsticks.) And Kroninger can pit visual and verbal clichés against one another to great derogatory effect: for example, a picture of a blankly smiling Dan Quayle with the phrase "This is your mind on drugs" underneath. Kroninger's collages work best deployed in the black-and-white print media, but this small, jam-packed show features mostly framed color montages. Handled thus, his works lose their magic and become almost irritating. There must be a better way to honor this man's talent. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ "Louis I. Kahn: In the Realm of Architecture." Through Aug. 18. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. This summer's program is dedicated to the music of John Cage. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection" is on view, along with Dan Flavin's fluorescent-light installation, "Untitled (to Tracy, to celebrate the love of a lifetime)." Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"From Brancusi to Bourgeois" includes, as well, Kandinsky, Andre, Ryman, and Beuys. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938-46" includes eighty paintings made after Johnson returned to the United States from Europe and developed his simplified brilliant-color style. Through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ An auxiliary exhibition, "Parallel Visions," draws on the museum's permanent collection to provide a

Dan Flavin at the Guggenheim Museum

context for viewing the works of Johnson. Among the artists represented here are Philip Evergood, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Ben Shahn, and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 25. (Another complementary show, a survey of Johnson's career, can be seen at the Studio Museum in Harlem, through Sept. 20.). . . ¶ An exhibition of landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and boxing scenes by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ The second part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. Through Aug. 23. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Painters of a New Century: The Eight & American Art," an exhibition devoted to the work of the turn-of-the-century painters known as the Eight: Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan. Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Complementing the "Eight" show is a smaller display of prints, drawings, watercolors, and pastels by these same artists, as well as by George Bellows, Jerome Myers, and Walt Kuhn. Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Tacit Transit," a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. Through Sept. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Prehistoric Mammals of Charles R. Knight" features thirty paintings and sculptural re-creations by the artist, who, in preparation for his work, painstakingly studied both fossils and living animals. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A large exhibition titled "Global Warming—Understanding the Forecast," which was developed by the museum and the Environmental Defense Fund. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"An Album of Interiors" consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Making of America" consists of twenty-nine letters and official documents by such figures as Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Benjamin Franklin. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Puss in Boots, the Master Cat, is the subject of an exhibition that spans three hundred years' worth of illustrations, beginning with Charles Perrault's original manuscript of Mother Goose stories. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Pierpont Morgan's librarian, Belle da Costa Greene (she was also the first director of the Library when it became a public institution), is the subject of a small show of photographs, letters, and memorabilia. Through Aug. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of Embellishment" features fifty painted and stencilled objects—doors, pieces of furniture, tinware, and textiles—from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of "Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane." Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-four prints, drawings, and watercolors by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925). Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Masterworks of American Impressionism from the Pfeil Collection" features eighty-seven paintings, by such artists as Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Lila Cabot Perry, and John Twachtman. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye," the first in a series of exhibitions to be curated by artists who are academy members. Philip Pearlstein has done the selecting here; among the forty works on view are Ryder's "Marine" and Sargent's "Portrait of Monet." Through Sept. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Ansel Adams: The Early Years" covers the years 1919 to 1941 and includes, along with several of the famous Western landscapes, lesser-known still-lifes, portraits, and views of New York City. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition, mostly of paintings, from the collection of the Century Association. Some of the works, such as Albert Bierstadt's "Guerrilla Warfare, Civil War" (1862) and Winslow Homer's "Nurse and Child" (1868), were accepted by the association in lieu of an initiation fee. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Convention fever lives on in "Party Time: Presidential Campaigns Since 1832," a large gathering of glorious political artifacts. Through Sept. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"In Life or Death Forever," a comprehensive show commemorating the centenary of Walt Whitman's death, includes a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters, culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. Through Sept. 12. (Berg Exhibition Room.). . . ¶ The forays of Percy Bysshe Shelley into the political arena are chronicled in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Through Aug. 8. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of the career of William H. Johnson, in conjuction with the "Homecoming" show at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibition of a dozen large-scale paintings and a dozen works on paper by William T. Williams. Through Nov. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"Paper"—An appealing show of works by seven artists whose principal medium is paper. The selections were made by Kiki Smith, whose own recent show at this gallery demonstrated her mastery of this medium. The most engaging works are those by Lesley Dill. Her "poem shirt," which consists of paper letters hanging high up on a wall in a spill of partially readable words, gives a sense of the fragility of speech; her "poem dress," which is more readable, speaks of alienation. Through Aug. 14. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St. Closed Mondays.)

"Trouble Over So Much Skin"—This is a very funny show that aims to render ridiculous

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"The Young Rebel in American Photography"

the current uproar over sexually explicit art. The work is neither erotic nor pornographic, but instead displays a kind of enlightened barnyard matter-of-factness about sex. The most conspicuous work on view is by John Lekay, who has been causing a minor sensation lately. The piece, titled "Ring a Ring of Roses," consists of a daisy-chain orgy of inflatable women with strap-on dildos. Another Lekay piece is more economical, and more absurd: a lone basketball with a black dildo strapped onto it. Elsewhere are G. B. Jones' lesbian drawings, whose style has been appropriated from Tom of Finland, and Richard Hawkins' collages, in which gay-porn shots are pasted on top of pages from art magazines showing viscous paintings by members of the contemporary male canon: Polke, Kiefer, Schnabel, and Bleckner. Through Aug. 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Short List—**David Rabinowitch**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Oct. 31); **Regina Silveira**, Ledis-Flam, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, through Aug. 7).

OTHER VENUES

"Art in the Anchorage"—Creative Time has mounted its ninth annual summer salon in the vaults of the Brooklyn Bridge. On view are six installations, by Helene Aylon, Gretchen Bender, Mildred Howard, Seiko Mikami, the Women's Action Coalition, and Liz Young; a continuous slide presentation of works by photographers Nina Kuo, Dona McAdams, Marilyn Nance, and Lynda Rodolitz; and a memorial exhibition of works by furniture designer and graphic artist Don Ruddy. Several readings, panel discussions, and performances are also scheduled at various times during the run of the show. Through Sept. 20. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

"Cross Section"—Battery Park City has been transformed into one huge indoor-and-outdoor sculpture park for this show of seventy-five contemporary works, which are on loan from nineteen New York City museums. Among the sixty-five artists represented are Viola Frey, Nam June Paik, Alfredo Jaar, Louise Bourgeois, Christian Marclay, Isamu Noguchi, and Faith Ringgold. Through Sept. 20. (Battery Park City and World Financial Center. Exhibition guides are available at kiosks throughout the area.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining and provocative eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, in which each hole has been designed by a different contemporary artist. In Gregory Amenoff's piece, the ball travels down a time line of Elvis's life to a cup labelled "Las Vegas: Hole of Fate." Pat Oleszko and Ward Shelley have you trying to outmaneuver their larger-than-life inflatable clown, who wears a hat called Censorama and looks suspiciously like Jesse Helms. The hole designed by Chris Clarke—a Bronx native who used to play miniature golf under the Broadway El—is a comment about the government's neglect of the AIDS epidemic; you putt the ball along a path and then through a replica of the White House made of neon AZT and Zovirax bottles. The golf balls are imprinted with "truisms" by Jenny Holzer ("Raise boys and girls the same way," "Absolute submission can be a form of freedom"). You can rent a putter for five bucks, and just looking is free. Through Sept. 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. The course is open Thursdays through Saturdays from noon until midnight and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays from noon until ten.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EACH summer since James Danziger opened his photography gallery at 415 West Broadway, in 1990, he's used the slack season to put on shows that, though their titles sound easy-going, are actually very focussed. Last summer, he presented "A Photography Show for Children," an exhibition so rich that he ended up expanding it into a book (to be published next year by Random House). This summer, Danziger has again organized the kind of tight show that makes you want more—"American Photographs: Traditional Themes by Contemporary Photographers" (closed Mondays; through August 14).

As this exhibition makes clear, Danziger is a strong picture editor. Each of the six photographers here is presented under a different subheading. "Natural Wonders" is represented by a huge and luscious Lynn Davis photograph, "Grand Geyser," taken in Yellowstone National Park; "The Family" is shown through Sally Mann's psychologically ripe pictures, here color shots a little less edgy than those in her recent show at Houk Friedman; and "The Road" belongs to Richard Misrach's atmospheric, romantic, color-sophisticated C-prints.

In this summer of Presidential-campaign fever, Danziger has cleverly given the subject of "Flags" to Robert Mapplethorpe and "Pioneers" to Annie Leibovitz, whose simple portrait of Jessye Norman—with her eyes shut, her mouth open, and her hands almost touching her face—made us feel as though we could actually hear her incomparable singing; the picture conveys both intense concentration and a strong faith in the power of the human voice. Finally, there is a group of "Clouds," taken by Bruce Weber. These images, which recall Alfred Stieglitz photographs on the same subject, prove that some subjects really are infinite in their possibilities.

"An Enduring Interest: The Photographs of Alexander Gardner"—Gardner's many portraits of Abraham Lincoln are endlessly fascinating character studies, and his Civil War photographs—which he published himself, along with the work of several colleagues, in "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War"—combine fact and emotion so persuasively that he has been called one of the inventors of photojournalism. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970"—A perennial American type is being explored in this smart show. In photography no less than in movies and literature, new images of the rebel seem to arise with every generation, and they exert enormous influence on popular culture. Some of the images here seem innocent by today's standards—such as Bruce Davidson's photographs of a gang of teen-agers whose symbols of rebellion are cigarettes and beer. But there are also tougher pictures, such as Larry Clark's 1971 photographs of kids shooting up. The other photographers represented are Diane Arbus, Larry Fink, Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander, William Gale Gedney, Allen Ginsberg, Danny Lyon, and Joseph Sterling. Through Oct. 13. (Museum of Modern Art.)

MUSIC

HERE are some generalizations on which just about everyone involved in recycling the musical past would be likely to agree: programs should balance the familiar and the unfamiliar; lectures and program notes can be stimulating companions to music; concentrated reëxaminations of well-known composers can enrich enjoyment and understanding; concerts with unifying themes (topic, period, genre, or what have you) can provide an illuminating context for individual works.

Lots of programmers think along these lines; some do it better than others, and a lucky few have the institutional leeway to experiment. One of the best—for his breadth of reference, acuity in selection and juxtaposition, and keenness of observation—is Leon Botstein, the president of Bard College and co-director of its "Rediscoveries" summer concert series. This year's focus is Richard Strauss. (The first concert is August 14; for information, call 1-914 758-7559.) Interesting and sometimes unobvious topics leap out from the list of programs: a close look at Munich (not the more usual Vienna or Berlin); the cultural dynamics of the twentieth-century Mozart revival (Strauss the performer was a leader in this, and his music reflects it); relations with popular culture (Richard wasn't related to those other Strausses, but his "Rosenkavalier" waltzes would be unthinkable without their work); relations with the Third Reich (a touchy and ambiguous area in Strauss biography, here adumbrated by a concert of banned "degenerate" music); and, as usual in the Bard festivals, a generous inquiry into little-known music by the great composer's contemporaries. It rounds out the picture to discover what Busoni, Reger, Pfitzner, Ritter, Thuille, Toch, and the rest were up to while Mahler and Strauss were writing the works we know.

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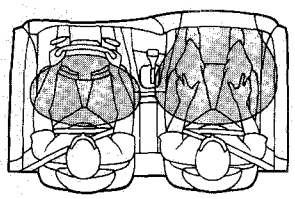

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IN TOWN—OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—CARMEN, in a new production, with Sharon Graham, Patricia Racette, John Absalom, and Dean Peterson; conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 4 and Aug. 7 at 8.). . . **110 IN THE SHADE,** with Karen Ziémba, Brian Sutherland, Richard Muenz, and Henderson Forsythe; Paul Gemignani. (Aug. 5 and Aug. 8 at 8.). . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Elizabeth Hynes, Patricia Racette, Martin Thompson, and Jeffrey Kneebone; Mark Gibson. (Aug. 6 at 8.). . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Joan Gibbons, Mark Marriott, and Jeffrey Kneebone; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 8 at 1:30.). . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Sheryl Woods, Martin Thompson, and Sigmund Cowan; Joseph Colaneri. (Aug. 11 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

MOZART OPERAS IN CONCERT—Opening performances of a festival that will present nine of the composer's early operas. Aug. 10 at 7:30: "Mitridate, Rè di Ponto," with Juliana Gondek, Tatiana Troyanos, and Gran Wilson, among others; Gerard Schwarz conducts the New York Chamber Symphony. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 7:30: "La Finta Semplice," in its New York première, with a cast that includes Helen Donath, Anthony Laciura, Jan Opalach, and Richard Zeller; Leopold Hager conducts the New York Chamber Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Through Aug. 22.)

IN TOWN—CONCERTS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—In its annual series of free outdoor concerts. Kurt Masur conducts three of Dvořák's "Slavonic Dances," Ravel's "La Valse," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Aug. 3 at 8, with fireworks following the concert. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx, Aug. 4 at 8, with fireworks. . . . ¶ Samuel Wong conducts Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture" and six of his Hungarian Dances, as well as Dvořák's Symphony No. 6. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Aug. 10 at 8, with fireworks. . . . **GREAT KILLS PARK,** Staten Island, Aug. 11 at 8, with fireworks. (For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Aug. 3: The American String Quartet plays Haydn's A-Major String Quartet (Op. 55, No. 1), Mozart's Clarinet Quintet (with Richard Stoltzman), and Brahms' Piano Quintet (with Jon Kimura Parker). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, the performers will present works by Haydn and Chopin. . . . ¶ Aug. 4-5: Neeme Järvi conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in the Symphony in D Minor by the precocious early-nineteenth-century Spanish composer Juan Arriaga; both of Beethoven's "Romances" for violin and orchestra and Mozart's Rondo in B-Flat (K. 261a), featuring Augustin Dumay; and other works by Mozart, including his A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488), with Maria João Pires. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, Mr. Dumay and Ms. Pires will perform two Mozart sonatas (K. 301 and K. 304). . . . ¶ Aug. 6: Yuli Turovsky conducts I Musici de Montréal in Mozart's "Ein Musikalischer Spass," "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and F-Major Piano Concerto (K. 413), with the last featuring David Owen Norris, recipient of the first Gilmore Piano award, which was bestowed on him last year. Also on the program is Boccherini's D-Major Cello Concerto, in which the conductor will double as soloist. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, Mr. Norris and the chamber orchestra will perform Mozart's D-Major Piano Concerto (K. 175). . . . ¶ Aug. 7-8: Leopold Hager conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 69, as well as Mozart's Symphony No. 26, Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Pamela Frank), and Piano Concerto in E-Flat (K. 482, with Alicia de Larrocha). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, members of the orchestra will play Mozart's Serenade in E-Flat (K. 375, for wind octet). . . . ¶ Aug. 10: The Beaux Arts Trio plays trios by Mozart (in C Major, K. 548), Schubert (in B-Flat, Op. 99), and Mendelssohn (in D Minor). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, the Beaux Arts Trio will play a Haydn trio as well as movements from trios by Beethoven and Dvořák. . . . ¶ Aug. 11-12: Edo de Waart conducts an all-Mozart program that comprises two symphonies (including the late G-Minor, K. 550), several arias (with mezzo-soprano Susan Graham), and the Concerto for Two Pianos (K. 365, featuring Emanuel Ax and Yoko Nozaki). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, the three soloists will present works by Mozart, Schumann, and Wolf. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8. Pre-concert recitals, which are open to ticketholders, begin at 7.)

MARY PRESTON—Organist, playing music by Bach, Franck, Duruflé, and others. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Aug. 4 at 7. Admission by contribution.). . . **NOTE:** Gideon Bodden, from Amersfoort, the Netherlands, will play a free pre-concert carillon recital, beginning at 6:30.

BARGEMUSIC—Chamber music on the briney, abreast the Brooklyn Bridge. Cellist Jian Wang and pianist David Oei perform Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" (Op. 73); violinist Nai-Yuan Hu joins Mr. Oei to play Saint-Saëns' D-Minor Violin Sonata (Op. 75); and all join for Schumann's D-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 6 at 8, Aug. 7 at 7:30, and Aug. 9 at 4. The Aug. 6 concert is a benefit, by candlelight.)

SUMMERGARDEN AT MOMA—Juilliard students and recent graduates perform John Cage's "Two[5]" and "Four." (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. Aug. 7-8 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

WONG CHING-PING—The pipa player will join with other members of the Taipei Classical Chinese Music Ensemble to perform classic compositions and some of his own works. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Aug. 7-8 at 7:30 and Aug. 9 at 2.)

BOYS CHOIR OF HARLEM—Walter J. Turnbull directs an all-American program. (Pier 16, South Street Seaport, East River at Fulton St. Aug. 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE—Music by Carlos Surinach, including his Piano Quartet, Concerto for Strings, and "Flamenco Cyclothymia" (with the last featuring violinist Israel Chorberg and pianist Pablo Zinger). (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 9 at 2. . . . ¶ McGinley Center, Fordham University, the Bronx. Aug. 9 at 4. No tickets necessary for either concert. For information, call 1-718 601-7399.)

Jian Wang, Nai-Yuan Hu, and David Oei at Bargemusic

FRETWORK—The British consort of viols performs music from the Golden Age of England, mostly by British composers, but with several Spanish incursions (perhaps to suggest the Armada). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Aug. 11 at 5:45.)

OUT OF TOWN

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA—Final performances of the season. **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** in a production (with supertitles) by Martha Clarke, conducted by Richard Bradshaw. (Aug. 3 at 2.). . . **THE TURN OF THE SCREW,** in a production by Mark Lamos, conducted by Stewart Robertson. (Aug. 5 and Aug. 9 at 2:30, and Aug. 7 at 8.). . . **IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO,** in a production (with supertitles) by Jonathan Miller, conducted by Stewart Robertson. (Aug. 6 and Aug. 8 at 8, and Aug. 10 at 2:30.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

TANGLEWOOD—Aug. 5 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa, Leon Fleisher, and Grant Llewellyn share the conducting duties in a Boston Symphony concert that includes Beethoven's Triple Concerto (with violinist Pamela Frank, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, and pianist Peter Serkin). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes" and Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6:30: Violinist Joshua Bell and pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet perform Prokofiev's D-Major Violin Sonata; colleagues join them for Fauré's C-Minor Piano Quartet. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducts the Boston Symphony in symphonies by Mozart and Bizet, as well as Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 (with Mr. Bell). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and soloists Kathleen Battle (soprano), Frank Lopardo (tenor), and Thomas Hampson (baritone) in Orff's "Carmina Burana" and excerpts from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducts the Boston Symphony in Ravel's "Bolero," Debussy's "Trois Nocturnes" (with the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus), and works for piano and orchestra by Franck and D'Indy (featuring Jean-Yves Thibaudet). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 7: Yo-Yo Ma performs Bach's six suites for solo cello, with an extended dinner break halfway through. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

ASTON MAGNA FESTIVAL—Vocal and instrumental music by Bach, his North-German predecessors, and his progeny. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson. Aug. 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 758-7425. . . . ¶ St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. Aug. 8 at 6. For information about tickets, call 1-413 528-3595.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final concerts of the season. Aug. 7 at 8:30: Works by Beethoven, Brahms (his A-Major Piano Quartet), Alfredo Casella, and Robert Kurka. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8:30: Peter Csaba conducts the Norfolk Chamber Orchestra in Milhaud's "Le Boeuf sur le Toit" suite, Schubert's Fifth Symphony, and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Peter Frankl). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

WATERLOO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—In the final concert of this summer's season, Gerard Schwarz conducts orchestral compositions by Dukas and Villa Lobos, as well as Bloch's "Schelomo" (with cellist Ofra Harnoy) and vocal works by Mozart and Ravel (featuring mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade). (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. Aug. 8 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-201 347-4700.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

LOLLAPALOOZA '92—The unlikeliest hit of last year's generally dismal summer concert season was the first edition of this ten-hour rock marathon, the brainchild of saturnine singer Perry Farrell, formerly of Jane's Addiction. It has been pegged as a twentysomething Woodstock, but it's less portentous and far more original than such a description implies. Part of the appeal last time was the chance to see Jane's Addiction before the band broke up, but what was more important, Farrell, having sensed that his audience was hungry for something hipper than the dull passivity of the usual concertgoing ritual, had surrounded the arena with art exhibits, political displays, craft venders, and ethnic-food stands. Farrell may or may not perform again this year with his new band, Porno for Pyros, but the show will be first-rate all the same. The red-hot Red Hot Chili Peppers are at the top of the bill. Also performing are the industrial noisemakers Ministry, the scowling South Central L.A. rapper Ice Cube, the ferocious Seattle thrash band Soundgarden, and the dark, miasmic British band the Jesus and Mary Chain. The two opening acts will be the female-fronted jangle-pop quartet Lush, from England, and Pearl Jam, another Seattle band, powered by one of the best new singers in rock, Eddie Vedder, who can carry a tune while approximating the sound of an avalanche of gravel. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Aug. 9 and Aug. 11 at 4.)

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Natalie Cole

Sophie B. Hawkins—"Sex opens up all the senses and the memory and hopes and dreams, and it breaks down everything," this singer said, speaking about the theme of her début album, "Tongues and Tails." "It's totally truthful, and it's the best thing to ever happen to anybody." Uh-huh. Sex also sells, especially if it's slathered over a track that's suspiciously similar to Prince's "Little Red Corvette," as in the case of Hawkins' hit single, "Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover." Unfortunately, that song, the album's first cut, is the only decent thing on the record. The much lauded sexual frankness never gets past breathless erotic religiosity and rapt comeons, although a couple of fleeting allusions to incest (Prince again) add a hint of perversity to the naughty ambience. The music has a dense, rhythmic, ear-catching texture—the singer's experience as a percussionist for Bryan Ferry and others serves her well in this respect—but the songs are all riff and groove, with no real melodies or structures. Textures and grooves may carry some weight in a live show, however. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Aug. 11 at 8.)

Bruce Springsteen—Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 4, Aug. 6-7, and Aug. 10, all at 7:30.

They Might Be Giants/Freedy Johnston—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 5 at 8.

Natalie Cole—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Aug. 6-7 at 8.

Melissa Etheridge—With Jeffrey Gaines. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Aug. 7 at 8.)

Meli'sa Morgan—With Chris Walker. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 8 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

George Thorogood—With Little Feat. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 8 at 8.)

Tito Puente—With Los Macondos. (Central Park SummerStage. Aug. 9 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Presenting excerpts from "Showboat" and "Porgy and Bess." Directed by Robert Bass. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Aug. 9 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Muhal Richard Abrams Quartet—Brooklyn Museum Sculpture Garden, Eastern Parkway. Aug. 9 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.

U2—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 11 and Aug. 13 at 7.

"Classical Jazz"—Aug. 5: Michael White, Wynton Marsalis, Marcus Roberts, and others. . . . ¶ Aug. 6: A tribute to Duke Ellington. . . . ¶ Aug. 7: Tap dancers Jimmy Slyde, Bunny Briggs, Chuck Green, Lon Chaney, Herbin van Cayseele, and Van Porter. . . . ¶ Aug. 8: McCoy Tyner. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Cleveland Indians, Aug. 3-5 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Red Sox, Aug. 6 at 1, Aug. 7 at 7:30, and Aug. 8-9 at 1:30.
Mets—Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, Aug. 10-11 at 7:40 and Aug. 12 at 1:40.
(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Sword Dancer is on Aug. 8 and the Ballerina is on Aug. 9. Through Aug. 31. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:15. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45.

The Olympics—The twenty-fifth Summer Games, in all respects the biggest ever, continue through Aug. 9 in Barcelona, Catalonia.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Merrymaking—Who wouldn't love to own a vintage carousel horse? Talk about a conversation piece! The chance to snap one up—for between three thousand and ninety thousand dollars—comes on Aug. 8, in Guernsey's Summer Carousel Auction at SoHo's Puck Building (Houston and Lafayette Streets; for information, call 794-2280). Starting at 1 P.M., more than a hundred and fifty horses and menagerie animals—from the eighteen-nineties through the nineteen-twenties, made by renowned carvers who worked primarily in studios in Coney Island and Philadelphia—will go on the block. But even if you're not in a buying frame of mind, you could take in the pre-auction exhibition on Aug. 7, from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. There's a dazzling Carmel/Borelli armored horse (ca. 1912) with more than three hundred inset jewels, and a Dentzel stander (1911), from Edgewater Park, Michigan, with a noble expression, flowing mane, and, on its flank, a little angel intertwined with the saddle blanket.

One-Year-Olds—On Aug. 7, the people at the New York Aquarium are kicking off a week of activities to celebrate the first birthdays of Casey and Hudson, the two baby Beluga whales that live there. (They have the same father and different mothers.) For a complete schedule of events, call 1-718 265-3474.

"Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors"—Opening nights of a free festival of performing arts in the environs of Lincoln Center. Aug. 4-5 at 8:15: Ballet Folklórico Tradición Mestiza, folk dancers from Mexico. . . . ¶ Aug. 7-8 at 8:15: "Jam, Jazz, and Jump," performances by the Jiving Lindy Hoppers, from London, and Brenda Bufalino and the American Tap Dance Orchestra. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 7: A Caribbean carnival, with the Daniel Ponce and Moncho Santana orchestras, and La Banda Loca. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5:30: Dances by Victoria Marks, Yoshiko Chuma, and Amy Pivar. . . . At 8:15: The Trisha Brown Dance Company. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 5:30: Gypsy dances from Turkey and Morocco. . . . At 8:15: The Trisha Brown Dance Company. (The festival continues through Aug. 30.)

Wordplay—An exhibition of "concrete poetry," in which poetry is combined with visual art, by Robert Lax, Mary Ellen Solt, Ian Hamilton Finlay, John Furnival, and Bob Cobbing, among others. (Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Open weekdays, from 9 to 4:45. Through Oct. 23.)

Walks—Aug. 8 at 1: A radical walking tour in the East Village, which the organizers have named the Leon Trotsky–Abbie Hoffman–Madonna Tour. For reservations, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 1: A tour of the West Village, sponsored by Citywalks. For reservations, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 1: A tour of Beekman Place and Sutton Place, which, in the eighteenth century, were the sites of bone-boiling plants and breweries. Sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. For reservations, call 534-1672, ext. 206.

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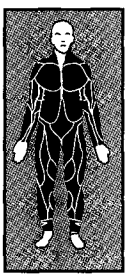

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (directed by Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Hear My Song" (†); and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 4: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine.
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (†).
Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French), with Dominique Pinon and Marie-Laure Dougnac.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Aug. 3: Theatre closed.
Aug. 4-6: "Per Firenze" (1967, Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Elizabeth Taylor; and "Cadaveri Eccellenti" (1976, Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Max von Sydow, Fernando Rey, and Charles Vanel.
Aug. 7-8: "Some Like It Hot" (see page 19); and "The Misfits" (1961, John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 9 and 11: "Clash by Night" (1952, Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, Keith Andes, and J. Carrol Naish; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957, Laurence Olivier), with Monroe and Olivier. (Closed Monday.)
From Aug. 12: "The Journey, Chapters 1-6" (Peter Watkins).

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Aug. 3: Theatre closed.
Aug. 4-6: (Separate admissions) "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; "Niagara" (1953, Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953, Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe, and Charles Coburn.
Aug. 7-9: (Separate admissions) "The Night of the Hunter"; "Bus Stop" (1956, Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955, Billy Wilder), with Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
Aug. 10: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 11: "Let's Make Love" (1960, George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand, and Milton Berle; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953, Jean Negulesco), with Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Universal Soldier" (†). From Aug. 7: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 3: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Best Intentions" (†).
Theatre 5: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 6: "One False Move" (†).
Theatre 7: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 6: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish), with Victoria Abril, Jorge Sanz, and Maribel Verdu. From Aug. 7: "London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi), with Justin Chadwick.
Theatre 4: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 5: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 6: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Theatre 7: Through Aug. 7: "Mo' Money." From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, and Joe Pesci.
Theatre 3: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 4: "Boomerang" (†). Aug. 5-6: Theatre closed. From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra, Jamey Sheridan, Anthony LaPaglia, Jill Clayburgh, and Alan Alda.
Theatre 5: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 6: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt. From Aug. 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Playboys" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman. From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Boomerang" (†). From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film. From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 6: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
From Aug. 7: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman. From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 2: "One False Move" (†).

Crown Gotham, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Unlawful Entry" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 2: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 2: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"The Playboys" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin. From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.
Theatre 3: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 4: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 5: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Basic Instinct" (Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Best Intentions" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: Theatre closed. From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford. From Aug. 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Aug. 6: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
From Aug. 7: "London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi), with Justin Chadwick.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Unlawful Entry" (†). From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 5: "Universal Soldier" (†). Aug. 6: Theatre closed. From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 4: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 6: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Aug. 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry. From Aug. 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman. From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Dream Deceivers: The Story Behind James Vance vs. Judas Priest" (directed by David Van Taylor), a documentary. From Aug. 12: "Cup Final" (Eran Riklis, in English, Arabic, and Hebrew), with Moshe Ivgi and Muhamad Bacri.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders), with Brooke Adams, Ione Skye, and Fairuza Balk.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).

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Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry. From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "The Player" (†). From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Father" (John Power), with Max von Sydow.
Theatre 2: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 3: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).
Theatre 4: "Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), with Fanny Ardant, James Fox, and Ben Keyworth.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 3: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 4: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 5: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.
Theatre 7: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 8: Through Aug. 6: "Mo' Money." From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 9: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman. From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 6: "A Stranger Among Us" (†). From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 2: "The Playboys" (†).
Theatre 3: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 4: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry. From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Far and Away" (Ron Howard), with Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), with Fanny Ardant, James Fox, and Ben Keyworth.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 2: "Night on Earth" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Lethal Weapon 3" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, and Joe Pesci.

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Stranger Among Us" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "A Tale of Springtime" (Eric Rohmer, in French). From Aug. 7: "La Discrète" (Christian Vincent; in French), with Fabrice Luchini and Maurice Garrel.
Theatre 2: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French), with Jean Rochefort and Anna Galiena.
Theatre 3: "The Player" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.

John Lithgow in "Raising Cain"

Theatre 2: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 4: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 6: "Boomerang" (†). From Aug. 7: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 6: "Universal Soldier" (†). From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry. From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford. From Aug. 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (directed by Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 6: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin. From Aug. 7: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 4: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.
Theatre 6: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, and Joe Pesci.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Aug. 6: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
From Aug. 7: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra, Jamey Sheridan, Anthony LaPaglia, Jill Clayburgh, and Alan Alda.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Boomerang" (†). From Aug. 7: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry. From Aug. 7: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
Through Aug. 4: "Sahara" (1943, directed by Zoltán Korda), with Humphrey Bogart, J. Carrol Naish, and Rex Ingram; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944, Howard Hawks), with Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Aug. 5-6: "The Big Sleep" (1946, Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Dark Passage" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Bogart, Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.
Aug. 7-8: "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicolas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947, John Cromwell), with Bogart, Lizabeth Scott, and Lauren Bacall.
Aug. 9: "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams; and "Beat the Devil" (1954, John Huston), with Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
Aug. 10-11: "Husbands" (1970, John Cassavetes), with Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and Cassavetes.
From Aug. 12: "Gloria" (1980, John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Aug. 4: "The African Queen" (1951, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (1991, Hector Babenco), with Tom Berenger, John Lithgow, Daryl Hannah, Aidan Quinn, Tom Waits, and Kathy Bates.
Aug. 5-6: "Some Like It Hot" (see page 19); and "Truth or Dare" (1991, Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.
Aug. 7-8: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955, Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Nick Adams, and Corey Allen; and "Giant" (†).
Aug. 9-11: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler and James Caan; and "Auntie Mame" (1958, Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
From Aug. 12: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter; and "Repulsion" (†).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Aug. 4: "The Phenix City Story" (1955, Phil Karlson), with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "99 River Street" (1953, Karlson), with John Payne and Evelyn Keyes.
Aug. 5: "Private Hell 36" (1954, Donald Siegel), with Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran, Dean Jagger, and Howard Duff; and "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953, Ida Lupino), with Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, and William Talman.
Aug. 6: "Female Jungle" (1955, Bruno VeSota), with Jayne Mansfield, Lawrence Tierney, John Carradine, and Kathleen Cworlwy; and "The Girl in Black Stockings" (1957, Howard W. Koch), with Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft, and Stuart Whitman.
Aug. 7-9: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948, Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Welles, and Everett Sloane; and "Gilda" (1946, Charles Vidor), with Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Aug. 10: "Force of Evil" (1948, Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson; and "Try and Get Me" (1951, Cyril Endfield), with Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Kathleen Ryan, and Lloyd Bridges.
Aug. 11-12: "So Dark the Night" (1947, Joseph H. Lewis), with Steve Geray; "My

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Name Is Julia Ross" (1945, Lewis), with Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty; and "Shockproof" (1949, Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 3: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and Sandra Milo; and "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers"; 1955, Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.

Aug. 4: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.

Aug. 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983, Terry Jones); and "Time Bandits" (1981, Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese, Sean Connery, and Shelley Duvall.

Aug. 6: "The Tall Target" (1951, Anthony Mann), with Dick Powell, Paula Raymond, Adolphe Menjou, Ruby Dee, and Will Geer; and "Cornered" (Edward Dmytryk), with Powell and Walter Slezak.

Aug. 7-8: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951, Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick, and Angela Lansbury.

Aug. 9: "Masculine Feminine" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Méril, Bernard Noël, Philippe Leroy, and Roger Leenhardt.

Aug. 10: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959, Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Aug. 11: "Day for Night" (1973, François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.

Aug. 12: "Dark Victory" (1938, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Aug. 3 at noon: "Yaaba" (1989, directed by Idrissa Ouedraogo; in Mooré). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 3: "The South" (1983, Victor Erice; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "Viridiana" (1961, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at noon and Aug. 6 at 3: "A Man Escaped" (1956, Robert Bresson; in French), with François Leterrier. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 3 and Aug. 6 at noon: "Leo the Last" (1970, John Boorman), with Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw, and Calvin Lockhart. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "Harakiri" (1962, Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "The Leopard" (1963, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale, Paolo Stoppa, and Rina Morelli. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 and 9 at 1: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974, Jacques Rivette; in French), with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6 and Aug. 8 at 2:30: "Babette's Feast" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at noon and Aug. 10 at 3: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1960, Jan Trnka), an animated film. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 5 and Aug. 10 at noon: "Apocalypse Now" (1979, Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5: "Kanal" (1956, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6 and Aug. 11 at noon: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971, Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language). . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "To Sleep with Anger" (1990, Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6: "Black God, White Devil" (1964, Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

At Film Forum 2, "Force of Evil"

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Aug. 3-4 at 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Deep Blues" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 4 and 8: "Siren of the Tropics" (1927, Henri Etievant and Mario Nalpas) and "Borderline" (1928, Kenneth MacPherson). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6:15 and 10:15 and Aug. 6 at 4: "Letters from Alou" (1990, Montxo Armendáriz). . . . ¶ Aug. 7-9 at 4, 6, 8, and 10 and Aug. 10-11 at 8 and 10: "No Fear, No Die" (1990, Claire Denis; in French), with Isaach de Bankolé, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Alex Descas. . . . ¶ Aug. 8-9 at 2: "Three Warriors" (1977, Kieth Merrill). . . . ¶ Aug. 10-11 at 4 and 6:15: "The Woman of Rose Hill" (1989, Alain Tanner). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 4 and 8: "The Proud Valley" (1940, Pen Tennyson). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 5:30 and 9:30: "'Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077) "American Impressionist: A Robert Altman Retrospective." Aug. 8 at 2: "Images" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 4: "California Split" (1974), with George Segal and Elliott Gould. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2: "Nashville" (1975), with Ronee Blakley, Geraldine Chaplin, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, Henry Gibson, Keith Carradine, Michael Murphy, and Shelley Duvall. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5: "For Real" and "Night of the Twinkles," two episodes of "Tanner '88"

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 5 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "One Deadly Summer" (1983, Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani, Alain Souchon, Suzanne Flon, and Michel Galabru. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Coup de Torchon" (†).

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Amsterdan Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—Aug. 5 at 8: "West of Zanzibar" (1929, Tod Browning; silent), with Lon Chaney and Lionel Barrymore. (Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.)

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Aug. 7 at 7: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 4: A program of films by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6:15: "Mouchette" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966, Robert Bresson; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 9:45: A program of films by René Clair, Francis Picabia, and Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 3: A program of films by Bruce Conner and Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 4:15: "L'Age d'Or" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5:45: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945, Bresson; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 7:30: "Un Femme Douce" (1969, Bresson; in French), with Dominique Sanda.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

L'AGE D'OR (1930)—The most antireligious, most antibourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and naturally the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; Aug. 9.)

BABETTE'S FEAST (1988)—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. Dinesen's tiny ironies and rather smug narrative mastery are all we have to sustain us through long stretches of this movie, until the feast gets under way. The food looks great, and our senses are briefly jerked to life again—but we may get a little tired of watching the pious villagers trying to repress their delight in what they're eating and *we're* not. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. Also with Jarl Kulle, Jean-Philippe Lafort, Hanne Stensgard, Vibeke Hastrup, Gudmar Wivesson, and, in a cameo, Bibi Andersson. Nicely shot by Henning Kristiansen. In Danish and French.—T.R. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 7-8.)

BATMAN RETURNS—Tim Burton's sequel to his phenomenally successful 1989 "Batman" doesn't try to top the first picture, either with splashier special effects or with loftier pretensions to significance; nor does it simply go through the motions, repeating the surefire stuff with a self-satisfied air of professionalism. It's a blend of playful novelty and reassuring familiarity—a difficult mixture to get right. This time, the hero (again Michael Keaton) does battle with a greedy businessman named Max Shreck (Christopher Walken) and the roly-poly arch-criminal known as the Penguin (Danny DeVito). And whenever Batman ventures out on one of his nocturnal crime-fighting missions, he runs into a mysterious woman who dresses like a cat and carries a whip. The hilariously twisted relationship between the hero and the Catwoman (Michelle Pfeiffer) plays like an apa-

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che dance in animal costumes, and it's the glory of the movie. The cat clothes seem to release something strange and wild in Pfeiffer: her performance is ferociously sexy and uninhibitedly, over-the-top funny. As in the first movie, Burton gives the material a luxurious masked-ball quality and a sly contemporary wit without violating the myth's low, cheesy comic-book origins. He's an artist who's comfortable with both the higher aspirations and the lower instincts of his nature as an entertainer: he and Batman are an ideal match. Screenplay by Daniel Waters; cinematography by Stefan Czapsky; score by Danny Elfman; production design by Bo Welch.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/29/92.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE BEST INTENTIONS—It boasts the built-in interest of a script by Ingmar Bergman, dramatizing the courtship and early married life of his parents. Bille August directed, and Jorgen Persson did the cinematography; their square filmmaking has an antique sheen. But they've made an orderly movie about disorderly conduct. At three hours, the drama, about the mismatch between a tormented, self-denying pastor (Samuel Froler) and a coddled bourgeois woman (Pernilla August), is one prolonged, unrevealing study in frustration. Of course we know that these two won't live happily ever after; they did give birth to Ingmar Bergman. With its inexorable depiction of increasing marital woe, this film is the cinematic equivalent of predestination. Except for the expressive Max von Sydow (in the role of Bergman's maternal grandfather), the actors don't operate in a climate of free will; they register carefully prescribed dollops of anguish. Stefan Nilsson's music relies on a piano theme that is meant to be ineffably tender and melancholy, but is repeated so often that you feel like shooting the piano player. In Swedish.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Beekman.)

BOOMERANG—Set in a world where entire upscale companies are run by African-Americans, this Eddie Murphy vehicle tries hard to be positive. It's a pity that the movie isn't any good. Murphy is a Manhattan marketing hot shot and ladies' man who ends up working under the woman of his dreams (Robin Givens) when their cosmetics firms merge. She treats him as cavalierly as he treated the previous women in his life; the script hands out one earnest lesson after another, so that he can learn what it feels like to be used. Givens knows how to employ her flashing eyes and chiselled, haughty features for comic effect, but she doesn't get a single clever line. As the gal who strives to save the hero, Halle Berry is so much more accessible than Givens, while being equally pretty, that dramatically there's no contest. Murphy has a couple of peppy scenes with David Alan Grier and Martin Lawrence, who play his best buddies, but a lot of the time he acts unconvincingly modest. The screenplay (by Barry W. Blaustein and David Sheffield), with its constant references to Murphy's sexual magnetism, does all the bragging for him. Padded with manic interludes involving Eartha Kitt, Geoffrey Holder, and Grace Jones; directed by Reginald Hudlin.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, and Loews Orpheum VII. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy; through Aug. 6.)

COUP DE TORCHON ("Clean Slate"; 1981)—Bertrand Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, just before the start of the Second World War, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the pimps and the other brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. For a while it's a Dirty Harry revenge fantasy for liberals; then the officer lets us know that he thinks he is Christ returned and the picture shifts into Christ mythology. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. He's saying horrible, senseless, inexplicable things (such

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as the whopper that killing on a small scale is less immoral than killing on a big scale). The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell as Nono, Samba Mane as Friday, Abdoulaye Diop as Fête Nat, and Irene Skobline as the schoolteacher. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; Aug. 12.)

Deep Blues—A documentary, directed by Robert Mugge. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 3-4.)

Enchanted April—With Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright; directed by Mike Newell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema II.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in the twitchy, self-conscious, "modern" manner of the fifties, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial filmmaking straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, Jane Withers, Chill Wills, Alexander Scourby, and Earl Holliman. Screenplay by Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat; music by Dmitri Tiomkin; cinematography by William C. Mellot; designed by Boris Leven, with Ralph Hurst. (Stills of the huge gothic house standing in a vast bare stretch of ground call up the movie as surely as the mention of "Rosebud" calls up "Citizen Kane.")—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 7-8.)

Hear My Song—In this small-scale comedy, Peter Chelsom, a first-time director, takes a whimsical conceit and sells it so hard that it loses most of its fragile charm. Micky O'Neill (played by Adrian Dunbar, who co-wrote the screenplay with Chelsom) manages a Liverpool music hall that caters to the local Irish community; the movie is about his attempt to find a legendary Irish tenor named Josef Locke, who hasn't been heard from in thirty years. Micky goes to Ireland to persuade Locke to return to England for a concert; on the home soil, the hero finds himself in a realm of ancient eccentricity and unearthly light, and the movie finds itself in Bill Forsyth territory. Chelsom tries, too strenuously, to evoke the enchanted comic tone of "Local Hero," and Dunbar seems to punctuate every gag with a roguish smile. The relentless quirkiness is annoying, but the story is, on its own terms, well constructed, and the filmmakers take their fey, sentimental humor right to the limit: you can't say that they don't have the courage of their elfinness. And when Ned Beatty, who plays Locke, is on the screen the picture is nearly as transporting as it's intended to be. His performance is large-spirited comic acting: a pure specimen of Celtic soulfulness, the magical substance that everyone else in the movie has been trying to produce synthetically. Also with Shirley Anne Field.—T.R. (3/9/92) (Angelika Film Center.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact

Marilyn Monroe Festival at the Public Theatre

with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Images (1972)—Robert Altman's modern variant of the "Caligari" ploy—the world as seen through a mad person's eyes. A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzufi, Hugh Millais). Her madness seems to be a matter of tinkling wind chimes, slivers of glass, windows, lenses, mirrors—"images." To be effective, the movie needs to draw us in to identify with her hallucinations, but the cold shine of the surfaces doesn't do it. The imagery itself fails to stir the imagination, though the cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, shot some unusual landscapes, inhumanly clear and visible at a great distance, and there are some ravishing pastoral scenes. It's a hollow puzzle movie despite the seductive editing rhythms and the many inventive moments. From a screenplay by Altman, with improvisations; in this ornamental setting, with so much care given to twirling glassy baubles, the occasional flat improvised lines are like peanut shells stuck in jewelry. Susannah York is the author of "In Search of Unicorns," the stupefyingly high-flown story for children, which the heroine narrates. With Cathryn Harrison. Made in Ireland.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 8.)

A League of Their Own—Penny Marshall's fictional account of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League has no mind of its own. Marshall directed it with both eyes on the audience. She and the screenwriting team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel slap together a bare-bones narrative (about the league's 1943 début season) and dress it up with set-piece gags and sentimental ploys. All they want is for people to come out saying that they laughed and they cried. The lead characters are Dottie Hinson (Geena Davis) and her kid sister, Kit Keller (Lori Petty), who catch and pitch, respectively, for the Rockford Peaches and act out their sibling tensions on the baseball diamond and in the locker room. Tom Hanks mugs ingratiatingly as Jimmy Dugan, the Rockford coach and an alcoholic former slugger, and Madonna sashays through the supporting role of All the Way Mae, a ballplayer who tests the league's deportment code. This movie aims for the tear ducts and the funny bone as ruthlessly as the summer's big action-fantasy hits go after the viscera. It unfolds in field-of-dreams land—complete with cornstalks.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Mouchette (1966)—Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. Cinematography by Ghislain Cloquet. In French.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; Aug. 8.)

Night on Earth—This anthology film, written and directed by Jim Jarmusch ("Stranger Than Paradise"), has a gimmicky premise. Each of its five stories takes place in a different city, and each is about a taxicab ride. All the trips are going on at the same time, but in different time zones, so there's an illusion of temporal progress: the picture begins at sunset in Los Angeles and ends at dawn in Helsinki. (The intervening episodes take place in New York, Paris, and Rome.) It's a feeble but serviceable conceit; if the sketches were funny, we'd barely notice the preciousness of the structure. Unfortunately, the material is very thin, and the movie doesn't vary its style from sketch to sketch: Jarmusch sticks doggedly to his trademark deadpan manner. The comedian Roberto Benigni, playing a motor-mouth cabbie in the Italian episode, briefly enlivens the picture with a riotous erotic monologue. But, for the most part, the movie induces in the viewer an eerie, suspended feeling that mimics the time-stands-still monotony of a long airplane journey. It tries for a chipper, lighthearted tone, but it gives the audience a gruelling flight—a red-eye to nowhere. In English, French, Italian, and Finnish.—T.R. (5/18/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

One False Move—Skillfully performed and welcomely unpredictable, this low-budget crime film, made by actor-turned-director Carl Franklin, starts out as a herky-jerky exploitation piece, then turns into something better. After a jolting series of execution-style killings, a trio of crooks go on the lam from Los Angeles to Star City, Arkansas, where two L.A. lawmen and a local sheriff lie in wait. What saves the opening sequences is the inspired pairing of a black sociopath (Michael Beach) and a white psychopath (played by Billy Bob Thornton, who co-wrote the script with Tom Epperson). Beach's inhuman brilliance and Thornton's edgy earthiness make them deadly companions. Cynda Williams, as Thornton's African-American lover, hits on marvellous combinations of ingenuousness and amorality, even when the script plays peekaboo with motivation. Meanwhile, Star City's sheriff (Bill Paxton) tries to persuade the visiting metropolitan cops (Jim Metzler and Earl Billings) that he's ripe for big-time law enforcement. Paxton lays on the hick ingratiation, but midway through he shows how this good ole boy grows into a good ole man. Like Paxton, the movie improves as it goes along; it leaves hokum as well as wholesale carnage far behind.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Sutton.)

The Playboys—This absorbing, uneven romantic comedy-drama, set in a small Irish town in 1957, takes its name from a travelling troupe. The heroine is an unwed mother

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named Tara (Robin Wright). She challenges every male authority figure in town and drives all the men wild—especially the violent, alcoholic constable, Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), who seethes when he sees her with her actor lover Tom (Aidan Quinn). The screenwriters, Shane Connaughton (who co-wrote "My Left Foot") and Kerry Crabbe, are full of ideas and observations about orthodox religion, claustrophobic village mores, the craziness of life in a divided country, and the last gasp of strolling players before TV's ascendancy. Wright and Quinn are well matched, and the director, Gillies MacKinnon, and his cinematographer, Jack Conroy, provide images that sparkle with amorous possibilities. But the filmmakers don't funnel their panoply of themes gracefully into Tara's story. Her affair with Tom comes off as a foil to Finney's passionate portrait of stewed wrath and despair. He endows a clenched, masochistic character with such scale and force that he takes over the movie.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Gramercy, Art East Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America.—T.R. (4/20/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through Aug. 6.)

Prelude to a Kiss—The director, Norman René, and the writer, Craig Lucas, who collaborated on the play, have mounted the movie as if it were still before the footlights. The actors—Meg Ryan and Alec Baldwin as the romantic couple, Sydney Walker as the mysterious Old Man, and even supporting performers like Stanley Tucci (Baldwin's best friend and best man)—are as emotionally weak as they are gesturally emphatic. There's no behavior here, only stage action, and it thuds on celluloid. The camera ruthlessly reveals the simultaneous thinness and clunkiness of the whimsy at the drama's core. The pivotal twist involves a soul-transference that's supposed to test the groom's vow to love his bride "all the more" when she shows the ravages of age. The concept's wispiness allows audiences to project their own agendas onto the script: the play has been perceived as an imaginative comment on everything from sexual orientation to the durability of love in the epoch of AIDS. Yet Lucas's banal language and fairy-tale sophistries oversimplify rather than enrich matters. There's no felt life on the screen. When Alec Baldwin cries, there's isn't a wet eye in the house.—M.S. (7/27/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Loews Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 12.)

In his gangbusters Roaring Twenties farce, "Some Like It Hot" (playing August 5-6, at the 8th St. Playhouse, and August 7-8, at the Little Theatre), Billy Wilder took Marilyn Monroe's dumb-blonde persona and ran with it. Monroe plays Sugar Kane, a ukulele-strumming singer in an all-girl band; when she isn't cooing or tippling, she's finding and falling for male tenor-sax players. The way Wilder and his co-writer, I. A. L. Diamond, shape Sugar's character, she's savvy enough to know better, but not strong enough to resist. And the way Monroe embodies her, Sugar is a bouncy sweetheart—God's gift to saxophonists, especially the one played by Tony Curtis. He and Jack Lemmon are Chicago musicians who inadvertently witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Fearing for their lives, they disguise themselves as females and land a job in the same band that Sugar is in, winning a trip to Florida in the bargain.

As a woman, Curtis is haughty and pseudo-refined; that's how Lemmon starts out, too, but soon he throws caution to the wind and becomes a good-time gal. Curtis and Lemmon are one of the funniest drag duos of all time, and their exuberance buoys the whole picture. Their parodies of femininity curb Monroe's tendency toward self-parody. Her overripe sexuality becomes the movie's anchor. Curtis desires her, and Lemmon, improbably but hilariously, wants to emulate her when he gets engaged to a millionaire, played by the miraculously game, sixty-seven-year-old Joe E. Brown. In a film where almost everything is theatrically stylized, from bootlegging and murder to the row of plutocrats rocking on the porch of a beachside Florida hotel (actually, the Hotel del Coronado, in San Diego), Monroe is innately exaggerated. At one point, she's described as "Jell-O on springs"—a phrase that fits even her singing voice. As Joe E. Brown would say, "Zowee!"

Sister Act—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer on the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel). Disguised as a nun in a San Francisco convent, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an over-all bounce that jumps audiences past dead patches. Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses—Kathy Najimy and Mary Wickes—imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. (Najimy defines "overjoyed.") The film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane either. But it generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.—M.S. (6/15/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Embassy.)

A Stranger Among Us—At least there's the kick of hearing piping-voiced Melanie Griffith refer to the Cabala as "that Jewish Kama Sutra." Griffith plays a New York cop who goes undercover in the Hasidic community to investigate a murder. She moves into the household of the Rebbe (Lee Richardson), befriends his adopted daughter (Mia Sara), and comes on to his adopted son (Eric Thal). Apart from deflecting the proposals of her hospitalized boyfriend-partner (Jamey Sheridan) and the propositions of her aggressive replacement partner (John Pankow), she doesn't do much; detective work hardly enters into Robert J. Avrech's script. There aren't even any red herrings—certainly not kosher ones, since the filmmakers share the Hasidim's view of their community as a peaceable kingdom. The director, Sidney Lumet, abetted by the cinematographer, Andrzej Bartkowiak, relentlessly aestheticizes the world of his fathers. Griffith's artless embodiment of the script's deranged idea of tough-gal gumption isn't as amusing as it should be. She's a B-picture heroine stuck in an absurdly self-conscious prestige project.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ Guild; through Aug. 6.)

Unforgiven—With Clint Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Morgan Freeman, and Richard Harris; directed by Eastwood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center; starting Aug. 7.)

Universal Soldier—There are a few funny notions knocking around the wreckage of this Jean-Claude Van Damme–Dolph Lundgren robodrama. In the setup—a Vietnam War massacre—Van Damme, a righteous American soldier, and Lundgren, an unhinged sergeant, kill each other when Van Damme decides to stop Lundgren's slaughter of the innocent. When they're regenerated as fighting machines, their memories are chemically suppressed, but their pasts leak into their minds anyway. Audiences who have endured two decades of self-serious post-Vietnam melodramas might enjoy seeing these two lugs bring the war back home, since they play their Vietnam-flashback nightmare as comic-book black comedy. The director, Roland Emmerich, contrasts Van Damme's dumb lassitude with the hyperactivity of a cartoon newshound heroine (frisky Ally Walker). But the movie's virtues are only relative; to get through the garish mayhem, you need a high vicarious-pain threshold.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Aug. 6.)

Unlawful Entry—Madeleine Stowe and Kurt Russell play an upwardly mobile L.A. couple; Ray Liotta is the cop who thinks he's a better man for Stowe. For about ten minutes, the movie is an effective exploitation of atavistic male pride, with class warfare mixed in. But it swiftly degenerates into another cat-and-mice thriller—and this time both the cat and, fatally, the audience are much smarter than the mice. The film is short on observation and long on jeopardy. It's what TV executives call "a Jep movie," except that in TV Jep movies the victimized woman gets to avenge herself. Here she needs the protection of her husband. Jonathan Kaplan directed the script by Lewis Colick; Ken Lerner, as Russell's lawyer, and Roger E. Mosley, as Liotta's partner, contribute a smidgen of self-aware humor and realism.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Crown Gotham, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas; through Aug. 6.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

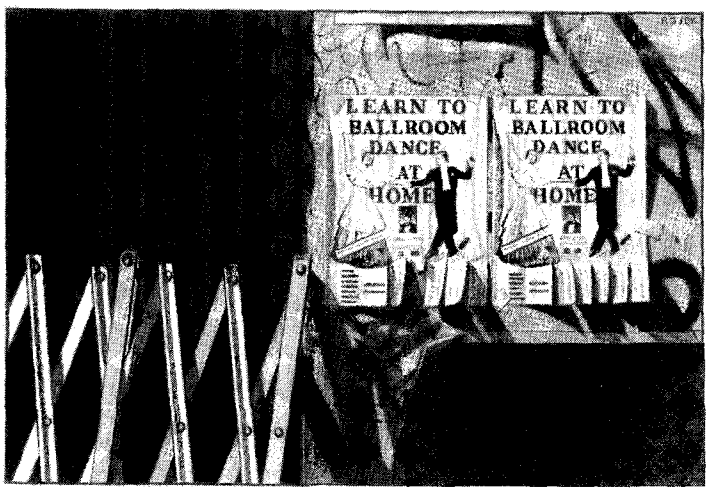
Notes and Comment

WE understand about talk shows, about how having one has displaced the house with the two-car garage as the thing to aspire to these days. We understand those polls reporting that to young Americans fame is more important than money, and we understand how being a talk-show host represents some sort of apogee in the achievement of fame for its own sake. We understand the feeling of *I can do that* which everyone experiences while watching Oprah, Sally Jessy Raphael, Donahue, and Montel Williams do their jobs. We understand that talk shows are cheap to produce, and that, what with syndication services, regular network television, and cable access, there is an almost infinite supply of airtime that can be filled with chatter. We understand that the gabfest must go on.

We understand that Faye Wattleton had to leave her post as head of Planned Parenthood in order to become the host of a talk show about social issues. We understand that Charlie Rose had to leave his job as the anchor of "Nightwatch"—the CBS News refuge for insomniacs—to become the host of a public-television show that bears his name. We understand that Jesse Jackson had to temporarily abandon his political aspirations to become the host of a talk show about public affairs. We understand that Chuck Woolery was given a talk show because his old show, "Love Connection," was so popular, just as we understand that Pat Sajak briefly acted as host of a talk show because "Wheel of Fortune" was popular, and we understand that Ron Reagan briefly acted as host of a talk show because his father was President. We understand that Jane Pratt, the editor in chief of *Sassy*, was given her own talk show because she has become a symbol to young women—girls, really. We understand that the personality-driven "Geraldo" begat the portentous-sounding "Now It Can Be Told," just as we understand that the tabloid-TV pioneer "A Current Affair" begat the personality-driven "Maury Povich Show." We even understand how the best-selling self-help book "Men Are Just Desserts" eventually turned into "Sonya Live."

In recent months, we've seen on "Montel Williams" women who will date only rich men, and on "Jane" we've seen couples who've dumped each other, and on a show called "Cristina" we've seen a woman who will date only Cuban men (its very blond hostess happens to be Cuban), and on "Sally Jessy Raphael" we've seen Siamese twins joined at the head, and on "Home" we've seen teen-agers with silicone breast implants. On several shows we've seen a former Miss America talk about being a victim of incest, and we've seen Roseanne Arnold and LaToya Jackson do the same. On a "Donahue" rerun we've seen Jamie Lee Curtis and her mom, Janet Leigh, and on a show called "One on One with John Tesh" we've seen Laura Dern and *her* mom, Diane Ladd. On "Montel Williams" we've seen white people who want to be black, and on "Donahue" we've seen white supremacists who want to kill blacks. We've seen debates on the welfare state, the beauty myth, the men's movement, the women's movement, Japan bashing, health insurance, Magic Johnson, Ross Perot, Sister Souljah, M.I.A. conspiracy theories, and J.F.K. conspiracy theories so many times that we're not quite sure where we stand on any of these issues any longer.

It's not that we were fascinated by any of the stories or psychodramas that the guests on these shows were relating; it's more that we couldn't quite believe that people would actually go on television to discuss this stuff. We said to ourself over and over again "Who cares?" and yet we kept watching. We told ourself that this allowed us a direct view into the American psyche—that by tuning in to "Sally Jessy Raphael" and "Donahue" and "Jane" and "Geraldo" we were able to learn certain basic truths about this nation we live in. But when we tried to decide exactly what those little pearls of insight were, we couldn't. Mostly, we just became more and more aware of our own voyeurism.



One day, on "Sally Jessy Raphael," a man appeared with a representative of something called the Lingerie of the Month Club, and models came out displaying two different underwear outfits: the first,

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in demure and lacy white, was for the man's wife; the second, a bright-red merry widow with a tangle of garters and ribbons, was for his mistress. For the rest of the show, the studio audience tried to figure out how the man intended to keep his adultery a secret from his wife after he'd appeared on national television and talked about it. He kept saying that he would take her out on the day the show was going to be broadcast, to insure that she didn't see it—as if that would prevent her family, her friends, and everyone she knew from seeing it. But then we realized that if this man could attend a television taping without his wife's being any the wiser, perhaps the show's broadcast wouldn't affect her, either. After all, with so many talk shows to choose from, a person's appearance on any one of them has diminished in significance to the point where his closest friends might not even notice it. We decided that if things were as trivial as all this we didn't want to watch anymore.

Then, a few days later, we were listening to the new Bruce Springsteen albums. The third track on "Human Touch" was a song, called "57 Channels," about a man who buys a house in the Hollywood Hills and gets a full range of cable televison services, only to discover that there are "fifty-seven channels and nothin' on." At the end of the song, the man takes a .44 magnum and blows the television set away—which is exactly what Elvis Presley used to do in Las Vegas hotel rooms in all those made-for-TV biographies that came out after his death. In 1977, though, when Elvis died, "Donahue" was still based in Chicago (or was it still Dayton?), Dick Cavett was a public-television oddity, David Susskind was on just once a week, "The Barbara Walters Specials" were not yet the annual precursor of the Academy Awards broadcast, Dinah Shore and Mike Douglas and Merv Griffin were still doing the standard non-topical, non-issue-oriented celebrity interviews in the afternoon, and the world was clearly a much simpler place.

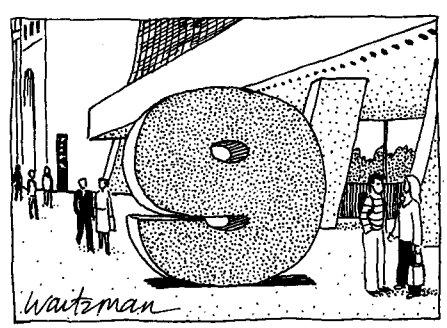
• •

Gone Fishing

"STOP right smack here or people will go crazy," we were told, and we froze. A few days earlier, just after Bill Clinton selected Albert Gore, "the Environmental Senator," as his Presidential running mate, the White House had telephoned eight of us—mostly outdoor writers for publications like *Walking*, *Backpacker*, *Sunset*, and *Four Wheeler*—with invitations to join the President on a private nature walk in California's Sequoia National Forest. Now here we all were, standing in a small clearing within the Freeman Creek Grove. Not one of us had ever met President Bush, and we were feeling slightly nervous. As a leashed German shepherd sniffed us, we chatted with a young man who has worked in both the Reagan and the Bush White Houses. "The President's the kind of guy who just sucks in life," he told us.

And then, emerging from behind some pines, there was the President. He had on a pair of gray slacks, a blue shirt open at the collar, hiking shoes, and a green mesh United States Forest Service cap. Mr. Bush looked up at the sequoias. "Oh, my heavens," he said. Then he shook hands with each of us before setting forth, with a Forest Service silviculturist, Robert Rogers, at his elbow.

Winding along a mildly graded uphill path, the President was occasionally obscured from our view by a man following at his heels and carrying a large backpack that held the "football"—the codes that activate nuclear weapons. It was sometimes hard to hear what the President and Mr. Rogers were saying, because quite a few other people—Secretary of State James Baker, Mrs. Baker, a California congressman, the head of the Environmental Protection Agency, William Reilly, and plenty of Secret Service men in khaki vests—had come along on the walk, and they were having their own conversations. We did manage to hear the President ask questions about forest fires, bears, squirrels, and ants. He knelt for a closer look at a collection of the last, as they swarmed around their hill at the base of a giant sequoia.



"They don't eat, they just dig in?" he asked.

"They just dig in," he was told.

Passing a small creek, he asked, "Good fishing here or fair?" Pretty good appeared to be the consensus.

After about a mile, we reached a clearing where four logs had been set in a square for us to sit on while we asked the President a few questions. The President settled onto his log and looked momentarily nonplussed. "Get the brains!" he called out. "Where's Reilly?" Mr. Reilly hurried over and sat down next to him. It has been a tough year for the E.P.A. chief, who has opposed recent Bush Administration decisions permitting industries to increase emission levels of air pollutants and allowing timber-cutting on seventeen hundred acres of ancient Northwest forest inhabited by the endangered nothern spotted owl. Bush's refusal to sign the biological-diversity treaty at the Earth Summit in Rio in June was also contrary to Mr. Reilly's counsel. He and the President, in fact, hadn't previously appeared together in public since their return from Brazil. Perched on his log here, Mr. Reilly looked a little glum.

The President, though, was quite enthusiastic during what turned out to be a rambling discussion of the United States environment and other things. He told us that in 1950 he'd lived nearby, in Bakersfield.

"And what were you driving?" the man from *Four Wheeler* asked.

"Probably a 1947 Plymouth," the President answered.

The President was asked about his record on forests.

"We've got a good record on it," he declared.

The man from *Four Wheeler* wondered if there was "a place for four-wheel-drive trails in this great country of ours."

"I've always felt that way," he was assured.

"That's good to hear, sir" was the man from *Four Wheeler's* rejoinder. "We're as concerned about keeping these wild areas preserved as almost all the other groups, I imagine."

"Probably are," said the President. "Or you wouldn't have anything for people to see and go to and enjoy. Same for fishing." Mr. Reilly, we noticed, was keeping pretty quiet.

The President talked a bit about the scalding criticism he has received

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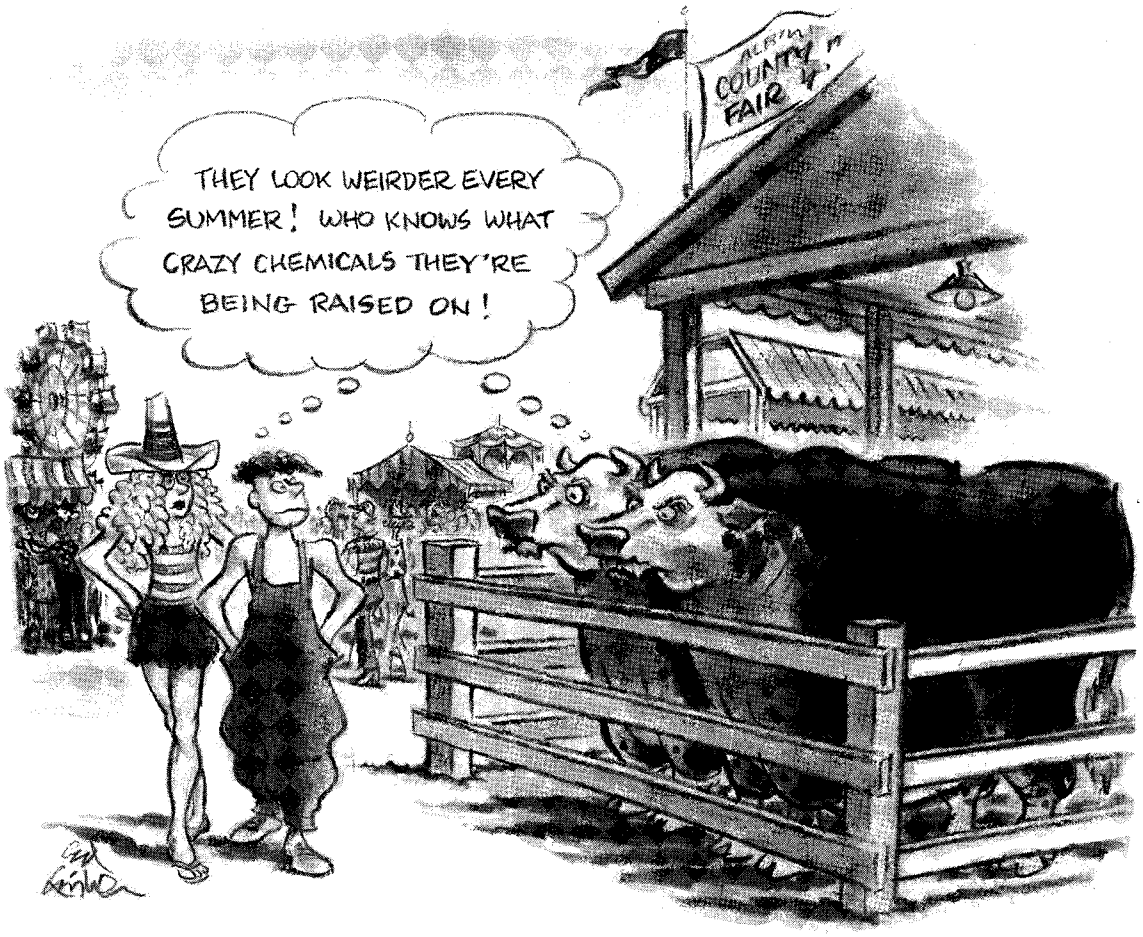
for his environmental record. "I'm like Henry Ford," he said. "Never explain, never complain.... Very candidly, nobody likes to stand alone, but sometimes that's leadership." A moment later, he pulled out some index cards and, after a glance at them, noted that he had proposed or added twenty new national parks and fifty-seven new wildlife refuges, creating a million and a half new acres for existing national parks, forests, and refuges, and had designated six million four hundred thousand acres as wilderness. Then he got back to talking fishing. "Yesterday, I was fishing," he said. "The day before, I was fishing. As a matter of fact, I know this will interest you, I caught a keeper of a striped bass out in the ocean which is—guys that have fished there all their lives, two of them told me they never heard of that before—right where we go, anyway, in this area—about thirty-seven inches long, held it up for the cameras, let her go because we're trying to build that fishery back. But I know I've been very fortunate. I drove a—soloed in—an outboard motor when I was five." He went on to recall that he'd piloted a lobster boat with his brother in Maine when he was ten, and then said, "See, we have this house right on the ocean, which is—really keeps me in touch with nature. And when you see a cup floating by, I just feel deeply offended."



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We were told it was now time for us to line up and have our photographs taken individually with the President. As we got to our feet, the President was asked if he ever worried about the environmental disasters that many of his critics are forecasting. "I don't worry, I don't have an apocalyptic view of things," he said. "I think we can manage, and I think we can cope, and I think we can enjoy."

After posing with each of us, he walked a few hundred yards to another clearing—a very large one—and, under the just christened George Bush Sequoia, signed a proclamation granting federal protection to the forest's old-growth sequoia groves. Then he made a speech, in which he said, "When words are memories, when we are long gone, these trees will stand." As he finished speaking, an A.P. reporter shouted, "Mr. President, why don't you protect the old-growth forests in the Northwest?" The President didn't acknowledge the question. Instead, he headed off to have lunch on some rocks about half a mile away with a group of children from the R. M. Pyles Boys Camp, and we all went along to watch. As he ate a sandwich with the boys, he criticized the behavior of male naval officers who sexually harassed female naval officers at a party during the recent Navy Tailhook convention. Meanwhile, James Baker relaxed nearby talking with Mrs. Baker, William Reilly drank a nonalcoholic beer, and National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft stood under a tree, looking very tired. More energetic was Chief of Staff Sam Skinner: he suddenly jogged into view, his tie flapping against his chest. He said hello as he passed.

Then we were leaving. We went to the parking lot, where we were supposed to be met by Isuzu Troopers that the White House had hired for us, but the Troopers weren't there. What was there was a group of Sierra Club members picketing the President's speech. They said, rather stridently, that the old-growth sequoias were being protected only because the Sierra Club and other conservation groups had successfully appealed a Forest Service plan calling for logging in the sequoia groves. "Now President Bush is simply taking our protection and handing it back to us," a Sierra Club member named Carla Cloer said. "He's acting like he did it." Behind Ms. Cloer stood several people waving signs. One sign said "Read Our Lips, Save Our Ancient Forests." Another said "Send the Environmental President Home Fishing." But the President couldn't see the signs. He was on his way to the baseball All-Star Game, in San Diego. After that, he would head

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for Wyoming, where he and James Baker were going to do some fishing.

Shootist

EVEN when your credentials speak for themselves—thirty-five hundred trophies, eight hundred major championships, eighteen world speed records, and a listing in the *Guinness Book of World Records*—the problem with being Bob Munden, the Fastest Gun Who Ever Lived, is that you're too quick for some people to believe. So you need to start an audience out slowly, provide some perspective, the way you did the other day at Pioneer Chevrolet Oldsmobile Pontiac Geo, in Polson, Montana. You tuck in your green golf shirt with the fire-retardant patch on the holster side, and climb onto the flatbed truck that's parked in front of the dealership, and turn off your "High Noon" tape. Then you explain right off the bat that the sport of Fast Draw was invented in Hollywood and has nothing to do with anything real people did in the real West. You mention the TV gunslinger Marshal Dillon and say that, as snappy as he looked, he was one of the slowest people ever to draw a gun in a Western. (And, just in case someone trots out another famous pistolero, you say "Don't even *think* about Paladin. You know why his motto was 'Have Gun Will Travel'? Because anyone who draws a gun that slow had *better* know how to travel.") Then you say you'll list the top four, starting with No. 4: Glenn Ford; Clint Eastwood; Sammy Davis, Jr. (who gave you his personal Colt .45 after you both appeared on the "Mike Douglas Show" in 1980, and now that same piece is one of the twenty-five guns in your hundred-thousand-dollar collection, which can be viewed after the show). Then you pause a bit, for dramatic weight, and say that the fastest movie shootist in history is none other than Jerry Lewis. Yes, *that* Jerry Lewis. Which goes to show that he is more than just a funny, funny guy.

But being the Fastest Gun Who Ever Lived also means being loyal, so you don't come right out and say that these fellow six-gunners, for whom you have the greatest respect, cleared leather like grannies. Instead, you simply lay out some numbers, and let the crowd judge for itself. "Marshal Dillon was timed at eight tenths of a second," you boom into the microphone. "Sammy's best draw time was between four tenths and four and a half tenths of a second. Well, my fastest time—and you can look it up in *Guinness*—is one and three quarters *hundredths* of a second. If they had shot that fast on the television or movie screen, you flat out would not have been able to see what they did."

So there's the problem, you tell the crowd. The fastest that a human eye can blink is somewhere between one and a half tenths of a second and two tenths of a second. So if you blink you missed it, you say, and even if you don't blink you might *think* you missed it. "I'm fast beyond words," you sum up. "Fast beyond all explanation."

Then you go ahead and explain what they'll be watching. You'll be shooting blanks, but even blanks have enough powder to pop a balloon or disintegrate a plastic-foam cup, both of which you'll be using as targets. The Electronic Fast Draw Timing Unit—it's that oversized stopwatch up there, and it shuts off at the sound of a gunshot—is calibrated so that one sweep of the hand equals not one hour, or even one minute, but *one second!* That means each little mark is a hundredth of a second.

Then you introduce your wife, Becky—a Fast Draw champion you met at a competition clear back in 1963, when she was just starting out and the two of you were just pups. She looks terrific, in her yellow blouse and black saddle pants and her pale boa-constrictor boots, which match yours. She happens to hold the world record in a Fast Draw event called Standing Reaction Balloons, so it's no surprise when she now draws and shoots in a very respectable thirty-eight hundredths of a second.

And then it's your turn. You stand ready, bent just right in the knee, every muscle coiled, and wait for the starting light on the Electronic Fast Draw Timing Unit. You misdraw. Once. Twice. Three times. No warmup practice, and the muscle memory hasn't kicked in yet. You turn to the audience and put everyone at ease by saying you never said you were perfect, just the best there ever was, and people laugh, and you get a shot off at six hundredths of a second—six *hundredths*, remember, not six *tenths*.

Then you place a cup on your left hand and do all this in a blur: draw the gun with your right hand; jump your left hand from under the cup (sending the cup sailing upward) and use it to cock the hammer; pull the trigger; and blast the cup in midair. It

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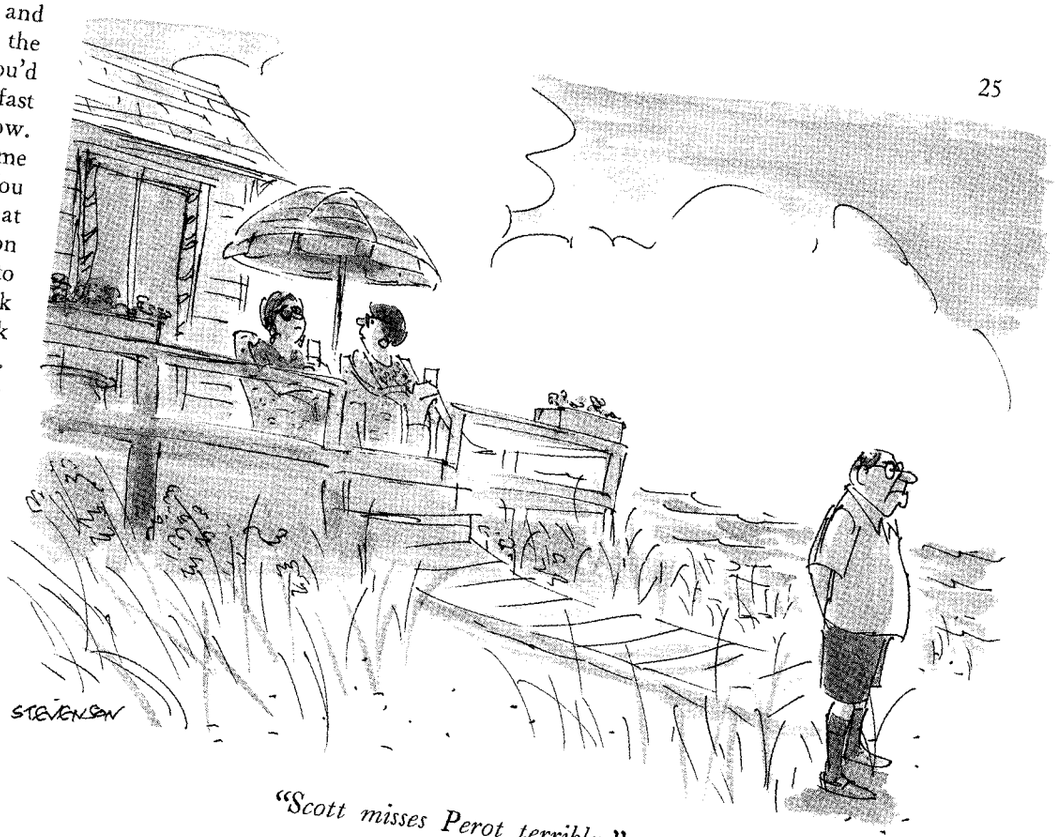
works on the second try, and you tell the crowd that, the way you see things, you'd rather miss something fast than hit something slow. Before you know it, it's time for the showstopper. You remind the audience that you're using a single-action Colt .45, which means that to shoot twice you have to cock the gun, pull the trigger, cock the gun, and pull the trigger. And that's what you do, hitting two balloons and doing it so fast that it sounds like a single shot. You hold up the two spent cartridges that you've slid from their chambers and say, "Here's the proof. Now, I know you think you heard one shot. Well, if you had heard *two* shots you wouldn't have been impressed."



"Scott misses Perot terribly."

Scouting

INVENTORY of the liquidation sale of the recently vacated headquarters of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., at Third Avenue and Fiftieth Street:

Fourteenth floor. Three dozen assorted two-drawer lateral files. Ten workstations with acoustic panels. One case of booklets entitled "The Impact of Minority Presence in Girl Scouting on White and Minority Communities." Animal footprints, acorns for special craft projects, toasting sticks whittled from fallen tree branches, packages of gorp, illustrated chart of bandanna tricks: none. Girl Scout cookies, assorted flavors: none.

Twelfth floor. Orange Herman Miller Eames chairs, straight-backed wooden desk chairs, plastic stackable shell chairs in various colors. Troop Camper activity badges embroidered with little tents and trees, which Mom always promised to sew on when she had a free minute but never did: none. Cookies: ditto.

Eleventh floor. Wall-size chalkboard bearing message "We'll Miss You, Carole! Goodbye 11th Floor at GS-USA! I'll Miss You!!! Suzy." Assorted vertical files. Those neat Brownie Girl Scout uniforms, with the little brown jumpers and the orange bow ties and the sash with membership stars, troop numbers, and trefoil Brownie pins on it, and with plenty of space for the activity badges sitting in a drawer and just waiting for someone with one minute to sew them on, the way all the other mothers managed to: negative. Cookies: zero.

Tenth floor. One package of brochures from the 1984 Girl Scout convention. Mechanicals of a Girl Scout book, opened to a section suggesting troop activities—a Saturday lunch cookout, a Halloween tea, carolling with a junior troop, a teen fashion show, a Thinking Day event, and a supper and square dance for fathers. One heavyset woman in a black plastic windbreaker "looking for something for the house." No cookies.

Ninth floor. One impatient guy from a financial company looking for credenzas and worktables. Wait a minute—a *guy*?

Eighth floor. Fifteen Steelmaster file cabinets. One gross of small bottles of Liquid Paper. Approximately ten Girl Scout-green tape dispensers. Approximately three employees of the Affordable Used Office Furniture Company, which was liquidating the items left behind by the Girl Scouts when they relocated to their new offices, on Fifth Avenue at Thirty-seventh Street. One Presto quartz heater in as-is condition. No Buddy burners, Vagabond stoves, or kindling. No cookies.

Seventh floor. More stuff, none edible.

Sixth floor. One Wilbur Curtis Model RU-300 coffee machine. One Diet Coke/Sprite/Coke dispenser. Cookies: no way.

Fifth floor. Acoustical office dividers covered in Scout-green fabric. Several boxes of green No. 2 pencils, embossed with the Girl Scout logo. No sunshine ponchos made by cutting up one of your mother's cocktail dresses. Cookies: still none, although an employee of Affordable Furniture walking by confirmed having sighted and then eaten several boxes of Thin Mints, Peanut Butter Sandwiches, and Peanut Butter Patties.

Fourth floor. A box of books entitled "Girl Scout Educational Opportunities," marked "THROW OUT." Defective telephones. Stepladders. Coffee tables. Coatracks. Typing tables. People singing the "Brownie Smile Song": none—at least, not audibly. Former members of Junior Scout Troop 453, Daffodil Patrol, performing paper-bag dramatics to an audience of seven vertical files with slide locks, two metal desks, and some commercial shelving: one.

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FACULTY LOUNGE SURVEILLANCE TAPES

(What the Education Presidency Has Been Listening To)

"Talk about right and wrong, and they'll try to mock us in newsrooms, sitcom studios and faculty lounges across America." —*Vice-President Dan Quayle.*

F.B.I. File: FL-1
Time: 10 A.M.
Place: Ravenite Faculty Lounge, Mulberry Street, Manhattan
Participants: Mr. Gotti
Mr. Gravano
Mr. Locascio

Mr. Gotti: *Inaudible.*

Mr. Gravano: *Faint, smirk-like sounds.*

Mr. Locascio: *Snort of amusement.*

Mr. Gotti: *Cynical laugh.*

(*Flicking noise commonly associated with scofflaw hand gesture.*)

Mr. Gotti: *Long stream of derisive laughter.*

(*Indistinct sounds of sociopathic buffoonery.*)

Mr. Gravano: *Butt-of-joke-type silence.*

Mr. Gotti: *Short bark of laughter edged with contempt.*

Mr. Gravano and Mr. Locascio: *Simultaneous coughing fits laced with ridicule of Judeo-Christian values.*

F.B.I. File: FL-96
Time: 3:45 P.M.
Place: V.I.P. Faculty Lounge, O'Hare Airport, Chicago
Participants: Mr. Peepers
Mr. Novak
Mr. Kotter
Miss Brodie
Mr. Chips
Miss Brooks
Sir
Prof. Kingsfield

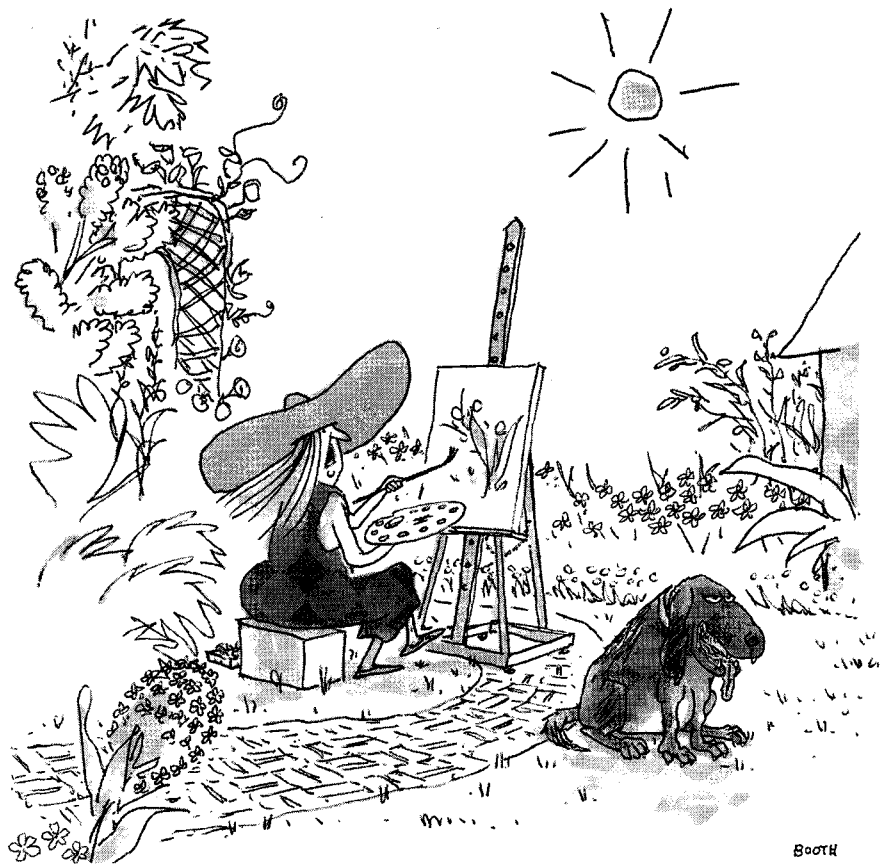
(*Sounds of popping champagne corks, clinking glasses, and shifting of weight on leather upholstery.*)

Public Address System: Now boarding, Gate 17, Flight 723 nonstop to Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Peepers: Tim-ber-r-r-r-r-rrrr!

Mr. Novak: *Smutty laugh.*

Mr. Kotter (*snide falsetto*): Now taking off without you, Gate Number I-don't-know-because-I-never-learned-to-read-write-or-count-to-ten, Flight Number who-gives-a-flying-corncob, bound for Jerkwater, U.S.A.



"There are those who say I'm a throwback to Monet."

Miss Brodie and Mr. Chips: *Patronizing titters.*

P.A. System: Will Mr. Akira Ikiru please pick up the free phone at the information center. Mr. Akira Ikiru . . .

Miss Brooks: *Sardonic jeer.*

Mr. Novak: Will Mr. Jimenez Jimenez Jimenez please contact the nearest Coast Guard Patrol for moral rearmament, a free bag of nuclear waste, and a one-way ticket to nowhere.

Sir: *Flamboyant West Indian-type laugh with provocative subtext of disrespect for white people.*

P.A. System: Ready for pre-boarding now, Gate 22, passengers with small children or needing special assistance, Flight 926 to Jerusalem, with stopovers in Kuwait, Belgrade, and Los Angeles.

Prof. Kingsfield (*malicious pause*): If it's Tuesday, this must be arson.

(*Jolly good laugh all round.*)

F.B.I. File: FL-11,715
Time: 2 A.M.
Place: "The Faculty Lounge" lounge, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas
Participants: Mr. Youngman
Mixed Ensemble

Mr. Youngman (*trademark staccato laugh*): So good night and thank you, ladies and germs.

Heckler #1: I've had funnier Medicare forms!

Mr. Youngman: And now please welcome the band with a warm round of heckling.

Heckler #2: I'm not making enough money!

(*Silence.*)

Faculty Lounge Brass Quintet: *Motley warmup blats and hoots.* Trumpet *razz, answered by raspberry-type spit take from élitist* Flugelhorn. *Bronx cheer from* Tuba. Slide Trombone *repeats offensive slurs underneath all this, building to crow of brazen defiance from* Bugle.

Heckler #3: You sound like a bunch of junkies in the pay toilet!

(*Band laugh.*)

(*Silence.*)

Faculty Lounge Brass Quintet: *Improvisation on John Philip Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever," played as a slow, urgent blues.*

—Veronica Geng

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DRAWN BY DESIRE

KIRPAL SINGH stood where the horse's saddle would have lain across its back. At first he simply stood on the upper edge of the horse, paused, and waved to the man he could not see but who he knew would be watching. From across the valley, Lord Suffolk watched him through binoculars, saw the young man wave, both arms up and swaying.

Then Singh descended, down into the giant white horse of Westbury—into the white horse-shape carved through the moor's green turf into the chalky earth of the Wiltshire Downs. Now he was a black figure, the background radicalizing the darkness of his skin and his khaki uniform. If the focus on the binoculars was exact, Lord Suffolk would see, on Singh's uniformed shoulder, the thin line of colored lanyard that indicated his sapper unit. To the watcher it would look as if he were striding down a paper map cut out in the shape of an animal. But Singh was conscious only of his boots scuffing the rough white chalk as he moved down the slope.

Behind him, Miss Morden was also coming slowly down the hill, a satchel over her shoulder, aiding herself with a rolled umbrella. She stopped twenty yards above the horse, unfurled the umbrella, and sat on a blanket she spread within its shade. Then she opened up her notebooks, just as she did when Lord Suffolk described his own procedures.

"Can you hear me?" Singh called.

"Yes, Kip, it's fine." She rubbed the chalk off her hands onto her skirt and adjusted her glasses. She looked out into the distance and, as Singh had done, waved to those she could not see.

Singh liked her. She was the first Englishwoman he had really spoken with since he arrived at Army training camp in England. Most of his time had been spent in a barracks. In his three months there he had met only other Indians, and English officers. A woman would reply to a question in the canteen, but conversations with women lasted only two or three sentences.

He was the second son of a North India family. By its long tradition, the eldest son would go into the Army, the next son become a doctor, a brother after that a businessman. But all that had changed after 1939, with the war. In place of his nationalist elder brother, Kirpal Singh joined a Sikh regiment of the British Army in Lahore, and was shipped to England. After the first months in London, he moved into a unit of engineers and sappers set up at Woolwich to deal with delayed-action and unexploded bombs.

The word from on high in 1939 was naïve: *Unexploded bombs on English terrain are the responsibility of the Home Office. They will be collected by A.R.P. wardens and police and transferred to dumps, where members of the armed forces will detonate them.*

It was not until 1940 that the War Office took over responsibility for bomb disposal, and then, in turn, handed it over to the Royal Engineers Corps. Twenty-five Bomb Disposal units were set up. The sappers lacked technical equipment; they had only hammers, chisels, road-mending tools, and a few explosives. There were no specialists.

A bomb consists of the following parts:

1. A bomb case.

2. A fuse.

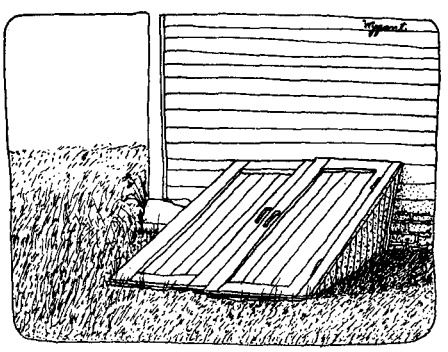
3. An initiating charge, or gaine, often with a booster charge of picric-acid pellets.

4. A main charge of high explosive.

5. Superstructural fittings—fins, lifting lugs, kopfrings, etc. . . .

Eighty per cent of the bombs dropped by German airplanes over Britain were thin-walled, general-purpose bombs. They usually ranged from a hundred to a thousand pounds. A twenty-four-hundred-pound bomb was called a Hermann or an Esau. A four-thousand-pound bomb was called a Satan.

When a bomb hit a target, the impact activated a trembler, which ignited the flash pellet in the fuse. The minute explosion would leap into the gaine, causing the penthrite wax there to detonate. This set off the picric acid,



which in turn caused the main filling—of TNT, amatol, and aluminized powder—to explode. The journey from trembler to explosion lasted a microsecond.

Some of the most dangerous bombs were those dropped from low altitudes and set for delayed action. These unexploded bombs lay buried in cities and fields, and remained dormant until their trembler contacts were disturbed—by a farmer's stick, a car wheel's nudge, the bounce of a tennis ball against the casing—and then they would explode.

The casualty rate in Bomb Disposal units was appallingly high, considering how few unexploded bombs there were in the early months of the war. In 1940, after France had fallen and Britain was in a state of siege, it got worse. In August the blitz began, and there were suddenly twenty-five hundred unexploded bombs to be dealt with. Roads were closed, factories deserted. By September the number of live bombs had reached thirty-seven hundred. A hundred new bomb squads were set up, but there was still little understanding of how the bombs worked. Life expectancy in the sapper units dropped to ten weeks. *This was the Heroic Age of bomb disposal,* says a historian of the squads' work, *a period of individual prowess when urgency and a lack of knowledge and equipment led to the taking of fantastic risks. . . . It was, however, a Heroic Age whose protagonists remained obscure, since their actions . . . were kept from the public for reasons of security. It was obviously undesirable to publish reports that might help the enemy to estimate our ability to deal with his weapons.*

AFTER long days of training, Singh would fall asleep with diagrams and charts still in his hands. Half dreaming, he entered the maze of a cylinder alongside the picric acid and the gaine and the condensers until he reached the fuse deep within the main body. Then he was suddenly awake.

There was always yellow chalk scribbled on the sides of bombs . . . just as yellow chalk had been scribbled on the bodies of the young Indian recruits lined up in Lahore at the start of the war. They shuffled forward slowly from the street into the medical building. A doctor explored their necks and hands, his tongs slid out of the Dettol solution and pinched up parts of their

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skin, and the recruits were accepted or rejected.

The enlisted filled up the courtyard. Coded results were written onto their skin with yellow chalk, and after a brief interview an Indian officer chalked more yellow onto the slate tied around each one's neck: his weight, age, district, education level, dental condition, and what unit he was best suited for.

Kirpal Singh did not feel insulted by this. His brother—who had refused to join the Army, refused to be part of any situation where the British had power—would have walked in fury to the well, hauled up the bucket, and washed the chalk markings away.

SINGH had arrived in England knowing no one, distant from his family in the Punjab. He was twenty-one years old. He had met no one but soldiers. So when he read the notice asking for candidates for an experimental bomb squad, even though he heard other sappers speak of its chief, this Lord Suffolk, as a madman, Singh applied. He had already decided that in a war you have to take control, and that there was a greater chance of choice and life alongside a personality, an individual.

He was the only Indian among the applicants, and Lord Suffolk was late to the interview. Fifteen men were led into a library, where a secretary asked them to wait. She remained at the desk, copying out names, while the soldiers joked about the interview and the test. He recognized no one. He walked over to a wall and stared at a barometer; he was about to touch it but pulled back, just putting his face close to it. "Very Dry" to "Fair" to "Stormy." He muttered the words to himself with his new English pronunciation: "Wery dry—*very* dry." He looked back at the others, peered around the room, and caught the gaze of the middle-aged secretary. She watched him sternly. The Indian boy, he thought, and smiled to himself. He walked toward the bookshelves. Again he touched nothing. At one point he put his nose close to a volume called "Raymond; or, Life and Death." He found another, similar title: "Pierre; or, the Ambiguities." He turned and caught the woman's eyes on him again. He felt as guilty as if he had put the book in his pocket. She had probably never seen a turban before. The English! They expect you to fight for them but won't talk to you.

At lunch the applicants met a very hearty Lord Suffolk, who poured wine for anyone who wanted it, and laughed loudly at every attempt at a joke by the recruits. In the afternoon they all sat down to a strange exam in which they had to put a piece of disassembled machinery back together without being given any prior knowledge of what it was used for. They were allowed two hours, but could leave as soon as the problem was solved. Singh finished it quickly and spent the rest of the time inventing other objects that could be made from the various components. He sensed he would be admitted easily if it were not for his race. He had come from a country where mathematics and mechanics were natural traits. Most people in his village were more likely to carry a wrench or screwdriver than a pencil. Cars were never destroyed; parts of them were carried across a village and readapted into a sewing machine or a water pump. A piece might enter a grandfather clock or an irrigation pulley or the spinning mechanism of an office chair. Antidotes to mechanical disaster were easily found. One cooled an overheating car engine not with new rubber hoses but by scooping up cow shit and patting it around the radiator. In England he saw a surfeit of parts that could keep the subcontinent of India going for two hundred years.

He was one of three applicants selected by Lord Suffolk. This man who had not even spoken to Singh (nor laughed with him, simply because he had not joked) walked across the room and put an arm around his shoulder. The severe secretary turned out to be Miss Morden; she bustled in with a tray that held two large glasses of sherry, and handed one to Lord Suffolk. Telling Singh, "I know you don't drink," she took the other one for herself and raised it to him. "Congratulations, your exam was splendid. Though I was sure you would be chosen—even before you wrote it."

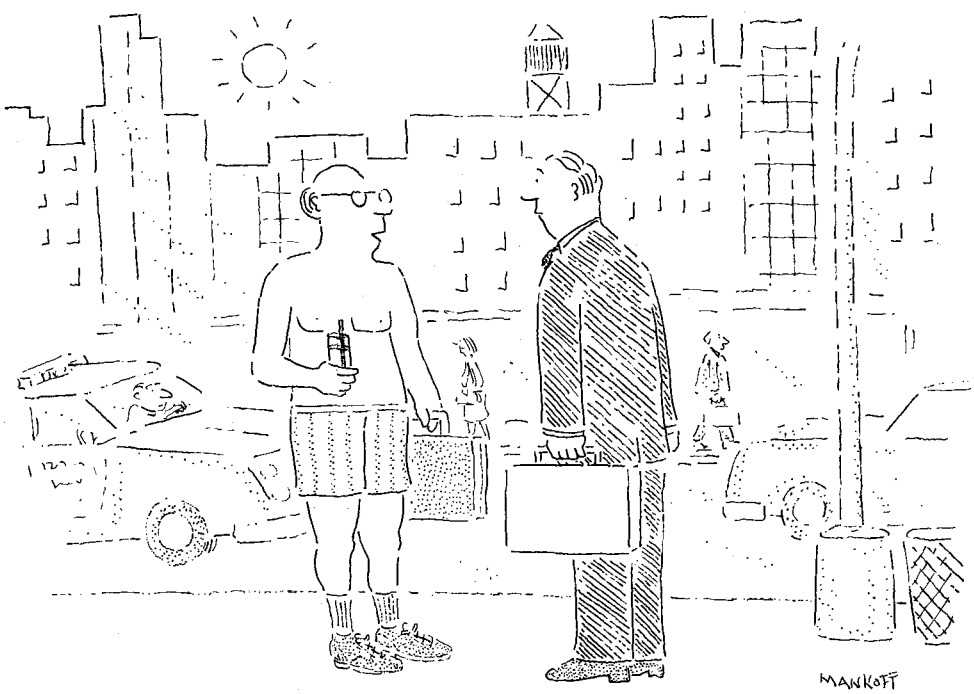
"Miss Morden is a splendid judge of character. She has a nose for brilliance and character," Lord Suffolk said.

"Character, sir?"

"Yes. It is not really necessary, of course, but we *are* going to be working together. We are very much a family here. Even before lunch Miss Morden had selected you."

"I found it quite a strain being unable to wink at you, Mr. Singh," she said.

Lord Suffolk had his arm around Singh again and was walking him to the window. "I thought, as we do not have to begin till the middle of next week, I'd have some of the unit come down to Home Farm, my estate in Devon. We can pool our knowledge



"Oh, you know—wearing light clothing, drinking plenty of liquids, and avoiding strenuous activity."

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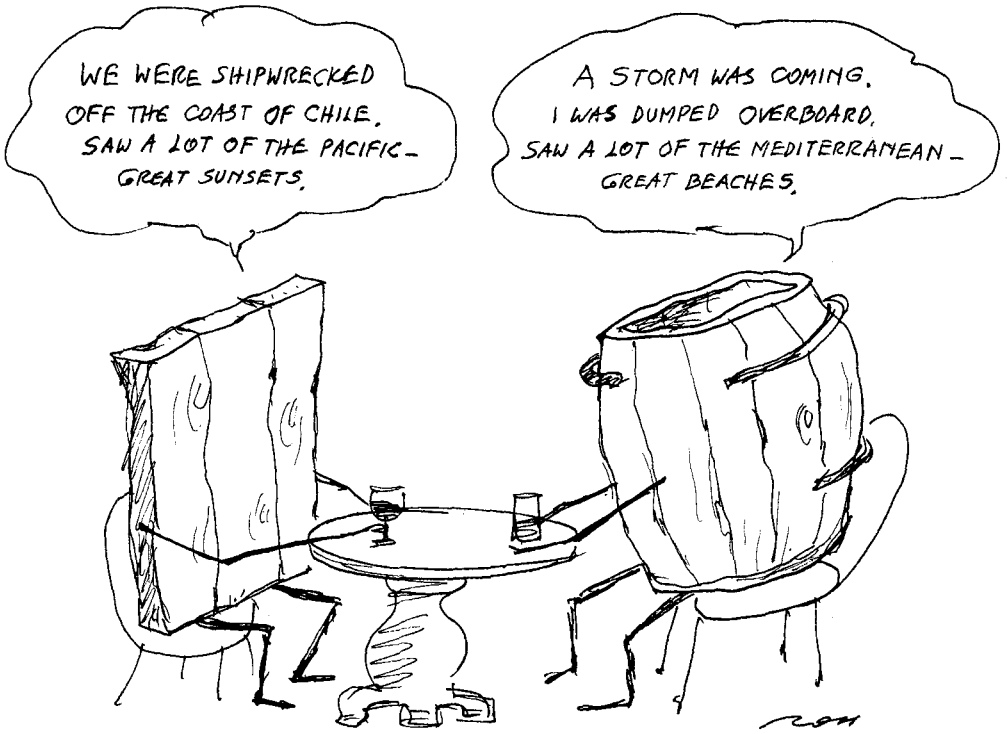
there and get to know each other. You can drive down with us in the Humber."

So Singh had won passage out of the chaotic machinery of the war. He stepped into a family as if, after a year abroad, he were blessed as the returned prodigal, were offered a chair at the table, embraced with conversations.


WE WERE SHIPWRECKED OFF THE COAST OF CHILE. SAW A LOT OF THE PACIFIC— GREAT SUNSETS.
A STORM WAS COMING. I WAS DUMPED OVERBOARD. SAW A LOT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN— GREAT BEACHES.

FLOTSAM MEETS JETSAM

• •

IT was almost dark when they crossed the border from Somerset into Devon on the coastal road above the Bristol Channel. Mr. Fred Harts, Suffolk's driver-mechanic, turned down a narrow road bordered with heather and rhododendrons, a dark blood color in this last light. The driveway was three miles long.

Apart from Suffolk, Morden, and Harts—known as "the holy trinity" for their uncanny survival of bomb dangers—there were six sappers from the unit down for the weekend. They walked the moors around the stone cottage, with Miss Morden. Removed from his barracks, Singh had no idea of his location. There was a map on a roller high up on the library ceiling. Alone one morning, he pulled it down until it touched the floor. "Countisbury and Area. Mapped by R. Fones. Drawn by desire of Mr. James Halliday."

"Drawn by desire . . ." He was beginning to love the English.

DESPITE his name, Lord Suffolk lived in Devon, where, until war broke out, his passion had been the study of "Lorna Doone" and how authentic the novel was historically and geographically. Most of his time he spent puttering around the nearby Exmoor villages of Brendon and Porlock, and he had convinced authorities that the area was an ideal location for experimental bomb-disposal training. No one was sure how Lord Suffolk had persuaded the Unexploded Bomb Committee to allow him to set up his experimental research outfit there, but his achievements as an inventor had probably influenced the committee. He was an autodidact, and he believed his mind could read the motives and spirit behind any invention.

There were twelve men under his command—made up of talents from various units, sappers and engineers—and Singh was one of them. For most of the week they were based at Richmond Park in London, being briefed on new methods or working on unexploded bombs while fallow deer drifted around them. But on weekends they would go down to Exmoor, where they would continue training during the day and afterward be driven by Lord Suffolk to the church where Lorna Doone was shot during her wedding ceremony. "Either from this window or from that back door . . . shot right down the aisle—into her side. Splendid shot actually, though of course reprehensible. The villain was chased onto the moors and had his muscles ripped from his body." To Singh it sounded like a familiar Indian fable.

Lord Suffolk was the best of the English, Singh felt, the first real gentleman he had met in England. Singh adored him. If there had been no war, the man would never have roused himself from Countisbury and his Home Farm retreat, where he mulled along with the wine, among the flies in the old back laundry—married but essentially bachelor in character, walking the cliffs each day to visit an old friend, an aviator and naturalist. He liked to fix things—laundry tubs and plumbing generators and cooking spits run by waterwheels. He had been helping the naturalist collect information on the habits of badgers.

After three months of special training, driving east to the bomb site in the chalk hills of the Wiltshire Downs, Singh had sat in front with Mr. Harts while Miss Morden rode in the back with Lord Suffolk. The Humber was painted khaki with bright signal-red mudguards, like all Bomb Disposal travel units. Two days earlier, a man walking near the famous chalk-horse figure at Westbury had been blown up. When engineers arrived at the site, they discovered that another bomb had landed in the middle of the historic location—in the stomach of the giant white horse that had been cut into the rolling chalk hills in ancient times. Shortly after this event, all the chalk horses on the Downs—there were eleven—had camouflage nets pegged down over them, less to protect them than to prevent them from standing out as obvious landmarks for German bombing raids over England.

The drive to Westbury was busy

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with anecdote and information. From the back seat, Lord Suffolk chatted about the migration of robins from the war zones of Europe, the history of bomb disposal, Devon cream. He was introducing the young Sikh to the customs of England as if it were a recently discovered culture. Each village they passed in the Humber had its exotica described by Lord Suffolk—"This is the very best place to buy blackthorn walking sticks"—as if Singh might be thinking of stepping into the Tudor corner shop in his uniform and turban to chat casually with the owners about canes.

Even in wartime, Suffolk knew the best places to stop for tea. He swept into Pamela's Tearoom, his arm in a sling from an accident with guncotton, and shepherded in his clan—secretary, chauffeur, and sapper—as if they were his children. They drank tea and waited for scones, discussing the in-situ defusing of bombs, which Singh was to carry out on his own for the first time that day.

"I trust you, Mr. Singh. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know I trust you to do as well as I would. Miss Morden will be with you to take notes. Mr. Harts will be farther back. If you need more equipment or more strength, blow on the police whistle, and he will join you. He doesn't advise, but he understands perfectly. If he won't do something, it means he disagrees with you, and I'd take his advice. But you have total authority on the site. Here is my pistol. The fuses are probably more sophisticated now, but you never know—you might be in luck."

Lord Suffolk was alluding to a trick that had made him famous. It was a method he had adopted for inhibiting a delayed-action fuse: pulling out his Army revolver and firing a bullet through the fuse head, thereby arresting the movement of the clock body. The method was abandoned when the Germans introduced a new fuse in which the percussion cap and not the clock was uppermost.

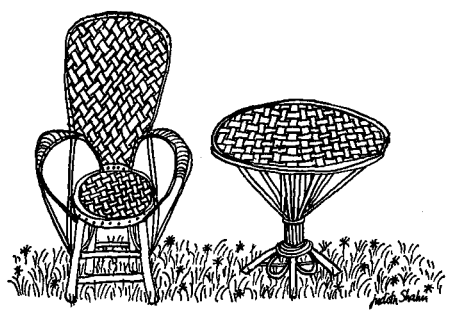
SINGH had been with Suffolk's unit for a year when, in May, 1941, in Erith, on the edge of London, a two-hundred-and-fifty-kilogram bomb erupted as Lord Suffolk attempted to dismantle it. It killed him and Mr. Harts and Miss Morden, as well as four sappers Lord Suffolk was training.

Singh was working in another part of London that evening with a Lieutenant Blackler, clearing the Elephant-and-Castle area of a Satan bomb. Halfway through defusing the four-thousand-pound bomb, he looked up and saw a couple of Bomb Disposal officers pointing in his direction, and he wondered what that was about. It probably meant they had found another bomb. It was after ten at night, and he was dangerously tired. There was another one waiting for him. He turned back to work.

When the Satan was dismantled, Singh walked over to the chief officer, who at first half-turned away as if wanting to leave.

"Yes," Singh said. "Where is it?"

The man took Singh's right hand and he knew something was wrong. Lieutenant Blackler was behind him. The officer told them what had happened to Suffolk and the others, and Lieutenant Blackler put his hands on Singh's shoulders and gripped him.



Singh guessed what the officer was hesitating about asking him. He knew the man would not have come there just to tell him of the deaths—they were in a war, after all. It meant there was a second bomb somewhere around Erith, probably of the same design, and this was the only chance to find out what had gone wrong.

He drove out to Erith. Lieutenant Blackler would stay in London. They were the last two left of the unit, and it would have been foolish to risk both. Singh wanted to do this alone in any case. When two men worked together there had to be a sharing of logic. You had to compromise on decisions.

During the night drive he forced everything back from the surface of his emotions. To keep his mind clear, he had to think of the others as still alive. He pictured Miss Morden drinking one large and stiff whiskey before she got to the sherry. In this way she would be able to drink more slowly, appear more ladylike for the rest of the evening. "You don't drink, Mr. Singh, but if you did, you should do what I

THIS MORNING

Enter without knocking, hardworking ant.
I'm just sitting here debating
What to do this cold, rainy day?
It was a night of the radio turned down low,
Fitful sleep, vague, troubling dreams.
I woke up lovesick and confused.
I thought I heard Estella in the garden singing
and some bird answering her,
But it was the rain. Dark treetops swaying
And whispering. "Come to me, my desire,"
I said. And she hurried to me,
Her breath smelling of mint, her tongue
Wetting my cheek, and then she vanished.
Slowly day came, a gray streak of daylight
To wash my hands and face in.
Hours passed, and then you crawled suddenly
Under the door, and stopped before me.
You visit the same tailors the mourners do,
Mr. Ant. I like the long silence between us.
Quiet, that holy state even the rain
Knows about. Listen to her begin to fall,
As if with eyes closed,
Muting each drop in her wild-beating heart.

—CHARLES SIMIC

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do—one full whiskey, and then you can sip away like a good courtier." This was followed by her lazy, gravelly laugh. She was the only woman he was to meet in his life who carried two silver flasks with her. So—she was still drinking, and Lord Suffolk was still nibbling at his Kipling cakes.

The other bomb had fallen half a mile away from Lord Suffolk's. Another 250kg-SC. It looked like the familiar kind—they had defused hundreds of them, most by rote. But if Lord Suffolk had failed, it meant there was some new mechanism to it. This was the way the war progressed: every six months or so the enemy changed something. You learned the trick—the whim, the little descant of wire—and taught it to the rest of the units. They were all at a new stage now.

Singh took no one to help him. He would just have to remember each step as he worked. The officer who drove him was a man named Hardy, who was to stay back by the truck. The officers had suggested that Singh might wait till the next morning, but he knew they would prefer him to do it now. The 250kg was too common; if there was something new they had to know quickly. He had made them telephone ahead for lights. He didn't mind working tired, but he wanted proper lights, not just the beams of two trucks.

When he arrived in Erith, the second bomb zone was already lit. In daylight, on an innocent day, it would have been just a field—hedges, perhaps a pond. Now it was an arena. Cold, he borrowed Hardy's sweater and put it on over his own. The lights would keep him warmer, anyway.

With the bright glare, the porousness of the metal jumped into precise focus. Now he forgot everything except distrust. Lord Suffolk had said that you can have a brilliant chess player at seventeen, even at thirteen, who might beat a grand master. But you can never have a brilliant bridge player at that age: "Bridge depends on character. Your character and the character of your opponents. You must consider the character of your enemy. This is true of bomb disposal. It is two-handed bridge. You have one enemy. You have no partner. Sometimes, for my exams, I make the men play bridge. People think a bomb is a mechanical object, a mechanical enemy. But you have to consider that somebody made it."

"Dear Mom and Dad: My first day was great. We went for a long walk, and I chased a rabbit and a ball. They think I'm cute, and now I'm guarding the house."

• •

THE bomb case of the 250kg-SC had split, and the explosive filling was visible through a rip in the metal. As Singh approached, he felt he was being watched, and refused to wonder whether it was by Suffolk or the inventor of this contraption. The freshness of the artificial light had revived him. He walked around the bomb, peering at it from every angle. He would have to open the main chamber to remove the fuse-pocket tube containing fuse, timer, and gaine. Tapping gingerly with hammer and chisel, he carefully twisted off the plate at the back end of the bomb case. There he saw that the fuse pocket had been knocked free inside the case. This was good luck, or bad luck—he couldn't tell yet. The problem was that he didn't know if the timer mechanism was already at work, or for what time it was set. He was on his knees, leaning over the bomb, glad he was alone, back in the world of straightforward choice. Turn left or turn right. Cut this or cut that. But he was tired, and there was still anger in him.

He didn't know how long he had. There was more danger in waiting too long. Holding the nose of the cylinder firm with his boots, he reached in and ripped out the fuse pocket, and lifted it away from the bomb. Holding the tube in his hands, he began to shake. He had got it out. The bomb was essentially harmless now. He tugged out the fuse itself, with its tangled fringe of wires, and laid the parts down on the grass; they were clear and brilliant in this light.

He accepted a mug of Horlicks from an officer—it had some kind of alcohol in it—and returned alone to the fuse pocket. He inhaled the fumes from the drink.

There was no longer serious danger. If he was wrong, the small explosion would take off his hand, but unless it was clutched to his heart at the moment of impact he wouldn't die. The problem was now simply the problem. The fuse. The new "joke" in the bomb.

He would have to reëstablish the maze of wires in its original pattern to figure out the sequence. He walked back to the officer and asked him for the rest of the hot-drink thermos. Then he returned and sat down again with the fuse. It was one-thirty in the

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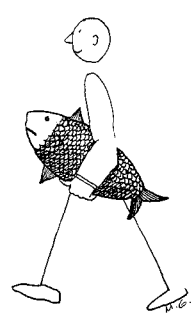
morning, he guessed—he wasn't wearing a watch. For half an hour he just looked at the fuse with a magnifying glass, a sort of monocle that hung off his buttonhole. He bent over and peered at the brass for any hint of scratches that a clamp might have made. Nothing.

He was aware of something in the far distance, like some reflection of lightning on a cloud: the knowledge that Harts and Morden and Suffolk were dead, were suddenly just names. His eyes focussed back on the wiring and the fuse. Now he began to turn the fuse upside down in his mind, considering the logical possibilities. Then he imagined it horizontal again. He unscrewed the gaine, bending over, his ear next to it, so the scrape of brass was against him. No little clicks. It came apart in silence. Tenderly, he separated the clockwork section from the fuse, and set the two parts down. He picked up the fuse pocket and peered down into it again. He saw nothing. He was about to put it back on the grass when he hesitated and brought it back up to the light. He wouldn't have noticed anything wrong except for the weight. And he would never have thought about the weight if he hadn't been looking for the joke. All the sappers did, usually, was listen or look. He tilted the tube carefully, and another object slipped down toward the opening; he eased it out. It was a second gaine, and a whole separate explosive device—a booby trap to foil any attempt at defusing.



He unscrewed the new gaine from its trigger mechanism—which a moment later gave off a white-green flash and the sound of a whip. The second detonator had gone off. Singh set the spent mechanism beside the main fuse parts in the grass. He went back to the men at the truck.

"There was a second gaine," he muttered. "I was very lucky—the trigger must have jammed. Put a call in to headquarters and find out if there are other bombs."

He cleared the soldiers away from the truck and set up a loose plank bench there and asked for the arc lights to be trained on it. He set the components along the makeshift bench. He kept slapping himself on the face to stay alert. He was cold now, and he breathed out a feather of his warmer body air. He looked up. In the distance some soldiers were still emptying out the main explosive from the big bomb casing. As Singh turned back to his work, a third bomb exploded a quarter of a mile away, and the sky lit up, making even the arc light seem subtle and human. Quickly he wrote down a few notes and handed an officer the solution for the new bomb. He didn't fully understand it, of course, but at headquarters they would have more information.

WHEN sunlight enters a room where there is a fire, the fire will go out. Singh had loved Lord Suffolk and his strange bits of knowledge. But now everything depended on himself, whose awareness swelled to include all bombs of this type across the city of London. He had suddenly a map of responsibility—something, he realized, that Lord Suffolk had carried within his character at all times.

He knew that for now he was a king, a puppetmaster, could order anything for his needs—a bucket of sand, a fruit pie—and those men who would not cross an uncrowded bar to speak with him when off duty would now do what he desired. It was strange to him—as if he had been handed a large suit of clothes he could roll around in, and whose sleeves would drag behind him. But he knew he did not like it. He was accustomed to his invisibility. In England he had been ignored in the various barracks, and he had come to prefer that. The self-sufficiency and privacy that colleagues later saw in him was not caused only by his being a solitary, intent technician. It came just as much from being the anonymous member of another race, a part of an invisible world. He had built up defenses of character against all that, trusting only a very few people. But that night in Erith he knew his every act or decision would influence all those around him who did not have his specific talent. Singh knew that he contained, more than any other sapper, Lord Suffolk's knowledge. His was expected to be the replacing vision.

HE was still standing at the truck when he heard a whistle that meant the arc lights would be turned off. Another bomber raid. Within thirty seconds, the metallic light had been replaced with sulfur flares in the back of the truck. These lesser lights could be doused when the planes got close. Singh sat down on an empty petrol can to study the components he had removed from the bomb, the hisses from the flares around him loud after the silence of the arc lights.

In the flare-lit darkness of Erith, he sat touching and listening, waiting for the clockwork component to click. He wanted to be sure that the first fuse held no further surprises. The other men were silent, fifty yards away. He would stop whenever planes were heard and, one by one, the sulfur torches were sunk into buckets of sand. He sat in the droning darkness, moving the seat so he could lean forward and place his ear close to the ticking mechanism, still timing the clicks, trying to hear them under the throb of the German bomber planes above him. Then what he had been waiting for happened. After exactly one hour, the timer tripped and the percussion cap exploded. He was sure now what the new device was. When Suffolk removed the main gaine, he had released an unseen trigger that set off the second, hidden, gaine.

This new discovery would change the whole direction of Allied bomb disposal. From now on, every delayed-action bomb would carry the threat of a second gaine or some other trick. It could no longer be assumed that simply removing the fuse would deactivate a bomb, leave it safe. Bombs would have to be neutralized with the fuse intact.

Somehow, earlier on, surrounded by arc lights, and in his fury, he had withdrawn the second gaine out of the booby trap. It was only luck that he had survived.

He was in Erith most of that night. In the morning he woke up to find himself back in London. He could not remember being driven there. He got up, went to a table, and began to sketch the profile of the bomb: the gaines, the detonators, the whole problem, from the fuse up to the locking rings. Then he covered the basic drawing with all the possible lines of attack for defusing it. Every arrow drawn exactly, the text written out clear, the way Suffolk had taught him.

On the large blueprint sheet Singh

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put everything he knew. At the bottom he wrote, "Drawn by desire of Lord Suffolk, by his student Lieutenant Kirpal Singh, May 10, 1941."

HE worked flat out, crazily, for the month following Suffolk's death. Bombs were changing fast, with new techniques and devices. He was barracked in Regent's Park with Lieutenant Blackler and three other specialists, working on solutions, blueprinting each new bomb as it came in.

Twelve days later, working at the Department of Scientific Research, they came up with the answer: ignore the fuse entirely—ignore the first principle, which until then had been "Defuse the bomb." It was brilliant. They were all laughing and applauding and hugging each other in the Officers' Mess. They had no idea what the alternative might be, but they knew that in the abstract they were right: the problem would not get solved by embracing it. Lieutenant Blackler had said, "If you are in a room with a problem don't talk to it." It was an offhand remark. But Singh came over to him and held the idea up from another angle: "Then we shouldn't touch the fuse at all."

Once they came up with that, someone quickly organized the solution: using a steam sterilizer. Cut a hole in the outer case of a bomb, then emulsify the main explosive by an injection of steam and drain it away. That solved that for the time being.

WHEN the reality of Lord Suffolk's death came to Kirpal Singh, he concluded his assigned work and reënlisted in the anonymous machine of the Army. The troopship MacDonald carried him and a hundred other sappers to the Italian campaign. He was there for the rest of the war. Few remembered the Sikh who had been with Suffolk's unit. In a year the whole outfit was disbanded and forgotten.

But he keeps remembering one thing. He is in the white horse. He feels hot on the chalk hill, the white dust of it swirling up all around him. He works on the contraption, which is quite straightforward, but for the first time he is working alone. Miss Morden sits twenty yards above him, higher up the slope, taking notes on what he is doing. He knows that from across the valley Lord Suffolk is watching through the glasses.

Singh works slowly. The chalk dust lifts, then settles on everything—his hands, the contraption—so he has to continually blow it off the fuse caps and wires to see the details. He is hot in his tunic. He keeps putting his sweating hands behind him to wipe them on the back of his vest. All the loose parts of the bomb fill the various pockets across his chest. He is tired, checking things repetitively. He hears Miss Morden's voice.

"Kip?"

"Yes."

"Stop what you're doing for a while. I'm coming down."

"You'd better not, Miss Morden."

"Of course I can."

He does up the buttons on his various vest pockets and lays a cloth over the bomb; she clambers down into the white horse awkwardly and then sits next to him and opens up her satchel. She douses a lace handkerchief with the contents of a small bottle of eau de cologne and passes it to him.

"Wipe your face with this. Lord Suffolk uses it to refresh himself."

He takes it tentatively and, at her suggestion, dabs his forehead and neck and wrists. She unscrews the thermos cap and pours each of them some tea. She unwraps oiled paper and brings out strips of Kipling cake.

She seems to be in no hurry to go back up the slope, back to safety. And it would seem rude to remind her that she should. She simply talks about the wretched heat and how at least they have booked rooms with baths in town, which they can all look forward to. She begins a rambling story about how she met Lord Suffolk. Not a word about the bomb beside them. Singh had been slowing down, the way a person drowsing continually rereads the same paragraph, trying to find a connection between sentences. She has pulled him out of the vortex of the problem. She packs up her satchel carefully, lays a hand on his right shoulder, and returns to her position on the blanket above the Westbury horse. She leaves him some sunglasses, but he cannot see clearly enough through them, so he lays them aside. Then he goes back to work. The scent of eau de cologne. He remembers he smelled it once as a child—he'd had a fever, and someone brushed some onto his body.

—MICHAEL ONDAATJE

(Some of the material in this story is drawn from "Unexploded Bomb: The Story of Bomb Disposal in World War II," by Major A. B. Hartley.)

"It's the old story. I was in the middle of a successful acting career when I was bitten by the accounting bug."

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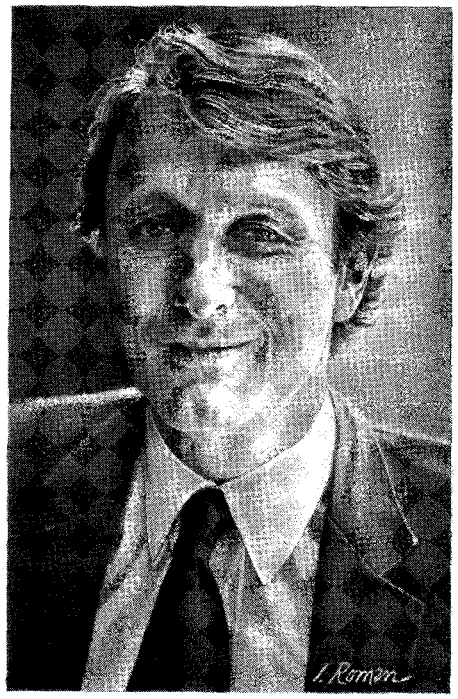
PROFILES

GIVING GOOD VALUE

AT eight-thirty on a Tuesday morning in Milan, John Loring, who is the design director of Tiffany & Company, and an assistant and a team of buyers travelling with him are gathered around two tables in the dining room of the Grand Hotel, eating breakfast. Tall, handsome, with a broad, high forehead and a rugged, prominent nose, Loring has, by virtue of his physical presence and his position, an authority that is at odds with his manner, which is nervous and boyish. He is one of those people who seem paradoxically old in their youth and give the impression of getting progressively younger as they age. On the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, a few years ago, Eleanor Lambert, a fashion publicity agent and a friend of long standing, said, "He's not a fifty-year-old—he's two twenty-five-year-olds."

A weary-looking Italian man, the first of his party to arrive, is soon joined by a *contessa* and a *principessa*, who have flown in from Rome in order to help him persuade Loring to sell Mila Schön neckties at Tiffany's. Introductions are made all around, and three extra chairs are pulled up to Loring's table. The countess turns to him. "You have seen my dear friend the Princess Anne," she begins. In an instructional tone, she characterizes Mila Schön as the designer name of choice for the Italian aristocracy. "For me, it's the only one," she says. As Loring leaves, he promises to see the collection of Mila Schön glassware when he gets to Venice that afternoon; he says nothing about the ties. "One more person trying to colonize Tiffany's," he remarks to no one in particular, sighing, as he heads for his next appointment.

As design director, Loring is responsible for every item Tiffany's sells. A former painter and printmaker, he now travels the world as a sort of luxury-goods impresario, commissioning watches in Switzerland, pottery in Portugal, vases in Murano, printed silks for scarves and neckties in Como, hand-painted porcelains in Paris. The art critic Robert Hughes, who knew



Loring back when, says, "Fundamentally he is interested in the preservation of a certain exquisiteness in the field of the pragmatic, which is a very worthy ambition."

Later that day, Loring's water taxi docks in front of Archimede Seguso's glassworks, on the island of Murano. Seguso's son Giampaolo, who runs the business, takes the Tiffany party on a tour of the showroom, its shelves filled with objects that span the past fifty years: there is an Op Art vase spun in a white geometric pattern, a black glass chess set, a cobalt-blue bean-shaped dish, crimped at the rim, that was designed by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany's, in 1979. Seguso has been producing glass for Tiffany's for over thirty years.

Downstairs, in a room two stories high, with a blazing furnace in the center of the concrete floor, Archimede Seguso is at work. A tall, bespectacled man, partly bald, with a hoarse, high-pitched voice, he welcomes the visitors and treats them to a demonstration. He blows into a long metal pipe until the hot glass at the end gradually takes the shape of a pitcher; then he deftly spins and twirls it, without deliberation, never pausing for effect. His movements have an economy, a trancelike serenity about them, and the Tiffany delegation watches, transfixed.

Loring introduces the elder Seguso to Matteo Thun-Hohenstein, an architect and a former member of Memphis, the Milan-based group whose work, in a style that might be termed Whimsical Industrial, changed the face of restaurants and hotel lobbies and health clubs in the eighties. Thun has come to discuss some glass designs for Tiffany's. With wavy blond hair and self-conscious good looks, he has about him a rock star's air of arrogant glamour. He shows Seguso his drawings for a three-handled vase shaped like a trio of nude women—"the three graces of Archimede," he says solicitously—and he explains that he wants their bodies to look "like an Ethiopian girl's, with thighs like a gazelle's, and no behind." Seguso shrugs. Next, Loring reviews with Seguso a design for a corporate trophy—the latest in a long line of Tiffany commissions, which recently included a gigantic crystal swan (by Seguso) for the Swan Ball, in Nashville. Then he shows Seguso a Polaroid of a Murano glass punch cup from a set that Tiffany's sold years ago to a customer's grandmother. The customer would like to replace a piece that was broken, but that would require making a mold. Seguso is willing.

Together, Loring and Seguso's son present to him plans for a black-tie dinner in New York, at the store, in honor of his eightieth birthday, which is four months away; the proceeds will go to Save Venice, a charitable organization that works to restore the city's art and architecture. Seguso demurs, as his son predicted he would: he never travels, he speaks no English. Loring tries another tack, appealing to his civic pride: he would be doing the entire Venetian glass industry a service by agreeing to represent it for one night in New York. Loring adds that Tiffany's would mount an exhibition of pieces by Seguso in conjunction with the dinner. The old man considers this. Finally, he says that he would be happy to show his pieces, because, he says, "nobody else managed to make them."

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As the water taxi pulls away from the pier, Loring scans the buildings along the dock, which is silent and deserted except for Seguso's grandson, waving goodbye. "All these rich Americans who come to Venice and pay to have the frescoes in the churches restored," Loring says, shaking his head. "If they really want to save Venice, they should give the glassmakers some work and resuscitate the industry."

JOHN LORING is the latest in a long line of arbiters of American taste, most of whom have construed their mission as one of schooling an ignorant public in the ways of elegance, thereby saving people from the error of their own instincts. "The usual thought of an arbiter of taste is a repulsive one," Loring admits, "because it leads to sameness in the world, and is killing to the imagination." His rule, as he sees it, is by example. He balks at requests to pass judgment, and he refuses to legislate good taste. Other countries and other eras have had their arbiters of taste: Castiglione, in sixteenth-century Italy; Mme. de Pompadour, in eighteenth-century France; Syrie Maugham, in England during the nineteen-thirties. But America seems to have had more than its fair share of them, if only because it has given rise to so many rich people who came out of nowhere and suddenly found themselves in desperate need of advice on living in a style to which they were completely unaccustomed. It is probably no coincidence that most of their counsel, including the series of books that Loring has written for Tiffany's, takes the same tone as manuals by Emily Post and Amy Vanderbilt: this is the etiquette of consumerism, a course of instruction in the exercise of money.

As society has grown more secular and materialistic, the connoisseurship that was once the rarefied pastime of the Medicis has come to be an almost universal preoccupation. In our time, shopping has assumed unprecedented importance in the lives of many people, and the ability to find and recognize the finest clothes, cars, sheets and towels, kitchen equipment, luggage, light fixtures, gardening tools, cosmetics, food—the list is endless—is regarded as a form of self-expression. With the range of products available in every category wider than ever before, and every choice vested with greater personal significance, the role of the arbiter has, if anything, grown larger instead of smaller. Loring occupies the post at a time when people are looking to the experts for a frame of reference, for suggestions, for ideas and images that they can use to portray themselves to the world. "The style that you develop has as much to do with things rejected as with selections made," Loring wrote not long ago. "As you educate yourself, you will see things you admire that somehow don't seem right to bring home. Remember, there are many beautiful things that aren't appropriate for your personal style."

Loring's gospel is mostly in keeping with that of other American arbiters who have taken the high road, interpreting matters of taste in moral terms. "We must have beauty around us to make us good," contended Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, who set herself up as an authority in the eighteen-fifties. Andrew Jackson Downing railed against the use of one material got up to look like another as being "at variance with all truthfulness." Edith Wharton regarded "honesty" and "sincerity" as the cardinal rules in most aesthetic considerations. For his part, Loring claims that style's "major enemy" is pretension, that elegance is "natural," and that worrying about what someone else thinks can only get in the way. "There are many things of fine design, quality, and craftsmanship that bring pleasure to everyday activities, so it is never necessary to descend to imitations," he has written. "If you can't afford gold, don't buy gold plate. Consider silver instead. If you can't afford things in silver or good silver plate, shift your attention to stainless steel, brass, or aluminum." Style, he says, should be a reflection of who people are in actual fact rather than who they wish they were.

What's remarkable about Loring's idealism is its peculiarly modernist twist on this Puritan tradition. It's the modernists' respect for materials—their love of simplicity, their suspicion of ornament, their fascination with machinery and all the possibilities it offers—that consistently underlies his judgment, and also his theories about taste and where it comes from. Contrary to the accepted notions of taste as something cultivated or acquired through long years of education and experience, Loring—with an almost touching faith in human nature—believes that everyone is endowed with good taste at birth; the villain in his scheme of things is not man's animal nature but sophistication. "Everybody is born with a sense of harmony and grace," he says. "That is natural, and it gets corrupted, usually sooner rather than later, by family mythology, environment, religion, politics, nostalgia—you name it. What I would call bad taste is the perversions of taste which people acquire. Bad taste is received opinion."

When Loring is asked to define good taste, he routinely answers, "Good for what?" He maneuvers the debate in the direction of good and bad design, which is verifiable, he insists, and is not a function of individual likes and dislikes. Good design, Loring believes, is an instrument of civilization, and civilization is an undertaking at which some people excel and others don't. "There is no city that, to my mind, can possibly compare with Paris as a general triumph of civilization on all levels," he says. "And a pyramid here and there, or a silly bunch of skyscrapers out at the Défense, will not mar that. It might not help it. I would certainly like to see the Tour Montparnasse torn down, number one. You see, London is nice, but London isn't a city—it's like California, a lot of little towns all strewn along roadways, each hamlet with its rows of houses and its squares and its shopping center and its restaurants. There is no city—it goes on forever. Paris is to me more civilized, because civilization is in fact the ability of people to live in very close quarters and get on together, and do things beautifully, and make life agreeable for one another. Remember, the front lawn is not a French invention. Here's the sidewalk and here's the house, right up against it—you don't defend yourself from the community by stiff-arming it with a walkway and a vast expanse of greenery. The English and the Californians are far more

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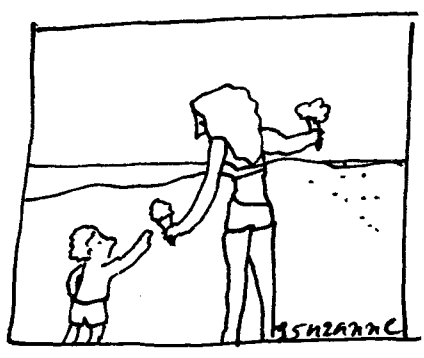
barbaric races of people. They're not used to being in close quarters. They all live in their individual houses, with their lawns in the front and their gardens in the back, sealed off from one another, in little communities, each one separated from the next. Whereas the French are all crammed together in small apartments in the center of a giant and bustling city, each of them with his own twenty square feet to survive in, and they all survive very well. They don't get into fights, nor do they lack respect for one another—there's a happy commerce between people. The Italians—it's the same thing. Look at Venice, how civilized it is to cram that many people on a little mud flat in the middle of the lagoon and not have them all murder one another. And they don't. They all smile and get on; they respect their fellow-man and his customs and his privacy. New York to me is extremely civilized, too. Look how many people are crammed together in this city. It doesn't work that well all the time, but when you consider the number of people in this small a space it's a triumph of civilization. So is Tokyo. I think that's one reason that maybe there's better design coming out of New York or Paris or Milan or Venice or Tokyo or wherever people are in contact with one another, wherever they're not allowed to go off and drag home something to eat and then hide in their cave, instead of participating in what goes on."

LORING's path—from Chicago, where he was born, in 1939, to Tiffany & Company, where he has served as design director since 1979, by way of the Arizona desert, New Haven, Paris, Venice, and London—has, like many people's, been strewn with the great, the near-great, and the not so great, but it is primarily the great who survive in Loring's account. Even in narrating the most straightforward series of events, he lets fall names that in gossip columns appear in boldface type. His detractors accuse him of social climbing. He might argue in reply that celebrities are as a rule more interesting than other people, because they have done something remarkable in order to attract so much attention, or that the wellborn, by virtue of their heritage and their social connections, have led more interesting lives than the common folk. When he brandishes an acquaintance's distant relation to someone distinguished, it is perhaps as much to demonstrate how small the world is as to justify the acquaintance's presence in his life. A friend of Loring's who was asked if she thought he was socially ambitious replied, "I'd say that he'd get to know anyone he wanted to know." In any event, what may have started as an amateur fascination with the noble and the famous now serves Loring well in his job, since he is regularly called upon to fraternize with the sort of people who have traditionally been the cornerstone of Tiffany's clientele.

Though Loring gives the impression of being firmly convinced of his own importance, in conversation he seems anxious to know that you're convinced of it, too. As a listener, he is often impatient, as if he were waiting his turn to talk. Then he may regale his audience with picaresque accounts of his adventures, such as the time when, as a student in Austria, he was hitchhiking to the local pastry shop and was picked up by the Hapsburgs. Surrounded by junior members of his staff, he has a tendency to turn professorial and long-winded. Over drinks one evening at the Schlosshotel Kronberg, on the outskirts of Frankfurt, he rattles off the family background of the various royal personages in the portraits lining the walls. During breakfast one morning in Venice, he launches into the history of three columns imported from Constantinople in the twelfth century, two of which are standing in the piazzetta in front of the Doge's Palace, while the third, dropped into the water when it was being unloaded, still lies at the bottom of the lagoon. An interview with Loring quickly lapses into soliloquy, as he fends off interruptions with rhetorical questions.



Loring is quintessentially what the French call *sortable:* charming, poised, well mannered—literally "take-out-able." In conversation, he habitually echoes what the other person has just said, incorporating that person's phrases or sometimes entire sentences into his response, as if he were of the same opinion and approved completely of the way in which it was expressed—as if he couldn't have said it better himself. His speech is suffused with the dialect of the Upper East Side

A FAMILY HISTORY

At dusk the girl who will become my mom
must trudge through the snow, her legs
cold under skirts, a bandanna tight on her braids.
In the henhouse, a klook pecks her chapped hand
as she pulls a warm egg from under its breast.
This girl will always hate hens
and she already knows she won't marry a farmer.
In a dim barn, my father, a boy, forks hay
under the Holsteins' steaming noses.
They sway on their hooves and swat dangerous tails,
but he is thinking of snow, how it blows
across the gray pond scribbled with skate tracks,
of the small blaze on its shore, and the boys
in black coats who skate hand in hand
round and round, building up speed
until the leader cracks that whip
of mittens and arms and it jerks around
fast, flinging off the last boy.
He'd be that one—flung like a spark,
trailing only his scarf.

—JULIA KASDORF

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society in which he circulates; certain locutions, like "great good fortune," crop up time and again. Occasionally, he will say that So-and-So "gives good value," meaning that he or she delivers lively conversation in return for an invitation. Being convivial is, to Loring's mind, a civic duty, which certain citizens fulfill far better than others. He cites in this regard the Countess Emo Capodilista, who one day during *carnevale*, at lunch at her villa in Monselice, announced to some rather stiff Americans, "Tomorrow I shall go to Venice and be grotesque and amuse my fellowman, which is my station in life, and I suggest that you do the same." He tells of his first encounter, at a luncheon, with Princess Aspasia of Greece, who struck up a conversation about a house Loring's mother had owned on the island of Santorini; the Princess, he says admiringly, "had done her homework" and came prepared. It is generally agreed by the hostesses who dote on him that nobody gives better value than Loring. At the end of a long day of scouring trade fairs for new merchandise or conferring with Tiffany's manufacturers on the design of new products, when the other members of his team, dead on their feet, are perusing the room-service menu, Loring goes out to dinner. He is, by his own admission, indefatigably social. "I *never* dine alone!" he once told the *Times*. "If I had to, maybe I'd set my hair on fire and run down the street, hoping someone would notice me and eat dinner with me."

In Venice, at Harry's Bar, the evening of his visit to Seguso, Loring's conversation ranges backward. He recalls the first time he ate there, some thirty years before, with his friend Holly Hawkes, "who is Alistair Cooke's stepdaughter"; at the next table were Peggy Guggenheim and Truman Capote. He reminisces about the time Peggy Guggenheim insisted that he come to lunch at her palazzo, and how he met Patricia and Joseph Losey there, and how, on learning of his imminent trip to London, where they lived, they urged him to come by for drinks when he arrived. He did, he goes on, and there he found Harold Pinter and Lord Trevelyan doing an interview, along with Joseph Losey, for the BBC. They all went to dinner, and Patricia Losey asked Loring if he wouldn't like to move into their upstairs apartment, which had just been vacated by Mia Farrow. And that is how he came to live for eighteen months in London.

"No, a question period will not follow!"

• •

Loring's friends and acquaintances divide fairly neatly into two camps: those who call him Jack and those who call him John. He claims that it was Iris Clert, the late Paris art dealer, whom he incidentally identifies as Melina Mercouri's cousin and a goddaughter of Andreas Papandreou, who first suggested that he go by John, in order to be taken seriously as a painter, but he seems not to have taken her advice until he went to work for Tiffany's. He was Jack to his mother, to James Baldwin, to the Princess of Liechtenstein, and to Peter Krokidas, his freshman roommate at Yale, who, he adds, went on to become a doctor and a close friend of Spiro Agnew; he is John to Georgette Mosbacher, to Geoffrey Beene, to Nancy Reagan, to Jacqueline Onassis, and to Suzy, the gossip columnist. Matteo Thun, who has known him for some fifteen years, has it both ways: he calls Loring "Jean-Jacques." Dinner at Harry's Bar culminates in a food fight between Loring and Thun, which ends with chocolate icing smeared all over both their faces and on the lapels of Loring's suit. Thun is a count (the family seat is in the South Tyrol), and his Hohenstein ancestors commissioned music from Mozart. Loring's attitude toward him is particularly fond.

Arrigo Cipriani, the son of Giuseppe Cipriani, who founded Harry's, and now the restaurant's proprietor, comes by to greet Loring and his party, who are the last to leave. On the way back to the hotel, Loring retraces the path he used to take home from Harry's Bar to his mother's house—which, he goes on, she had bought from Wally

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Toscanini, the conductor's daughter. He crosses the Accademia Bridge walking the railing as if it were a tightrope, while Thun walks the railing on the opposite side; Loring boasts that he used to do it all on one foot. The house, situated behind the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, is plain-faced, unprepossessing, typical of Venice's side streets. Loring calls his companions' attention to the dining-room window, giving directly onto the street, through which he and his mother and their guests would hear American voices approaching—voices of friends of friends of friends of friends, who had been told that when they were in Venice they *must* look up the Lorings. Then Mrs. Loring would crouch directly under the window, so that the visitors, on the outside looking in, couldn't see her, leaving her son and whoever else had been invited for lunch that day to explain that she was out. Eleanor Lambert calls Loring "one of the most sentimental people I've ever known." He relives his past all the time, she says, making habitual trips down memory lane, revisiting the scenes of bygone good times. On this particular evening, he stands nostalgically taking in every detail of the house's façade. "I'm rich by present-day standards, but I couldn't touch this," he says. Besides, he adds, the good houses in Venice are all privately traded now.

LORING's parents met in a box at the Chicago Symphony. His mother, a local girl named China Robbins, who was engaged at the time to an Englishman, a member of the Coldstream Guards, was sitting at the front, and during the concert she heard someone behind her winding a watch. She turned: it was Edward Loring—an English expatriate from Yorkshire, an orphan whose parents had been drowned in a sailboat accident in the Irish Sea. "Don't do that," she scolded. "It spoils the music." She was then recently divorced, with a daughter to support. They married about a week later.

As an infant, Loring proudly relates, he was taken by his nursemaid and her boyfriend, the famous jockey Eddie Arcaro, to be dandled on Al Capone's knee. A few years later, the family moved to a dairy farm in Woodstock, Illinois, because, Loring explains, "ladies in those days thought that they should retire from society at age forty-one, and that was an idea that took my mother's fancy." For two years, the family raised ducks and chickens and sheep. Loring's chief playmate was Johnny Stompanato, the local barber's son, "who, as you remember, later moved to Hollywood, and was stabbed to death by Lana Turner's daughter." In the end, the dairy farm proved to be yet another of what one of Loring's friends calls his mother's "whims of iron," which, Loring recalls, "she would pursue headlong to their vanishing point and then inevitably abandon."

When Loring was five years old, his father retired from the insurance business in Chicago, bought a large tract of land in Cave Creek, Arizona ("population two hundred on a Saturday night," Loring says), and moved the family out there, to run a guest ranch, called Rancho Mañana. Raised by his grandparents, in Yorkshire, Loring's father had grown up listening to his grandfather's tales of his travels

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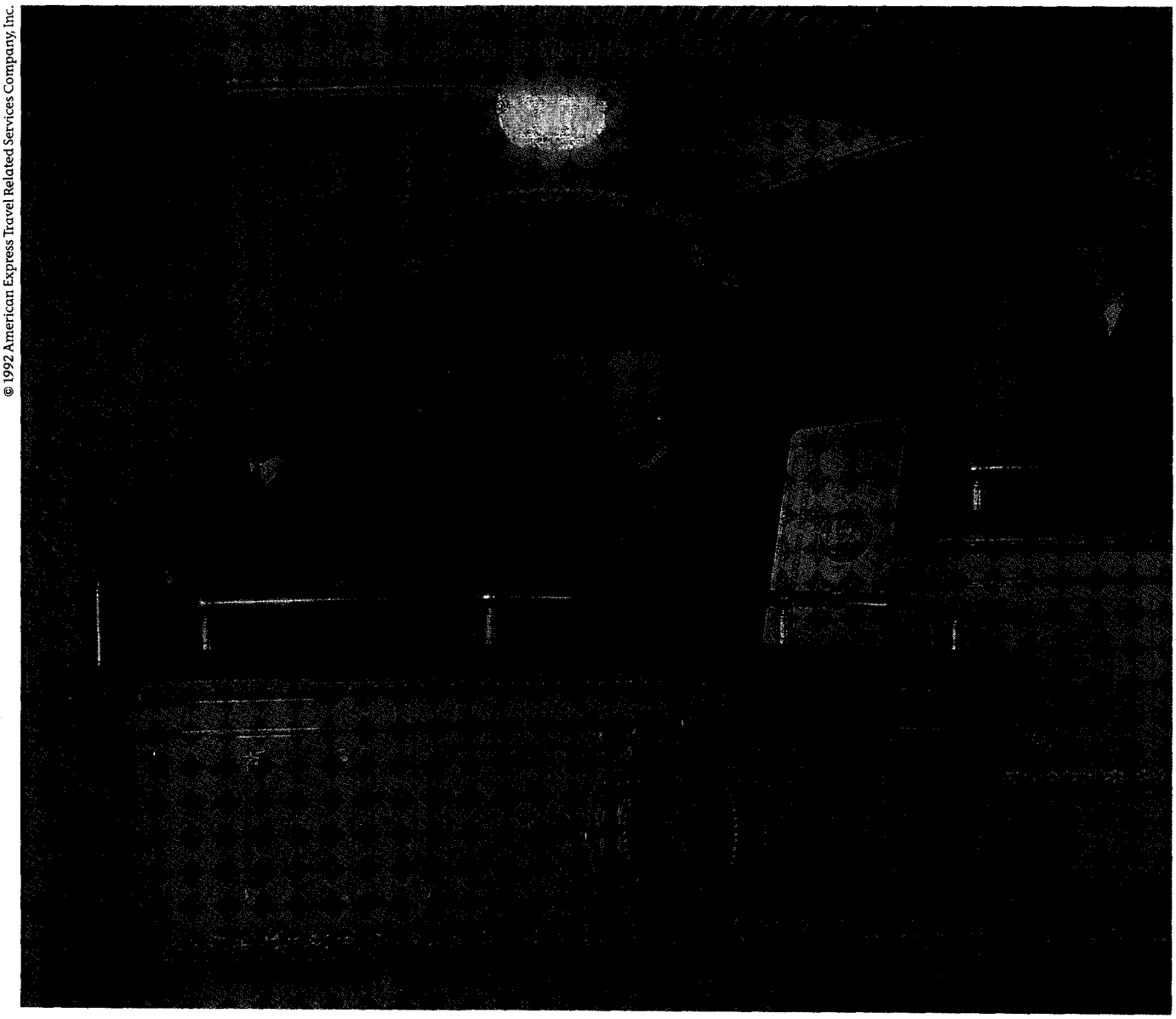

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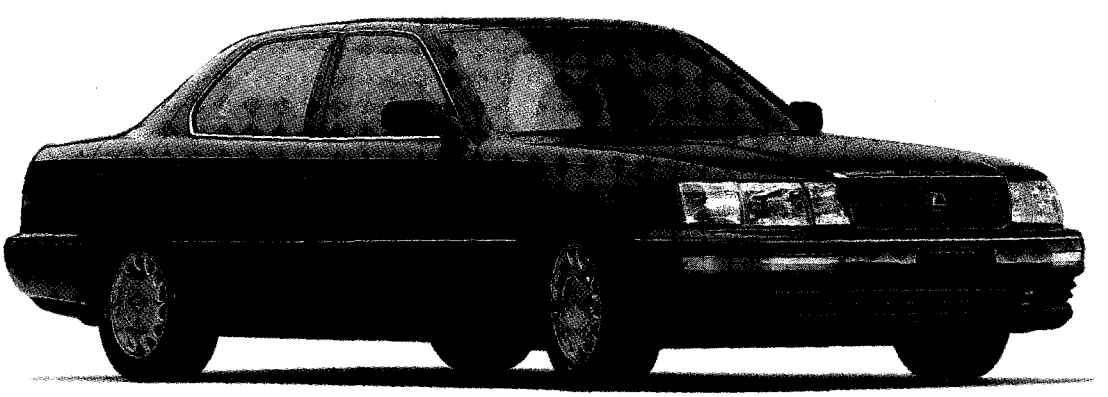

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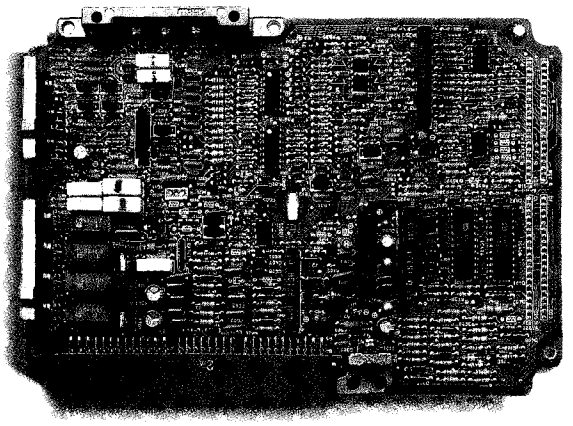

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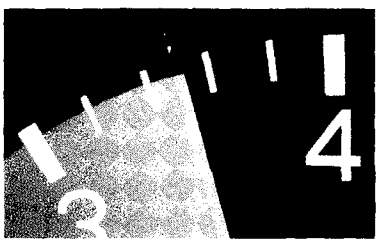

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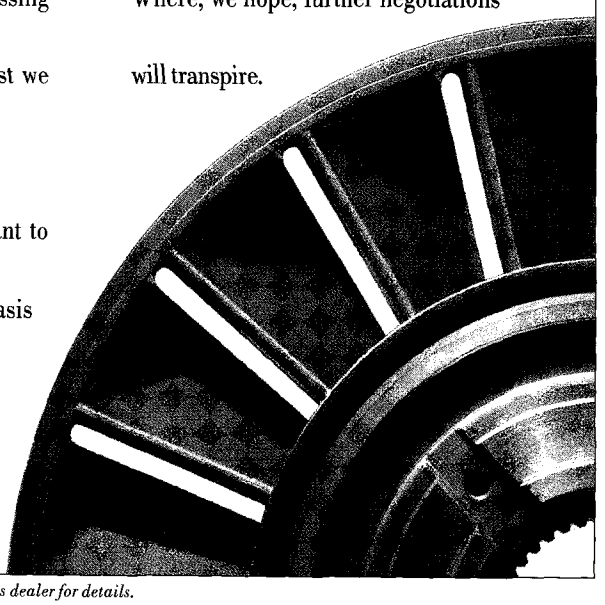

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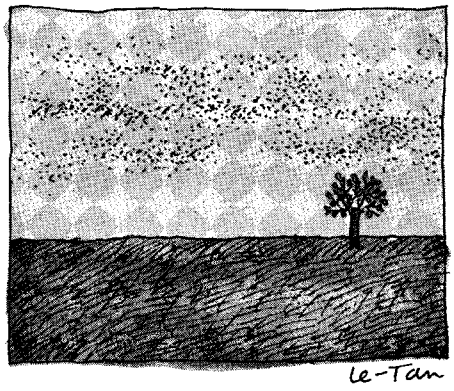
as a young man in America just after the Civil War, when he got as far west as Arizona, which was Indian territory at the time. "I really didn't want to go to the West," China Loring recalled a few years ago. "I'd lived in Chicago most of my life, in a lovely house of my grandmother's there, and I thought it was perfect. But the boys' father wanted to go. So he made us get all kinds of Western clothes to dress in when we went out on the train, so we would look Western when we got there."

"Now, this is going to sound like pure fantasy," Loring says, "but the ranch had been planted by Egyptian camel drivers, who had been imported, along with two hundred camels, by the Union Army at the end of the Civil War. The camels didn't take to Arizona—they all died—but the Arabs were there long enough to plant several oases of date palms, and ours was one of them." John and his older brother, Edward, went off every day, barefoot, to a one-room schoolhouse (his half sister had, by this time, left home and gone off to college), where John, overhearing the lessons of the children in the higher grades, got a head start on his education which later enabled him to finish high school—at St. Paul's, in Garden City, Long Island—at the age of sixteen and to earn a bachelor's degree from Yale at the age of twenty. All twenty-two students in the school at Cave Creek played on the baseball team, Loring recalls. "We'd be piled into a Model A Ford pickup truck and carted off down miles of dusty roads in the desert to the home of our opponents, where we little ragamuffins would pile out covered with dust, shake ourselves off, play our baseball game, and go down in ignominious defeat to some school with forty students. We did our best." Once he had walked the mile back to the ranch after school, he says, he mostly stayed at home with his pets—a menagerie that included guinea pigs, goldfish, lizards, goats, and two horses (one was a white Arabian, an albino, with blue rings painted around its eyes to cut the sun's glare); the nearest playmate lived another mile-long walk away. He admits that life was rather lonely, but says so matter-of-factly, as if he were recollecting a feature of the desert climate. For amusement, he read the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Loring's chief memories of growing up on the ranch are of rattlesnakes and toy pistols and the phantasmagorical landscape. Van Day Truex, Loring's predecessor at Tiffany's, claimed that his own training for a career as an authority on design began in his childhood, which he spent on a ranch in Idaho, where everything in sight was beautiful. When Loring arrived at Tiffany's, Truex told him, "You see, you had the same thing. You were not exposed to anything ugly." Loring says, "In the case of Arizona, one was also used to seeing things that were highly mannered and strange by nature's own invention. So maybe that's a good springboard for design—that you are able to appreciate nature's idiosyncrasies as well as man's."

After six years or so, the Lorings left the ranch, which is now a country club at the heart of a fashionable residential area. They moved back East, never staying anywhere for long, and eventually John's parents divorced. In both Loring's and his mother's accounts of his childhood, his father has little more than a walk-on part. Loring speaks about him without a trace of nostalgia or affection, in a voice tinged with a slight, lingering sense of bewilderment and hurt. A Sunday painter—quite competent, Loring says in retrospect—his father had studied as a young man at the Art Institute of Chicago. Mostly, he painted portraits. "He rather preferred people to anything else," Loring recalls. "It's not a bad choice, actually. People were nicer in those days. Now artists prefer to paint other things." Loring's father was contemptuous of his son's early artistic efforts and made no attempt to hide the fact that John's brother Edward was his favorite, just as China Loring, who died two years ago, seems to have made no attempt to hide the fact that John was hers. In conversation, she referred to John's father, the second of her three husbands, as "Mr. Loring" or "the boys' father." On being asked to confirm that he was indeed a transplanted Englishman, she replied, "Oh, yes, I guess so. I don't know when he was transplanted—it's very vague. I really don't know that much about him."



When Loring thinks of family, it is his mother's family that he thinks of. His great-grandfather, a man by the name of Burr Robbins, owned one of the finest circuses in America in the nineteenth century. Loring relishes telling stories of his grandmother and her nursemaid, a lion tamer who was Jesse James's girlfriend. Buffalo Bill used to come around to borrow money. During the Civil War, the Union Army took advantage of Robbins' experience moving the circus from one town to the next, and appointed him to serve as a transportation expert for troop movement. In the late eighteen-eighties, Robbins sold off parts of his circus to the Ringling Brothers. When Loring was a boy and the Ringling Brothers came to town, his family would be given seats in the owners' box. " 'Well, it's really your circus,' they told us," Loring recalls. "They still had an elephant that had belonged to our great-grandfather."

THERE is no clear consensus on Loring's talent as an artist, and, predictably, there are plenty of people who take issue with his taste as it has manifested itself in Tiffany's merchandise. But among his friends and the people who have worked for him agreement is unanimous that he has a remarkable eye. Making the rounds of a trade fair or a flea market, he instantly notices the thing that everyone else has passed right by—the item whose possibilities are not immediately apparent, the precious object that lies neglected under a veil of dust. He once rescued a pair of bank teller's benches by Frank Lloyd Wright from his sister's laundry room, where she had been using them as tables for sorting dirty clothes. An anonymous painting that he bought two years ago from a corporation in Ohio turned out, after it had been cleaned, to be the work of Sebastiano Ricci, a Venetian master of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century; Loring donated it to the art museum at Yale. His vanguard enthusiasm for the Wiener Werkstätte, which he virtually relaunched

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in America after several decades of oblivion—in an essay that appeared in *Architectural Digest* in 1977—ignited widespread interest and set off a buying frenzy. In 1986, in a farmer's parlor in the Irish countryside, he came upon two early-nineteenth-century portraits that he recognized as pictures of King Kamehameha II and Queen Kamamalu, the last sacred monarchs of Hawaii; he bought both paintings for the price of two truckloads of bricks (the farmer was building an extension on his house) and returned them to the Iolani Palace, in Honolulu.

Stories attesting to Loring's discernment go all the way back to his years in college, when he amassed a collection of drawings which any museum would be proud to own. "Walking down Third Avenue one day in 1957, I passed a place called Rockman Prints and saw a drawing in the window that looked very much like the type of drawings we were studying in History of Art," he says. "So I went into the store and said, 'What is that?' And they said, 'It's a sketch by an Italian painter called Pietro da Cortona.' Well, I'd heard of Pietro da Cortona and of his Roman churches, and so on. And this was a sketch for a great, swirling, mad ceiling, with triumphs of this, that, and the other going on. And I said, 'Well, how much is it?' I think Mr. Rockman said, 'It's fifty dollars,' and I said, 'I can't afford it,' and he said, 'It's thirty-seven fifty to you, kid.' Which was, of course, an immense fortune to me. But I just decided that, dammit, this thing was wonderful, and the thought that I could actually own a drawing by this Italian painter of the Baroque period whom we were studying in school was so thrilling that I managed to figure I could somehow or other gather up thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Then I saw an ad in the *Times* about Old Master drawings by appointment only, and I thought, Well, if I can buy an Old Master drawing for thirty-seven fifty on Third Avenue, maybe they're even cheaper by appointment! So I called the number—Helene Seiferheld, at something-or-other Park Avenue—and made an appointment. I rang the bell, and here, opening the door, was this boy who sat next to me in my drawing class at Yale. This was Stephen Spector, who went on to become one of America's great drawing dealers and collec-

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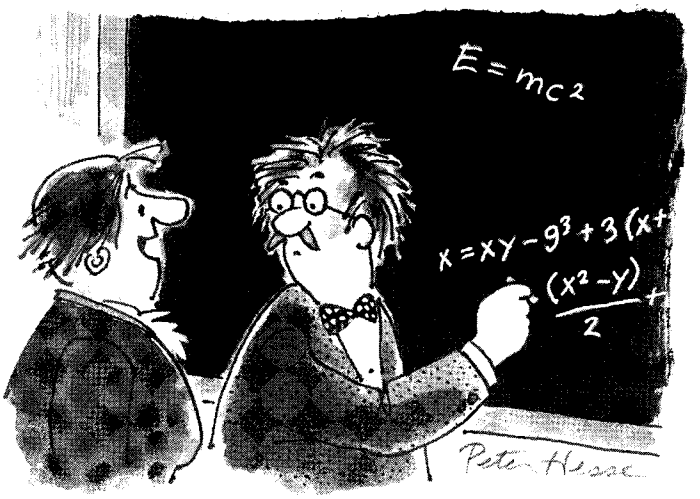

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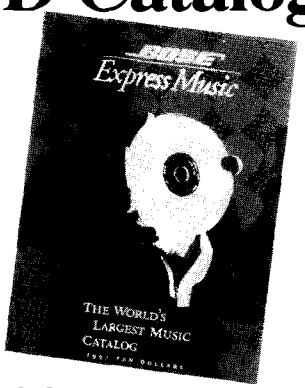

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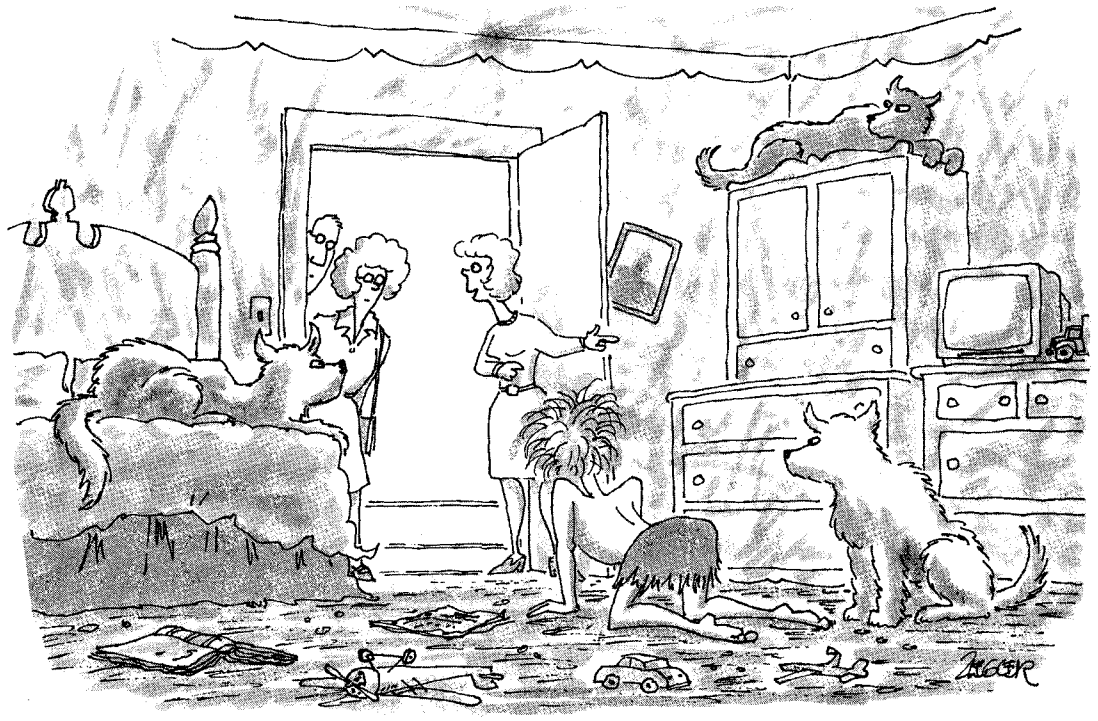

"And this is our son Danny's room. Danny is being raised by wolves."

• • •

tors. 'What are you doing here?' I said. And he said, 'I'm a partner in this gallery is what I'm doing here. What are *you* doing here?' I said I'd bought a drawing from someplace called Rockman Prints, and I thought I'd like to see if there were more drawings. He and Mrs. Seiferheld showed me what they had, and they explained to me that Rockman Prints had extraordinary things, and would I like to go there with them one day, and they'd tell me more about the things, and also did I know about the Savoy auction house, where there were frequently very good Old Master drawings. And if I'd like they'd take me there on Saturday afternoons and I could bid with the rest of them.

"The next summer, I was in London, and I went to Colnaghi's and asked to see all the Old Master drawings. Well, at Colnaghi's, old Mr. Bell, this wonderful, great, world-class expert on drawings, was still there, and he was quite amused at this seventeen-year-old American boy who wanted to see their Old Master drawings. And he very sweetly explained them all to me, and taught me about them, and counselled me on what to buy. He counselled me to spend a hundred and fifty-five dollars on a large Annibale Carracci study for the Farnese ceiling, and on and on. You see, these are drawings that today would be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, but in those days Leslie Bell at Colnaghi's couldn't even get a hundred and fifty-five dollars for a major Annibale Carracci study for the Farnese ceiling.

"Stephen Spector and I and other people would go to Rockman Prints on Saturdays and look at all the new things Mr. Rockman had got in from European estates or museum surpluses, or whatever, and one day, I remember, he pulled out big boxes of George Romney drawings and Angelica Kauffmann drawings, and these were five dollars—'but three dollars and seventy-five cents to you, 'cause you're my friends.' Well, in those days Stephen and I went hopping and dancing and shrieking with laughter at the thought of being asked to pay three dollars and seventy-five cents for an Angelica Kauffmann drawing, and we agreed that Mr. Rockman was out of his tree. Well, I mean, these are now fifteen-thousand-dollar drawings. But in those days nobody wanted these things. Mr. Rockman was so pleased and Colnaghi's was so pleased and all the big dealers were so pleased at little me, spending twenty or forty or sixty dollars on an Old Master drawing, that I was an important client. And they would give me the names of other experts, and so, bit by bit, I put together this collection. I had wonderful things.

"The only thing I regretted—one day at Mrs. Seiferheld's I picked up this little sketch in sepia of a spandrel in the corner of a ceiling and somebody sitting up on a balustrade, and I said, 'This is a typical late Tiepolo.' And she said, 'Oh, yes, darling, of course it's a late Tiepolo, and it's yours for eighty dollars. And you take it up to Yale, and if they don't agree with you, you can bring it back and I'll give you your eighty dollars back next week.' So I bought my eighty-dollar Tiepolo, and went back to Yale and showed it to Mr. Crelly, one of the Italian-art experts, who howled with laughter at the thought of a seventeen-year-old student being able to recognize a Tiepolo drawing and buy it for eighty dollars. So I went back, very crestfallen, the next week, and went to Mrs. Seiferheld and said, 'Well, here,' and she said, 'I thought I'd see it again, and here's your eighty dollars.' The next time I went to see her, she said, 'Oh, Jack, darling, the most amusing thing happened, and I know you're going to be charmed by this story. Janos Scholz'—the cellist, who is one of America's great collectors of Italian Old Master drawings—'came in, and he looked through the drawings, and he pulled out your drawing, and he said, "Isn't this wonderful? It's Tiepolo's study for such-and-such a figure in the ceiling of the Royal Palace in Madrid, and I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars but no more for it, Helene." Isn't that wonderful, Jack? I gave you back the eighty dollars and I got fifteen hundred for it a week later.' So that, you see, was a wonderful lesson to me: Don't listen to what the publicly appointed experts tell you. Trust what you see, and don't pay any attention to what other people say."

One day not long after that, Loring and his mother were driving up the coast of Michigan and stopped in an antique shop by the side of the road. Browsing through the drawings for

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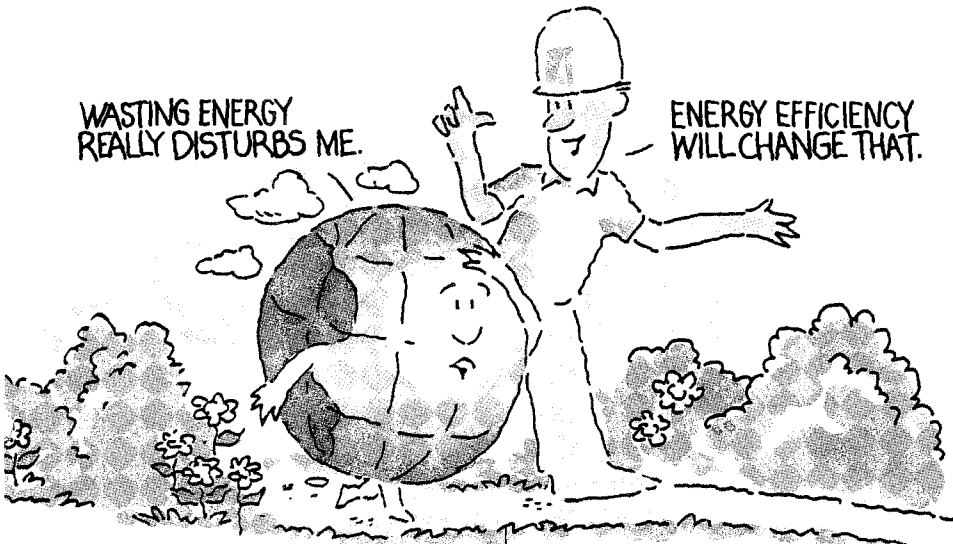

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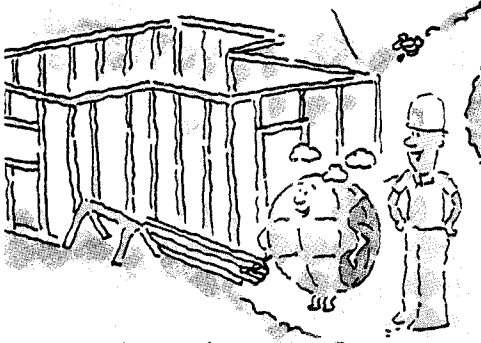

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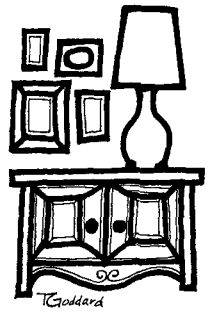
sale, Loring came across a Constable sketch, a student drawing of Turner's, two George Henry Harlows, a Francis Wheatley, a couple of Paul Sandbys, and several other items of interest. He persuaded his mother to put up the money and bought a dozen or so for seven thousand dollars, which was a bargain even then. On his next trip to London, Loring took the drawings to Colnaghi's to have them authenticated; on the back of one of them, in fact, he had recognized Mr. Bell's handwriting, and he took it as a good sign that the drawing had once passed through the hands of such a distinguished expert. "And a very troubled Mr. Bell came out to see me when I came back a few hours later," Loring recalls. " 'Well, Mr. Loring,' he said, 'the drawings are all wonderful drawings, and they are exactly what they are purported to be—they're totally authentic. The only problem is that about half of them were taken out on consignment from Colnaghi's twenty-five years ago and disappeared, and you have rediscovered them in northern Michigan. But, according to English law, they still belong to Colnaghi's, not to you.' So I said, 'But, Mr. Bell, that's not my fault.' He said, 'I know, Mr. Loring, it's not your fault, but the law is the law. Colnaghi's considers these drawings to be still on their books. But I have thought about this, and we like you very much here at Colnaghi's, and we appreciate that you did this in good faith, so what we are going to do is this: We will buy from you a certain number of the drawings that are not on the books for the entire sum of money you paid for all of them. Fortunately, the Constable, the Turner, the Harlows, and several other things were in fact paid for, so those are completely yours. But there are some English watercolors here that were not ours ever, and that you probably don't really want that badly, but we would like them very much. So we will give you seven thousand dollars for those, we will repossess our drawings, and these others are yours.' " In 1970, Loring and his mother donated the Constable and the Turner to the Art Institute of Chicago in memory of his grandmother, and Dr. Harold Joachim, the curator for drawings and prints, told them what a great pleasure it was, and how rare, to be able to accept a *real* Constable.



IMMEDIATELY after his graduation from Yale, with a degree in English, Loring went off to Paris, intending to acquire the language skills necessary for graduate school in art history—not out of any great love for the subject or out of some sense of mission but because he wanted to stay at Yale, where, by his account, he'd been happier than he'd ever been anywhere else. (His mother was by this time remarried, to Admiral J. J. Clark, known as Jocko, who had won the silver star for gallantry in the Second World War and commanded the Seventh Fleet during the Korean War.) At Yale, Loring had studied German "to no avail," he says, and he spoke "not a word of French." In Paris, he checked into the Hôtel des Pyramides and enrolled at the Sorbonne. A bellhop at the hotel, which Loring describes as expensive and full of middle-aged tourists from Iowa, came to his rescue and found him a more suitable place—a *pension* near the Panthéon, at a rate of three dollars a night. "If you pushed the light switch up, it lit the bare bulb in the middle of the ceiling, and if you pushed the light switch down, it lit the bare bulb on the post by your bed," Loring says. "There was no plumbing except a little room with those two footprints."

It took Loring less than a week to come to the realization that the Sorbonne was for "giddy fifteen-year-old German tourists with nothing else to do," and at that point he transferred to a small language school facing the garden in front of the Musée de Cluny. There, at last, the desolation he felt at being alone in Paris began gradually to subside. With his classmates, he would pile into a tiny rattletrap car on weekends and head for Brittany, where they would rent a room above a gas station and sleep, all crammed in together, on the floor. "And that was wonderful," Loring says, "compared to nothing."

Meanwhile, on the advice of a French art expert who had taken a kind interest in his situation, he had begun to spend his afternoons attending the Académie Julian, on the Rue du Dragon, and his evenings at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, turning out drawings and paintings, so that by the summer's end he could assemble a portfolio and present it to the École des Beaux-Arts for admission. Of the three thousand students accepted that year, Loring was one of only two Americans.

It was, he believes in retrospect, by divine intervention that he met the Aillaud family. He had been invited to accompany some school friends to the birthday party of a little girl named Ysé, and there he encountered Juliette Greco, "the most exotic, unattainable French creature that has ever lived on the earth," and her sister—Ysé's mother—Charlotte Aillaud, a socialite attached to the court of Yves Saint Laurent; she lived with her husband, Émile, an architect, on the Rue du Dragon. As it happened, the Aillauds had an apartment to let, which they rented to Loring. He quickly became a member of their extended family, and so began his real education in France and the ways of the French. "I thought I was a nice little guy with good manners and a good education," he recalls. "And the French would tell me, and justly so, that I had no education and I had appalling manners and that there was tremendous work to be done. And, of course, they were right. So you were looked on as this kind of likable savage but savage nonetheless, who had never read anything that could be discussed at the dinner table. Charlotte gave me a reading list. She more or less said that for someone with no education it would be best to read these thirty-five books immediately, and then you'll at least have read something worth knowing, so that people won't find you too stupid. Well, one thing I learned in reading these thirty-five books, which were like three years of courses at Yale, was that when I hit upon Stendhal I had suddenly hit upon nineteen-sixties French: all the smart, snappy phrases of the French in the sixties came from Stendhal, and not necessarily from evident Stendhal—they came from 'Chroniques Italiennes' and parts of Stendhal that most people have not really read. Whenever something went wrong in Paris you were always going to be '*plongé dans le chagrin le plus profond.*' Well, then you learned that this was a phrase from the 'Abbesse de Castro,' of Stendhal. And then, of course, the other great source of the French lan-

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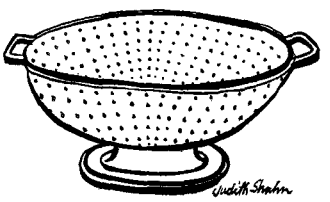
guage in those days was Émile Aillaud. He was born of a French family in Mexico, and, as is often the case when a native speaker is brought up in a foreign country, he spoke French with extraordinary originality and elegance and sensitivity. And all intellectual, smart, snooty Paris imitated him. But why am I talking about this? I'm talking about this because it positioned me."

As a crash course in speaking the language, living in the Aillaud household proved more effective than any formal lessons. Loring knows words for things in French—like *avale-goutte*, for the little hole beneath the spout of a teapot, for example—that most people don't know the words for in English. Among his friends and the people in Paris with whom he does business, his French is still the subject of a certain incredulous speculation, not only for his offhand command of the subjunctive and his comprehensive vocabulary, which are indeed remarkable, but also for his American accent—a slightly nasal, flat-vowelled delivery, which even when he's quoting Stendhal makes him sound as if he were ordering a ham sandwich. Charlotte Aillaud remembers that after Loring had left Paris she sent her daughter Ysé to live with him in London for a month, thinking it would improve her English, and that Ysé came back speaking French with an American twang instead.



It was while Loring was living in Paris that he became acquainted with Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé and Françoise Sagan and Françoise de Langlade (later Mrs. Oscar de la Renta) and Marie-Laure de Noailles and James Jones, many of whom frequented the Aillauds'. "Régine had this tiny, hot, stuffy basement club where we would go to dance," he recalls. "The first time I went was with Betty Saint, now Catroux, who was then a sixteen-year-old model at Chanel." (She has since been celebrated as one of Yves Saint Laurent's so-called muses.) "What's extraordinary," Loring remarks, "is that so many of those people I got to know have become famous."

Loring's career as a painter was launched in 1963, with an exhibition of his work at La Hune, the bookstore on the Boulevard Saint-Germain; solo and group shows at galleries that championed new artists soon followed. The works he exhibited included a portrait of Charlotte Aillaud and one of Iris Clert, titled "Iris Clair/Iris Obscur," and "Self-Portrait of Artist Sleeping in a Field of Daisies," an ant's-eye view of two bare feet sticking up among flowers. The reviews ranged from kind to respectful. "*Surréaliste? Pas tout à fait*," according to *Le Monde*. *L'Express* placed his sensibility somewhere between Miró's and Chagall's. *Plaisir de France* credited him with "*beaucoup de finesse*" and called him an artist that people would talk about.

Among Loring's first commissions was one for a series of full-length portraits of Yves Saint Laurent, to be installed in the designer's recently opened Rive Gauche boutiques in Brussels, Rome, and elsewhere. The Saint Laurent empire was then just beginning to expand, thanks to what Loring calls Pierre Bergé's "panoramic ambitions." Not long after, Loring found himself living in Venice and, at Giuseppe Cipriani's behest, launching the Saint Laurent boutique at the Hotel Cipriani. "I was the Merchant of Venice," he recalls, and it was this experience that taught him his first lessons in retailing.

Lesson No. 1: If people are looking for something you don't have, make it and sell it to them. After watching young men come into the store and wriggle into the safari shirts and the motorcycle jackets that Saint Laurent designed for women, Loring went to André Levi, who presided over the designer's licensing, and got his permission to work directly with the manufacturers in devising a line of Saint Laurent menswear, adapting the women's clothes in colors and fabrics more appropriate to men and in men's sizes. The chic Parisians who spent their holidays at the Cipriani would return home with their suitcases bulging with pieces from the new Saint Laurent men's line, and would then wear the clothes to restaurants, where they would be seen by Yves. "What's that—Saint Loring?" he would ask his friends.

After what are generally referred to in France as the Events of May, 1968, culminating in the collapse of de Gaulle's

Louis Armstrong

New Orleans musicians lovingly call him "Pops." He blew a wicked trumpet. He sang like the rock of ages was in his throat. He made a mean pot of beans. And he liked to write letters, especially in green ink, he loved green ink. He always closed his letters back home with "Red Beans and Ricely Yours, Louis."

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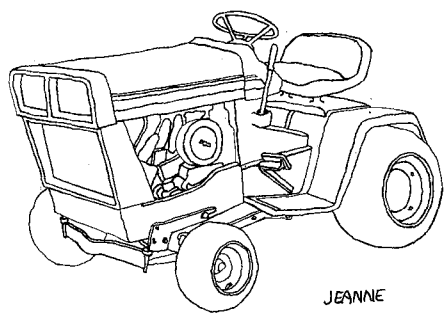
government, the French border was closed, and Loring's supply of merchandise was cut off. Every few weeks, he would sneak back to Paris and return, as a kind of gunrunner for fashion, with suitcases full of Saint Laurent suits and evening gowns and accessories with which to restock the shop. Even so, there were times when he was at a loss for things to sell—particularly during the Biennale that year, when the shop was nearly empty—a state of affairs that brought him to Lesson No. 2: In order for people to appreciate an object, the context has to be right. One afternoon by the side of the hotel pool, Loring consulted Anna Piaggi, the renowned fashion editor of Italian *Vogue*, who suggested that they go for a walk in the Piazza San Marco. "People see nothing," she told Loring. "I guarantee you there's something somewhere there that we can buy, bring over here, and sell at an enormous profit." In the piazzetta, they found an old-fashioned shop selling hand-beaded gondoliers' belts for the regatta and fancy occasions. To the proprietor's amazement, Loring asked the price—something no one had done in years—and then bought the entire remaining crate of belts, left over from the turn of the century, for ten thousand lire (roughly sixteen dollars) apiece. Back at the Saint Laurent boutique, he and Piaggi hung the belts from the necktie racks and marked them up to two hundred dollars each. Along came Leo Castelli, the New York art dealer, and his wife, who together bought nearly half of the new merchandise. In two days, the belts, which had hung for years outside the shop in the piazzetta, smack in the path of every tourist who came to Venice, were gone. "If you charge two hundred dollars for a beaded belt, people recognize that this object has been beautifully designed and made, whereas if you present it for sixteen dollars alongside a lot of cheap beaded necklaces on a rack in St. Mark's Square, no one sees the quality," Loring says. "So we simply re-presented this belt as what it actually was—a very stylish and wonderful object—and then people saw it. Now when I go to trade fairs, I'm often worried about not being able to see every manufacturer on the first day—I worry that by the time I get to the ones I can't see in the beginning there's not going to be anything left that is right for Tiffany's, that all the best things will be gone. But thirteen years of doing this have taught me that I can take all the time in the world I want. Even if it's the third or fourth or fifth day, there are still all these wonderful things that nobody has picked up on—that every buyer from every department-store mail-order catalogue in the world walks right by and does not recognize. And I walk in and say, 'That is an absolutely fantastic thing—have you sold it to anybody?' 'No,' they tell me. 'Nobody is even interested in it.' 'Oh, good. Well, we would like to take it exclusively.' "

Loring's reputation as a tastemaker dates back to his years in Paris, when Rosamund Bernier, now a lecturer on art at the Metropolitan Museum, featured his first apartment, on the Île Saint-Louis, in the pages of *L'Œil*, the art magazine that she was editing at the time. The walls were tented in deep-brown silk and covered with the Old Master drawings that Loring had collected while he was in college. His second apartment, on a little street near the Observatory, also appeared in *L'Œil*. In the margin of a copy of the story, alongside photographs of a room furnished with Louis XV chairs, a crystal chandelier, Venetian damask-printed curtains and valances, and, above the fireplace, two Japanese panels, Loring has written, "I was quite pretentious. It was here I gave my then famous Paris dinners and astounded the Parisians with 'American' food." By the time Loring moved to the Rue du Dragon, the Louis XV furniture had given way to molded-plastic chairs, a sawhorse-style desk, and a shag rug. "I've outgrown my pretensions," he notes proudly.

Sartorially, Loring is better remembered for his daring than for his elegance. Paige Rense, the editor of *Architectural Digest*, claims that she introduced herself to him at a black-tie party because he was wearing red sneakers with his tuxedo; Loring himself fondly recalls the figure he cut in his pink velvet Ken Scott suit. "When I first wore it, Charlotte Aillaud and Michel Guy—later France's Minister of Culture—insisted on taking me to Maxim's, so they could shock the clientele," he says. "At the next table sat Henri Samuel, the French decorator, lunching with the Duchess of Windsor, who looked rather pleased by my outfit!"



In 1970, Loring decided that the time had come to return to America. "You benefit from a European education and from exposure to that rich European past," he says, "but the game of being an expatriate becomes a silly one after ten years." He thought he would settle in New York and continue his work as an artist. Because of laws limiting the amount of money that could be taken out of France, Loring left with only six hundred dollars in his pocket. He had the name of one person to call: Marisol, the Pop artist. Paloma Picasso drove him to the airport.

In New York, Loring embarked on a career in journalism, writing a regular column for the *Daily Mirror*. His byline appeared in the upper right-hand corner, he recalls, "right next to Ann Landers." His beat was the downtown art scene, just at the moment when artists were beginning to squat the factory buildings and former sweatshops south of Houston Street. He reviewed gallery exhibitions ("This was the first press Jennifer Bartlett ever received," he notes in the margin of a review of her 1972 show at the Reese Palley Gallery); he lamented the weekend invasion of SoHo by uptown types; he referred his readers to the program of Joseph Cornell shorts showing at the Anthology Film Archives, on Lafayette Street, and to Larissa Jarzombek, "SoHo's star fur-coat maker-designer-artist"; he recounted the difficulties of finding rabbit in New York butcher shops, and included a recipe for civet de lapin. An appraisal of the food at a restaurant called 162 Spring Street, where the chocolate cake "excused any previous faults in the meal," concluded with this proclamation: "Yes, New York City is the triumph of civilization, and SoHo is its new frontier."

Late in the summer of 1971, he moved out of a small apartment he'd sublet in the Village and into a loft on Prince Street, which he shared with a painter named Richard Taddei. They

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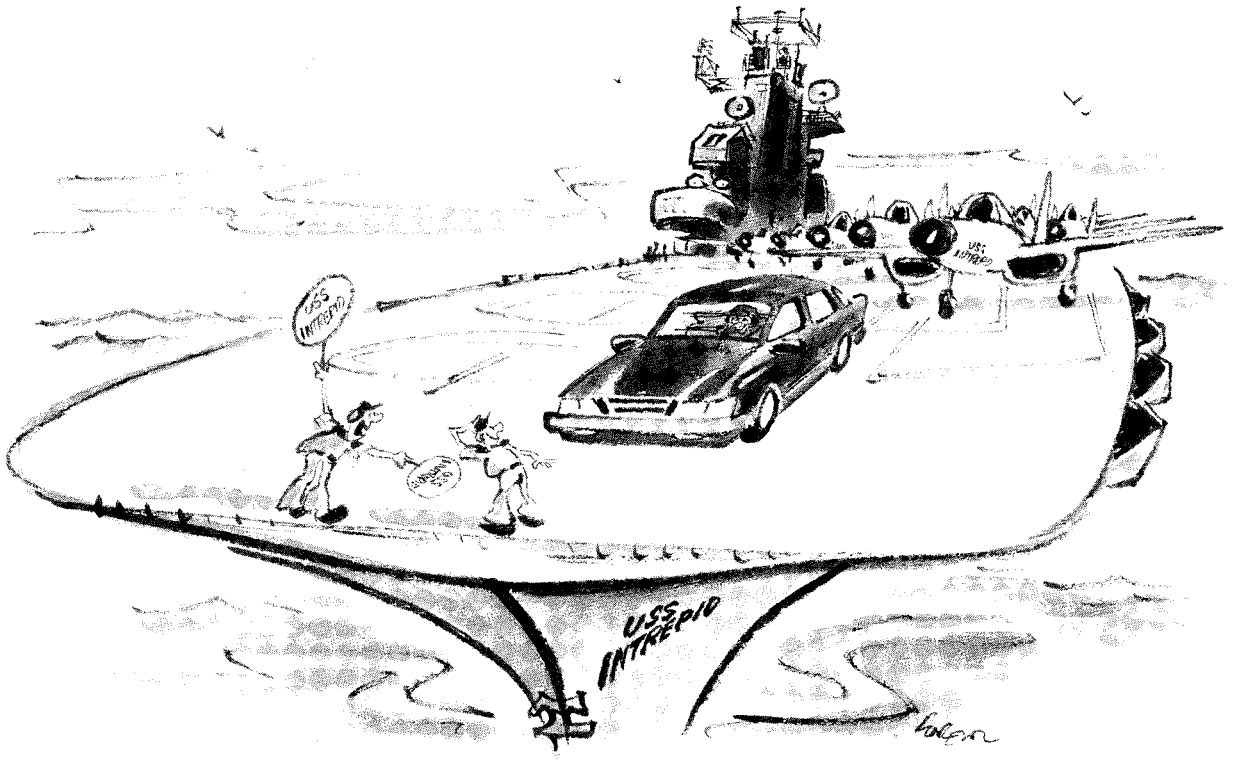

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3. One hundred finalists will be invited to the USS Intrepid; Intrepid Sea • Air • Space Museum; Intrepid Square, West 46th Street and 12th Avenue, New York, NY 10036 on September 30, 1992, as guests of Saab Cars USA, Inc. Airfare, ground transportation, lodging, and other expenses not included.

4. Grand Prize is the use of a 1993 Saab 9000CS from 10/5/92 to 4/2/93. Winner is responsible for all costs relating to the use of the car, including gas, maintenance, and damage to the car. Prize also includes reimbursement of insurance required under Saab lease arrangements. Approximate retail value of the Grand Prize is $2,500. No cash substitution of prize allowed. The prize is nontransferable. Use of the vehicle is restricted to the winner and members of the winner's family who are licensed drivers over the age of 25, residing with the winner.

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7. Winner will be announced on September 30, 1992 on the USS Intrepid. Winner need not be present to win. If not present, winner will be notified by mail or phone. For the name of the winner, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Saab Cartoon Contest, c/o Jacqueline Blandi, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC., 20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440 after September 30, 1992.

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had been introduced by Edward Melcarth, Taddei's mentor and a teacher at the Art Students League, when Melcarth took Taddei to Loring's studio one afternoon—to show him "how not to paint," Taddei recalls, only half jokingly. Melcarth was, Taddei explains, "a very dogmatic, Venetian-style painter" in the tradition of Titian and Tiepolo—the antithesis of everything Loring stood for in his work. "Anything that was very human and romantic, Jack didn't like," Taddei says. "I remember paintings of his with silhouettes of people that were just white, sort of brushed out—with no faces, no features. I was shocked by them. And, at the same time, when he saw my work he remarked that Renaissance art was fine, it was just that he wouldn't want to paint like that in the twentieth century. But I liked him very much."

The space was raw. Loring and Taddei stripped away the sheet-metal ceiling in the two bedrooms, bringing down on themselves a rain of soot and rags and hundred-year-old rat dung. There was a large common studio, which they let out to other artists on a short-term basis, charging them a little something to help meet the three-hundred-dollar-a-month rent. The windows were hopelessly drafty and the heating was barely functional; in winter, the pipes froze. Years later, after Loring had gone to work at Tiffany's, he met Harry Macklowe, the real-estate developer, who had been their landlord on Prince Street, at some fancy party and told him about the hardship they'd endured, living in that loft, and Macklowe jokingly said something to the effect that Loring had him to thank for the success that had come Loring's way, that the experience had clearly toughened him up for later life. It was on Prince Street that Loring acquired his New York reputation for dinner parties—sprawling, animated affairs, often held on the spur of the moment, for what an Italian magazine described, in an article about Loring, as an assortment of painters, aristocrats in exile, art critics, and fashion photographers.

As time went by, Taddei and Loring, like most roommates, accumulated a list of petty grievances—the majority of them having to do with money, Taddei says. Otherwise, the arrangement was surprisingly peaceable, given their differences: Taddei loved music, Loring hated it; Taddei loved animals, Loring didn't, though every once in a while, Taddei recalls, "he would grit his teeth and hold the cat." When, eventually, Taddei moved out, Rollins Maxwell, a Wall Street broker, moved in. He and Loring sat for a double portrait by Alex Katz, who lived across the street. Robert Hughes lived downstairs.

Meanwhile, Loring's own art had veered off in new directions. In 1973, he was awarded the commission for a mural in the new quarters of the United States Custom House, in the World Trade Center. The old Custom House had been the principal source of revenue for the American government in the days before income taxes, and its cashier's room was decorated with a mural by Reginald Marsh. In the new cashier's office, all the duties for the Port of New York were to be collected. John Russell wrote in the *Times* that Loring's mural "takes the central fact about the Custom House—that it is there to take in money—and presents it in a way that is both witty and monumental." Along one wall, fifteen by twenty-six feet, Loring painted images pertaining to commerce and money, among them seals of the Treasury Department and the Customs Service, which he transformed with saw-toothed edges into massive cogs for the machinery of industry. An enormous dollar bill dominates the wall, with George Washington at its center, presiding over the room the way the portrait of the head of state ordinarily presides over government offices. The signature of the Secretary of the Treasury is missing, because it was John Connally whose name was on the dollar bill used as a prototype, and he had already been implicated in the Watergate scandal. The lettering is reversed, as if seen from behind a

IN UMBRIA: A SNAPSHOT

The coldest, wettest spring within living memory
is the way they describe it. At Assisi
there have been six straight weeks of rain.
They blame it on the Gulf War, of which Melina
happily, for the time being, knows nothing.
A vehement "*Good*ness!" is her fiercest expletive.

Little runaway, forget-me-not-eyed, ringlet-
aureoled refugee from a fresco by Lorenzetti—
all those gold-leaf rigors, the theological
murk underneath—whom nobody can begin to
keep up with, or anyhow nobody human. *Her*
peers are the brown-faced saint's familiars:

he of the caninely grinning lope, they of
the barnyard strut and chuckle, the noon-hour
flurry, by the recycled temple of Minerva, of
brakings and hoverings, structure and function
of wingbeats she'd been gleefully part of
minutes before going romping off into a dark

she knows nothing about—or is one at a year
and eight months already prey to nightmares?—
that goes back to before the Gulf War. "*La bimba!*"—
the reverberation accused us along the catacomb
she stood crying in, consoled by who knows, by now,
how many strangers: Kodachromed all over Umbria

beaming, the crowd scene in the café or the square
perceived as benediction, one unendingly
extended family: or come to a halt, as now,
halfway up an impossible hill, aware of being
small and alone: incipience a spinning globe
(look! the sun's out), all its great spaces opening.

—Amy Clampitt

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plate-glass wall. "NEW YORK" is spelled out, upside down and backward, in a spray-painted, graffiti-like freehand style. "I thought that the mural had to include the look of both high and low New York art," Loring explained on a recent visit. "So you have the giant brushstrokes of latter-day Abstract Expressionism, and Pop symbolism, and Photo-Realism, and graffiti."

But it was as a printmaker that Loring had his greatest success as an artist. His first exhibition in New York, at the Pace Gallery, in December, 1973, featured his "Subway Series," with its scenes of stations and trains scrawled with graffiti. Four years later, working on a digital computer at the New York Institute of Technology, he produced a set of highly acclaimed four-color photo-process silk-screen prints called "TV Heroes," in which abstracted images and symbols were used to evoke historical figures who had inspired great works of art: for Cleopatra, he wrote the word "love-letters" across a background of sand.

In 1978, Eleanor Lambert called Loring to the attention of Van Day Truex, the design director of Tiffany's, who was about to retire and was looking for a replacement. Truex took Loring to lunch, and their conversation revolved around food, which struck Loring as an odd subject for a job interview. "At the end of the lunch, I asked him, 'Don't you want to talk about design?' " he recalls. "And Van said, 'Oh, my goodness, you have to understand right away that anyone who doesn't understand and like food couldn't possibly be the design director of Tiffany & Company. I can tell from talking to you whether you have taken the time to investigate something that is a great human pleasure, because good design comes out of the physical, sensual part of a person's nature.' "

Loring doesn't paint or make prints anymore, and he claims that he doesn't miss it. He is required to do a good deal of sketching and thinking on paper, which, he says, "takes care of the itchy hand." He contends that his job at Tiffany's is an outlet for the same instincts and abilities that found expression in his art. The consensus among people familiar with Loring's paintings and prints is that his defection to Tiffany's was not a great loss to the art world. In retrospect, his work encompasses so many of the trends of the seventies that it seems

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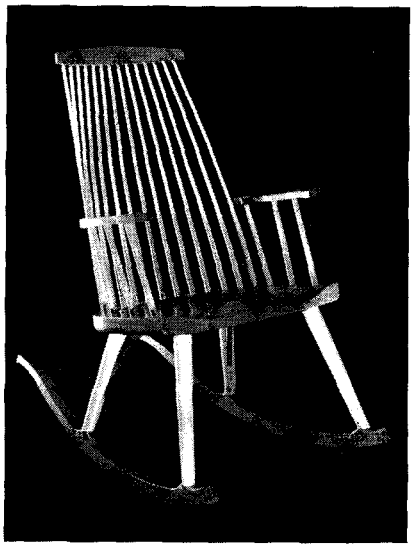

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almost generic. Nearly always, it springs from an idea rather than from some purely sensual love of line or color or shape. He does not have what is known as "a good hand"—a natural facility for drawing from life, for reproducing line with the grace of a master. A critic who witnessed most of the major developments of Loring's art career calls him "palpably untalented," and though that judgment seems too harsh, it reflects the vague uneasiness one feels in looking at Loring's art, in which the ideas often seem overdominant. Listening to him talk about the thinking behind his work, one is often struck more by the gymnastics of his intellect than by the visual result, and the overall impression, finally, is of a man who, with the aid of an extremely clever mind, transformed himself into an artist by sheer force of will, as if, perhaps, to refute his father's dim view of his abilities.

Many people, when they heard that Loring had left the art world, simply assumed that he had sold out. He moved uptown—to East Sixtieth Street and later to Fifth Avenue, where he bought a small apartment for himself and a studio across the hall, so that his mother could come and stay, and she did so for a few months every winter. He wore a suit. There was a period when he rarely saw his "downtown" friends—when he never called, when he stopped asking them to dinner, when he always had an excuse at hand—and some of them say that they felt left behind. When he ran into his acquaintances in the art world, he would tell them—at Robert Motherwell's suggestion, he says—that he was "doing something different now." According to one particularly tenacious friend, it was a few years before Loring felt settled enough in his new life to integrate it with his recent past—to go back and pick up the people he had left by the side of the road.

For his part, Loring says that when he made the move to Tiffany's he experienced "an incredible amount of hostility" from the art world, "as if I were a deserter from the front lines of modern art." It was, he believes, useless to try to justify his decision. "Though I could have retorted that at that point, at the end of the nineteen-seventies, the front lines weren't such a stimulating place to be," he adds. "It was a doldrum period. As long as modern art is, in any case, becoming a matter of product design, isn't it much more interesting to produce design on a much bigger scale? The shift was not all that great, given the conditions of the art world at the time in New York."

For all the importance Loring attaches to pedigree and celebrity, he is no élitist when it comes to matters of aesthetics. His thinking is more ecumenical than that of most of the experts, and he admits to the ranks of "art" a good many items that they would disqualify out of hand. "I still believe, as Andy Warhol said, that everything is art," Loring explains. "But some art is better than other art—let's put it that way. Art that expresses some personal opinion or emotion interests me less. To me, the art that is better than other art is the art that tells the secrets of the community." As an artist and a critic, Loring had been fascinated with the notion of "multiples," which gained currency in the early seventies and counted among its proponents his friend Marisol, and he says it seemed to him then, as it does now, that it's a short step intellectually from the notion of fine art in multiples to the prototype for a well-designed wineglass.

THE consensus among Loring's friends is that his relationship with his mother has been the most important in his life, and they say that when she died, two years ago, his confident stride was broken for the first time. All the women in Loring's family are named China: his mother and, before her, his grandmother; his sister, his niece, and his grandniece. Close friendships that Loring has cultivated with older women—first Peggy Guggenheim, and more recently Eleanor Lambert and Sybil Connolly, the Irish designer—are, his friends say, very much in the tradition of his relationship with his mother, as if the early imprint of her affection set some sort of emotional tone that would echo throughout his life, just as his father's neglect seems to have created a void that men like Joseph Losey and Émile Aillaud were later called upon to fill.

Though Loring tells of his and his mother's first meeting with Dr. Joachim, at the Art Institute of Chicago, as a means of illustrating the irony of coincidence in life, it is not only the irony of coincidence that comes across. "After we talked for a while," Loring recalls,

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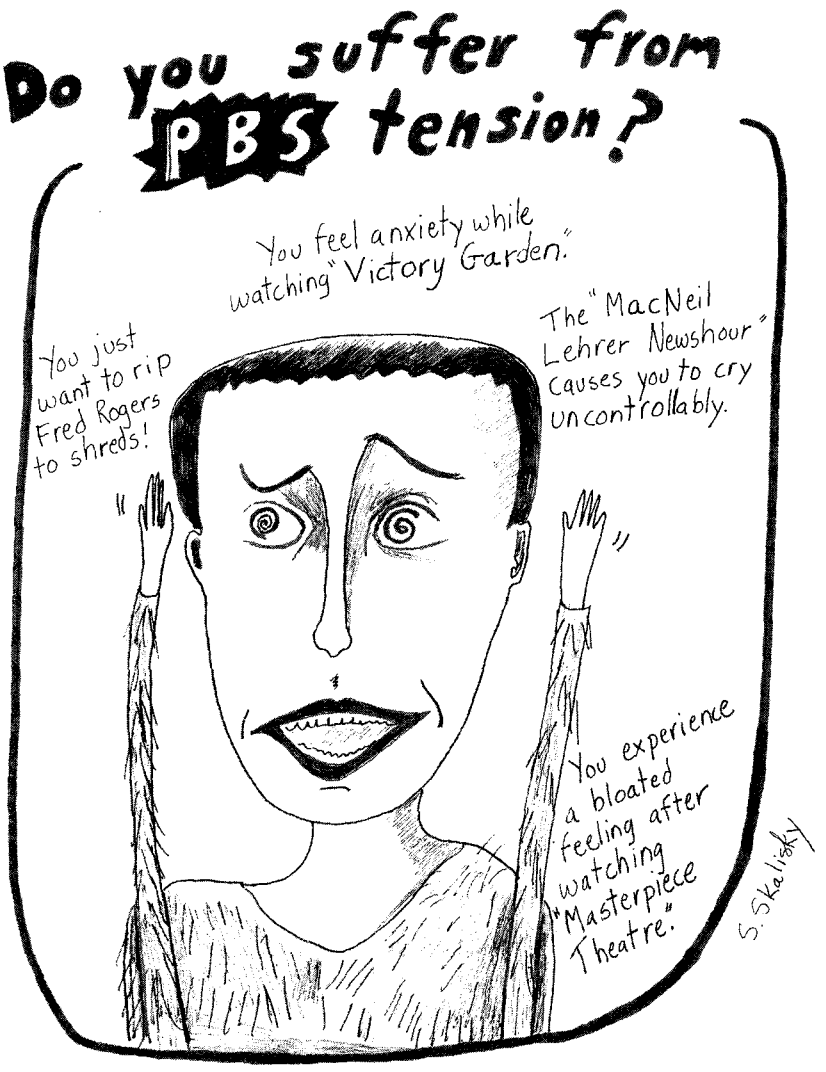
"Dr. Joachim said, 'May I tell you a little story that may be somewhat indiscreet? Two years ago,' he said, 'I had gone to Paris to work at the Louvre in the Cabinet des Estampes, and I went rather late to eat dinner at the Coupole by myself. And the most remarkable couple came in and sat across from me and ate dinner, and I was fascinated all evening watching them and trying to figure out who they were, what the relationship between them was, and I just couldn't figure it out. But it's always stuck in my mind—these two people eating their dinner and who they were. And,' he said, 'they were you.' "

There is some discrepancy between Loring's notion of his mother and the way she struck his friends. They mostly agree that she was one of those people who sit back and expect the world to pay them court, that she rarely felt moved to participate in a conversation with someone whose merits were not immediately apparent to her, that she openly preferred the company of men and had little, if anything, to say to most women. Though her manner toward her son is reported to have been warm on occasion, it ranged from room temperature to chilly where everyone else was concerned. Loring's view of his mother is glamorous and mythic: an intrepid woman of great style, who conquered the world and the hearts of men with remarkable facility, who drove her sporty convertible like a reckless teen-age speed demon, who accepted compliments and gifts of jewelry as her due—who knew, Loring adds, everyone from Geronimo to Lord Mountbatten. Loring's friends, many of whom were less impressed, played along, and some of them say that they grew genuinely fond of her. In honor of her eightieth birthday, Robert Hughes wrote a toast, which began:

> Assembled here to praise in rhyme
> The creatures of an ampler time,
> We sing, in verses crude and minor
> The eulogies of Madame China,
> For eighty years, as all can see,
> A paragon of energy:
> For sixty-five, in eyes of men,
> A perfect, undisputed 10.
> For forty years, to John her son,
> The only undisputed One.
> How right it is, it seems to me,
> Receiving much from Tiffany
> Over the years, she gives them back
> That ultimate donation, Jack.


Do you suffer from PBS tension?
You feel anxiety while watching "Victory Garden."
The "MacNeil Lehrer Newshour" causes you to cry uncontrollably.
You just want to rip Fred Rogers to shreds!
You experience a bloated feeling after watching "Masterpiece Theatre."
S. Skalitsky

• • •

ON a Saturday morning, Loring and his team arrive at the offices, in Como, Italy, of Manolo Borromeo, a family-owned fabric house that produces silk prints for Tiffany scarves and ties. The mood is congenial. The work goes quickly. Loring explains for a visitor's benefit his philosophy of scarf design, which is in stark contrast to what he calls the French school of thought, whereby a scarf is conceived as a work of art, best seen laid out flat, or even hung on a wall; the pattern gets somewhat garbled when the scarf is actually worn. Loring believes that a scarf should be designed to be seen draped or tied, and so he turns out patterns with a center field and, often, a broad contrasting border. Today, he starts off by combining three prints, each of a different trompe-l'oeil texture—lace, snakeskin, and a herringbone Harris tweed—in a single scarf. He illustrates his policy never to let the design spill over the scarf's edge, with an example: a small-scale French floral print from the eighteen-sixties, probably originally intended for women's dresses, is blown up and surrounded by a wide tracery of lace, in order to contain the eye. Loring buys old scraps of fabric and wallpaper in flea markets and antique shops, and puts them to use in Tiffany scarves.

The discussion proceeds with color photocopies, each a quarter of the size of a finished scarf and showing a quarter of its pattern. An assistant stands a mirror folded at a right angle along the inner edges, and in it—magically—the entire design becomes visible. There is a stack of "Tiffany & Co." logos, cut to size, ready to be superimposed on the designs. Loring restlessly gets up from time to time and changes chairs, moving around the big worktable in the center of the room. A design of leaves and flowers taken from a nineteenth-century wallpaper print is submitted for his approval. "*Stupendo!*" he responds. He tells about a recent survey in the *Times Magazine* which quoted him as nominating "*chicissimo*" for the trendy new superlative, while Karl Lagerfeld, the fashion designer, suggested "*molto esagerato.*"

Loring edges another floral print

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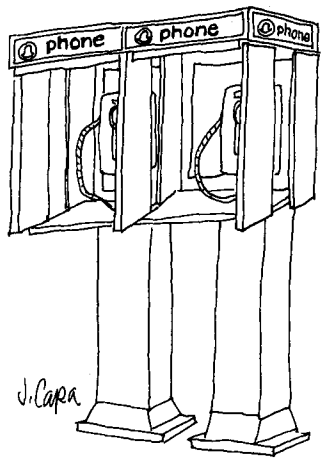
with a border taken from a red-and-white bandanna he carries as a handkerchief, enlarged to a preposterous scale. "This is your pareo for the Club Méditerranée in Pau Pau," he says of one tropical print. "*Chic-issimo!*" For a Christmas scarf, he pairs a field of paisley and a border of pine branches decked with small red Christmas ornaments. A member of his team pronounces it *chic-issimo*. "*Molto esagerato*," Loring replies.

After a lunch of zucchini flowers and bresaola at the Villa d'Este, the entire team returns to review the morning's decisions. With a green felt-tip pen Loring scrawls a name on the back of each design; the big bandanna print, for instance, will be called Bandanone. The search for a border to accompany a print that looks like a jacquard weave comes down to a choice between a geometric pattern, in bright orange, and another design, of ducks in a row, taken from a necktie he found in a junk shop in the East Village. He pronounces the bright-orange pattern more fun, but the ducks, he says facetiously, are "in good taste"—referring to Wasp America's predilection for anything with ducks on it. Good taste wins. At the end of the day, surveying the whole group laid out on the table, he says with satisfaction, "Look at how coherent it all looks! I will claim credit."



ONLY four months into Loring's apprenticeship at Tiffany & Company, Van Day Truex died. Loring memorialized him in an article in *Connoisseur*. "He served for over twenty years as arbiter of taste at New York's Tiffany and Company," Loring wrote, "and through Tiffany's involvement with the design departments of great china, crystal, and silver manufacturers throughout the world, he left a lasting mark on the domestic look of the twentieth century." Loring set himself the same task.

Not long afterward, Walter Hoving, Tiffany's president at the time, broke the news to Loring, over lunch at the Racquet Club, that he had sold the store—and, along with it, Loring's services for half a day a week—to Avon Products, the door-to-door cosmetics company and at the time the world's largest producer of costume jewelry. " 'Because if you go across the street and tell them what to do,' Mr. Hoving told me, 'they're not going to walk across the street and tell you what to do,' " Loring recalls. "Mr. Hoving was an absolute genius of psychology. He asked if the deal disturbed me. I had certain apprehensions. But I'm all for extending most things to as many people as can possibly have them. It doesn't cost any more to produce a good design than it does to produce a lousy design." Loring describes Avon's designers as "highly educated, totally aware of fine jewelry design and fashion," and contends that "they could produce things on a very high level, if given the opportunity." But whereas Tiffany's is "a product-oriented company," he goes on, Avon was "a sales-oriented company," proceeding on the basis of market research. "Well, of course, if you have six ugly things," he explains, "then one of them is going to sell best, simply because people didn't have the choice of buying anything better, and so that thing becomes a trend. So market research perpetuates bad design."

The Avon interregnum lasted five years—until 1984, when a team of Tiffany's executives, headed by William Chaney, then the president, negotiated to buy the store back. Hoving, who died two years ago, had retired. Loring's attitude toward the merchandise he presides over alternates between the commercial and the curatorial. As design director, he has capitalized on Tiffany's past, consolidating the store's tradition, commissioning china to match the store's six classic flatware patterns, reviving an occasional old design that had been consigned to the archives, including several by Louis Comfort Tiffany, the son of the store's founder. Loring has expanded the corporate division, generating products that can serve as Christmas presents for a business's middle-level managers or as a secretary's twenty-five-year award. He has reintroduced handbags. He has initiated a line of scarves and neckties. He has contracted with the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation for the production of china designed in 1922 for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and also for vases, candlesticks, and silver from the architect's original sketches. Wright's hexagonal crystal candlestick has sold, by Loring's estimate, in the tens of thousands. The architect's specifications for it were impracticable when he conceived it, in 1930, because the angles were impossible for the cutting wheels of the time, and the design lay in the files, waiting for injection molding to be invented. "This candlestick is conceptually the best crystal candlestick ever designed, because a gleaming hexagonal prism is the best for refracting light," Loring says. "Mr. Wright understood that very clearly—he just couldn't do it. But he did it on paper, and said, 'Fine. Either it will happen or it won't happen.' And it did happen, which I think is wonderful."

As for new talent, it was Loring's decision to hire his friends Paloma Picasso, now one of the store's featured jewelry designers, and Matteo Thun; he has engaged Richard Taddei, the painter with whom he shared the Prince Street loft, to design scarves and Christmas cards. He has also brought in Victor Carranza, who works in silver, making candlesticks and picture frames out of sinuous metal "ribbons" tied in bows; Dorothy Hafner, a ceramist whose eccentric forms are covered in prints in the style of nineteen-eighties pattern painting; Valentine Lawford, whose watercolors have been used for Tiffany note cards; and Tom Penn, a designer of metal accessories and furniture, whom Loring calls "the Edward Scissorhands of the decorative arts." One of the most successful designers on Loring's team, as it turns out, has been Loring himself. In six years, the store has sold approximately a hundred thousand copies of his Atlas watch, which takes its inspiration from the clock shouldered by a statue of Atlas above the store's front door. In his own designs, Loring, like Truex, has often looked to nature and the eighteenth century for inspiration. He also credits the artisans he deals with at the workshops and factories that manufacture Tiffany's goods for giving him ideas;

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he tries to come up with projects that will compel them to stretch beyond their routine capabilities. He is constantly looking to bring what he calls "an extraordinary performance out of the work force."

For anyone who knows Loring, his hand is evident all over the store. Graffiti, which he championed during the early seventies both as an artist and as an art critic, have now turned up as the theme of a collection of gold and silver jewelry by Paloma Picasso. A Lorenzo Lolli engraving of a Madonna and Child that was part of the drawing collection he put together as a student is now featured on the front of a Tiffany Christmas card. His mother's red frame house in Lawrence, Michigan, appears on the lid of a Tiffany Battersea box. The giant snowflake suspended over the crossroads of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street at Christmastime was Loring's idea; he persuaded Tiffany's neighbors to go along with it and commissioned it from Douglas Leigh, who as a young man had worked for Loring's great-uncle, first in Atlanta and then in New York during the Depression, when he began to design lighted billboards for Times Square.

Loring's brief when he went to work at Tiffany's, he says, was not only to preserve the tradition of good design and fine handmade objects which the store had revived under Hoving and Truex but also to chart what he calls "the contingency plan." In a world in which the artisans' skills that Tiffany's depends on for its top-of-the-line merchandise are vanishing daily, both Hoving and Truex understood that the company's future lay in broadening the base of the store's sales and in cultivating what Loring calls "a mass-produced ready-to-wear line" that would complement Tiffany's "haute couture." Loring has worked to develop new products conceived with mechanized methods of production in mind while also continuing the private-stock porcelains hand-painted in an atelier in Paris, the crystal hand-blown on Murano, the clocks handmade in Switzerland. "If you look on the technology as a twentieth-century artist would, as I did, thanks to my art-world training, then anything is a good tool for art," Loring says. "A centrifugal-forming machine or a robot or an acid bath is no better or worse than the paintbrush that Leonardo da Vinci used to paint the 'Madonna of the Rocks.' That was a tool, these are tools—they're all tools, and you can use them well or you can use them badly."

What was an eighty-million-dollar-a-year business when Loring arrived has grown to a five-hundred-million-dollar-a-year business. Dissidents, of whom there are many, contend that under his guidance Tiffany's has gone mass market and middle of the road. They argue that, where Tiffany & Company had been conservative for some time, it has lately become downright bland. They point to things like Loring's silver brooch in the shape of a kitten's face, with sapphires for eyes, and to the sudden proliferation of "T"s everywhere you look—all over neckties and handbags and other merchandise that in former times would not have been compelled to announce where it came from. But although several experts in and around the design field—among them a well-known art historian and a prominent architect—have expressed opinions ranging from mild dismay to outright indignation at what Tiffany's has become under Loring, none of them were willing to be interviewed on the subject, because, they explained, he's someone they regularly run into at dinner parties.

ON a spring evening four months after Loring's visit to Murano, the main floor of Tiffany's is thronged with men and women in evening clothes, come to pay tribute to Archimede Seguso, for the benefit of Save Venice. During cocktails on the third floor, they watch a video that shows Seguso at work on Murano. He stands off to one side, beaming at the crowd in their finery, seeming a little self-conscious in his own tuxedo; his wife stands close by him, looking vaguely apprehensive (neither speaks any English). The guests are summoned to dinner downstairs, among the showcases filled with diamond-and-emerald bracelets and cabochon ruby earrings and tourmaline rings. The tables are swathed in dark-red moiré, with tall blown-glass candlesticks—by Seguso—as centerpieces, draped in ivy. A string orchestra on the scale of the one that plays at the café in the Piazza San Marco runs through a repertoire of "Funiculì-Funiculà" and other Italian

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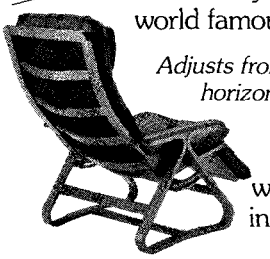

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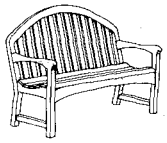

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folk songs. After dessert, there are speeches. Loring introduces Archimede Seguso: "He gives us a piece of Venice—this city that we all care about, that we all want to preserve as a living monument." Everyone applauds, including Seguso himself, who seems not to realize that the ovation is for him. He stands finally and, brimming with emotion, thanks everyone. "*Tutti voi amici, italiani e stranieri,*" he rasps, in a descant even higher than usual. Loring presents him with a silver bowl, and the orchestra strikes up "Happy Birthday."

AT a week-night dinner for Sybil Connolly at his apartment in New York, Loring plays host to some twenty people. He cooked the food himself after work: roast leg of lamb, sautéed summer squash and zucchini, and white beans. Robin Bowden, a fabric designer who lived upstairs from Loring on Prince Street, says that he taught her a certain fearlessness, a kind of reckless flamboyance, when it comes to entertaining. She still swears by the recipes he gave her. The secret of his cooking, she says, is the use of pre-processed ingredients: chopped garlic, for instance, which he uses to smother a veal roast, or potato flakes for his famous brandade de morue.

Four round tables, rented for the occasion, have been set up in the studio apartment that Loring kept for his mother across the hall. Cocktails are in his own apartment, in the long, white, low-ceilinged living room overlooking Fifth Avenue. A pair of gilt torchères flank a contemporary sofa; above it hang a pair of tile panels he bought in an antique shop in Lisbon, depicting two Chinese men as seen through late-seventeenth-century Portuguese eyes. Both the sofa and a nineteenth-century gilt canapé from Ireland, found in a thrift shop on Fourth Avenue, are upholstered in blue-and-white striped pillow ticking. A kilim covers the parquet floor in front of the couch; a cabinet by Carlo Bugatti stands in the corner by the door. The seating assignments are according to playing cards Connolly designed for Tiffany's, with flowers on a field of black: each table is a suit, with each place designated by a card, from ace to six. The guest list includes a fashion designer, a photographer, and a handful of magazine editors. "There are so many people here I don't know," Jerome Zipkin, a veteran of New York society, announces from the threshold of the vestibule—not so much out of shyness, it seems, as out of consternation.

ON a rainy winter morning, Loring and a large contingent of Tiffany buyers are making the rounds of the Frankfurt Fair, as they do every February, working their way through five enormous halls filled with china, crystal, stationery, jewelry, clothing, accessories, and items that in the retail industry are known as "gifts." In the stationery hall, a man wearing an orange wetsuit and a yellow scuba tank stands submerged in a giant aquarium, surrounded by fish, and paints a landscape, propped up on an easel, to demonstrate one company's new formula for indelible pigments. Loring sets a brisk pace, cutting a swath through the long avenues of booths featuring ceramic statuettes of flamenco dancers, beer steins sculpted in the shape of pirates' faces, and figurines of ballerinas wearing tutus that look as if they were made of icing. There are malachite and lapis-lazuli golf balls poised on mahogany tees. "Remember," Loring says every time he passes by something he finds ingeniously offensive, "you saw it here first."

The decorative wind appears to be blowing in a neoclassical direction: Greek-key motifs, gods and goddesses, and occasional hazy references to ancient Egypt abound. A lidded rectangular porcelain box covered with dark-red and coral friezes ("And this is to bury your parakeet in when it dies," Loring says) prompts a disquisition on historicisms, which in its scope is characteristically broad, if not particularly deep. "When you have a brand-new moneyed class, as you do with the new social class based on tremendous fortunes made in the past ten years on Wall Street and in real estate, they, like Napoleon, are immediately going to make their appeal to authority in the form of classical design," he explains. "Neoclassicism will always instate itself when you have a usurping regime or a regime that feels itself to be somewhat upstart: it will base its appeal to authority on the pomposity of Roman design—of Roman interpretations of Greek design. Not even seeing that the Greek is the great classic design, they turn to the ponderous Roman version, with its imperial eagles.

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Which is, of course, what happened in the United States during the Federal period and the beginnings of this country, when you had a new government in a new country, which was somewhat illegitimate in the eyes of Europe.

"And then you can go on from there and look at all the influences that brought design into the nineteenth century. This was a design period where there were no major figures. You had in England the most powerful figure, in Queen Victoria, and she and her husband were very interested in things like the great Exposition of 1850 and in what machines could do to make money for their country, just as Napoleon III of France was very focussed on what industry could do to make money for his country. These are rather bourgeois emperors. By the nineteenth century, the kings and queens had become what they are today—major public-relations figures—and their real business was to promote their country's trade.

"The nineteenth century goes wrong not because of bad taste but because of pretension. Because suddenly the machines were able to reproduce all these historical styles cheaply, and instead of using machines to make something new, instead of designing something appropriate for them, everybody wallowed in the possibility of doing all kinds of finicky detailing. So you have your neo-Egyptian furnace and your molded gutta-percha Gothic piano. Everything was made to look like something it wasn't. You're going to say, 'Yes, but what about the eighteenth century and all its trompe l'œil, when they would *faux* up everything in sight?' But that was not pretentious, that was not meant to fool anybody. A ceramic melon was not meant to make you think that it was a real melon. That's not the same thing as all the cheap machine embossing that was made to make you think this was beautiful hand-carved woodwork, when in fact it was made of sawdust and turned out by a steam press in London somewhere. The arts-and-crafts movement was responsible for that to a considerable degree, by extolling the virtue of handmade design to the point that people with machines thought that the machine had to do something that looked like it was handmade. Now, the historicism of the nineteenth century, for its sheer grotesquerie and carnival qualities, has a period charm that I will not be so dull as to deny. But, in general, Victorianism proved to be a combination of nostalgia and pretension which was, in terms of taste, a deadly undertow. I mean, everybody drowned—there's not one survivor of that. And it's only when you get to the twentieth century that machines are put to work making things machines are supposed to make, and that people suddenly decide, Well, no, we can be honest, there *can* be revealed structure, we don't have to pretend everything is something else."

At the booth of an Austrian crystal manufacturer, a trio of Italian buyers are gathered in front of the centerpiece of the display, a carved-crystal clock. "*Molto barocco*," one man murmurs appreciatively.

The man in charge of the booth recognizes the Tiffany's delegation and greets it warmly. "If you go into department stores in the U.S. right now," he says, "one of the biggest-selling things is photo frames."

"No!" Loring says.

The man continues, "And we were wondering if you would like to do your own . . ."

"No!" Loring replies.

"O.K.," the man says weakly. "It was just something that we thought of."

Loring's job is as much a matter of keeping the wrong merchandise out of Tiffany's as of bringing the right merchandise in. No amount of demand has altered the store's position on certain things that it has always refused to sell: diamond rings for men, gold flatware, and colored-glass stemware.

After lunch—a hot dog eaten standing up at the snack bar next to the coat-check room—Loring and his team proceed to Baccarat, where they are welcomed by the new director-general. "You may not be in love with what I'm about to show you," he says, taking down from one of the shelves a giant crystal paperweight with a view of the Pont des Arts, in Paris, carved into it, "but it's a very interesting effect."

"No, I am not in love with it," Loring replies.

"All right, never mind, avert your

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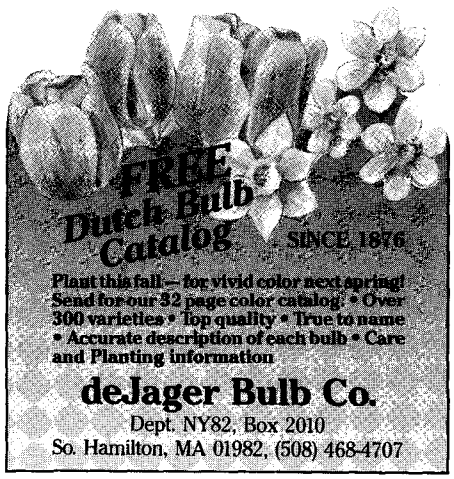

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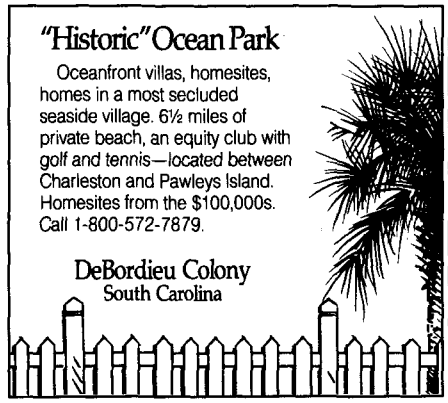

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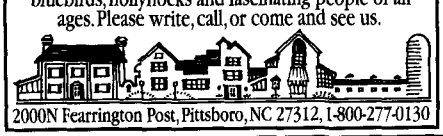

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eyes," the director-general says, replacing the paperweight.

Loring proposes the notion of an annual Christmas ornament, exclusive to Tiffany's.

"That, I think, is a major business," the director-general says, leaning forward in his chair. "An annual design or a consistent-forever design?"

An annual design.

"A collector's item!" the director-general replies.

"It could have a *little* date on it," Loring concedes.

"He's breaking down here," Yone Akiyama, his assistant, warns the rest of the group.

The scene is briefly interrupted by the offstage sound of glass crashing. The director-general winces. "How do you feel about clocks in crystal?" he resumes.

"Very unhappy about them," Loring tells him. "No clocks, no picture frames."

At Riedel, another crystal vender, who has over the years collaborated with Tiffany's on several products, Loring surveys the items set out on display. "You see, left to their own devices, these people do this sort of thing," he says in dismay, his gaze trained on a row of faceted clocks. "What do people want with big hunks of crystal with these cheap clocks plopped in the middle of them?"

Two days later, at the Atlantis crystal factory, outside Lisbon, Loring and his team meet with the company's representative. "Embarrassing question," the representative begins sheepishly. "Have you made any progress on crystal clocks?"

"None," Loring says.

"Didn't even try," Liz Franceschini, Tiffany's vice-president in charge of china and crystal, adds.

"John," the representative persists, "can't you see the name Tiffany there, on the face of that clock, instead of Atlantis?"

"Not in my wildest nightmare," Loring replies. —HOLLY BRUBACH

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REFLECTIONS

THE ABSENCE OF EMPIRE

THE past lies in strata of human experience, never totally forgotten even when deeply buried in a society's consciousness, but too often, in the east of Europe, still raw at the surface. "We have been waiting for this moment for eight centuries," the defense minister of newly independent Croatia said in August of 1991, during the struggle with Serbia. The strata are layers of sophistication, accumulated experience—even of thought. There is an important division between those societies which have been through the "modern" experience—Reformation, Renaissance, Enlightenment, and Revolution—and those which have not. The division largely coincides with a religious split—between the Europe of Catholicism and Protestantism, progenitors of the modern West, and the Europe of Orthodox Christianity and Islam.

Europe was populated by successive migrations from the east, some pushing their way to the Atlantic coast, and some southwest, past the Pyrenees, into the Iberian peninsula, while many settled along the way, usually beside earlier settlements. Though prehistory is still poorly known, there is little doubt that men essentially like modern man in looks and intelligence existed as far back as we have evidence of human settlement in Europe—men capable of extraordinary works of art and monumental construction.

No sizable place in Western Europe, outside Scandinavia, can claim to be ethnically "pure." Nowhere is the intermixture of human groups complete, with total assimilation of successive migrations. The differences nearly always have a political character, because from the very beginning relations between groups were competitive, producing rivalry, feud, warfare, and the subordination or submission of one group to another, and these events are still alive in the memories of peoples. The differences between Irish and English, or Scottish and English, or between Catalans and Castilians, or between Catalans, Basques, or Bretons and the Gaulish and Germanic French, are not trivial. However, they are certainly nonlethal—"folkloric," as the French say—and manageable within the framework of mature nation-states.

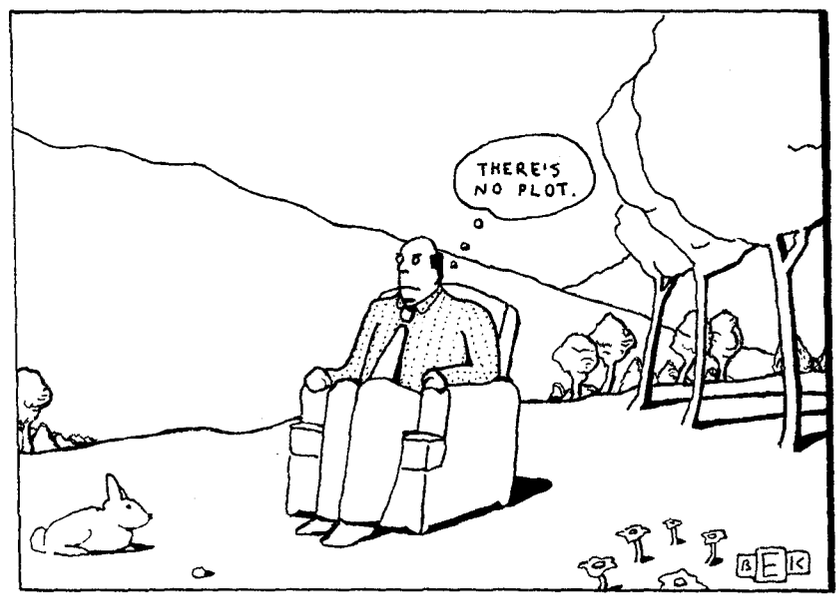
This is not the case with differences in the east of Europe, where modern nations were established in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries with the disintegration of the Ottoman and Hapsburg Empires. Since the Soviet Union's retreat from the region, and the collapse of central power in the Soviet Union itself, ethnic conflict has reëmerged as a powerful force. Here the time lines are crucial. Bohemia and Poland are undeniably part of Western European civilization and the modern world, even though they have been heavily influenced by their position at the edge of the West, on its frontier with Byzantine, Muscovite, and Ottoman civilizations. Hungary, although marked by medieval struggle with the Turks and a century and a half of Ottoman occupation, is also a Western nation, Catholic and Calvinist in religion. The Baltic states are Western.

An analyst at the French National Scientific Research Center, Krzysztof Pomian, describes the line of religious division as more like "a zone," starting "from the north, where it passes between Finland and the Baltic Republics and Russia, crosses Byelorussia, separates Poland from Ukraine, and cuts through Romania, leaving Transylvania to the west, then descending into Yugoslavia to pass between Croatia on one side and Serbia and Bosnia-Herzegovina on the other." He goes on to say:

> This line thus goes from the White Sea to the Adriatic and corresponds with the division between Latin and Greek Christianity. It is also a line of historical division. Between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries the territory north of the Dniester was controlled by the Mongols of the Golden Horde. Later, little by little, it fell into Russia's holding at the time of Russia's furthest advance in the West, after the Polish partitions. In the south, the Balkans were dominated by the Ottomans from the fourteenth century to the end of the nineteenth. During these long centuries these two regions which made up Eastern Europe were literally cut out of European history.

Today, the people and the governments of Eastern and Balkan Europe express a desire to become part of modern Europe, the modern West. Yet this is a society they scarcely know. As nation-states, most are recent creations, although some had a period of medieval existence. They claim a right to self-determination, which was articulated for them by Woodrow Wilson at the time of the First World War; but none are ethnically integral, and most have yet to demonstrate their ability to live by a secular political standard, juridically indifferent to the ethnic and religious identities of individual citizens.

In the past, the ethnic and communal multiplicity of these societies was accommodated in the essentially corporate or feudal political structures of



HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO APPRECIATE NATURE.

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the Ottoman and Hapsburg Empires. In 1918, both empires came to an end, but these ethnic nations have found no lasting solution to their difficulties, which are great. Together with Central Europe's Jews and the peoples of the Soviet Union, they bore the most ferocious consequences of the two twentieth-century totalitarianisms—an ordeal from which they are only now emerging.

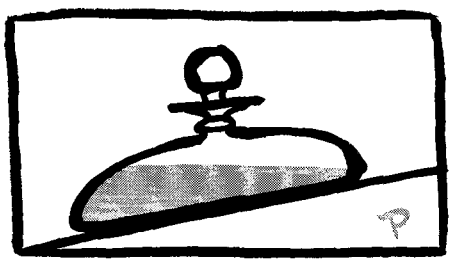
IT is often assumed that the ethnic community is the base of nationhood. This is not necessarily so. The original nations in Western Europe were created by dynastic hazard, and had no unitary ethnic base. England's prehistoric population suffered invasion by the Celts and the Danes before the Roman conquest and by various Germanic peoples afterward, acquiring Norman French—which is to say, Scandinavian—rulers and colonizers in 1066. Since 1945, Britain has acquired Indian, Pakistani, Bangladeshi, and West Indian minorities, the West Indians being African and Indo-Pakistani by origin. The colonized colonizes the colonizer—a phenomenon that has been experienced by some of the other European former colonial powers as well.

France incorporates Vikings, Belgians, Germans, the Gauls of Caesar's wars, Bretons (Celts), Catalans, Basques, Latin Provençals (speakers of the langue d'oc), and also what survives from its prehistoric population. In addition, the wars with England brought Scots and Irish to France (the "wild geese"), and they stayed, their names figuring incongruously among the French aristocracy of today.

In France in more recent times, there have been Jews (France was second to the United States as the object of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Russian Jewish and Polish Jewish migration), Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Armenians; many of these peoples came after the First World War, when immigration was encouraged in order to rebuild after the huge loss in male population. Arrivals since the Second World War include Indo-Chinese, Algerians (Muslims, Jews, and also the so-called pieds noirs, former settlers in French Algeria who are of varied nineteenth-century Mediterranean European origin), Moroccans, Tunisians, Lebanese, and Africans from France's former sub-Saharan colonies. Some of these groups are objects of controversy and discrimination, but they have been given citizenship in large numbers and are a highly visible presence. (The tennis star Yannick Noah is half Cameroonian; the film star Isabelle Adjani is half Algerian; the late singer and actor Yves Montand was Italian; there are leading politicians of Polish, Algerian, and African origin. Albert Camus was a half-Spanish pied noir. The eminent contemporary novelist Julien Green, a member of the French Academy, is an American, of a Confederate family from Georgia which expatriated itself.) The only possible answers to the question of what it is to be French, or British, today are cultural and political, not ethnic, even though there are physical types that one thinks of as "typically" French or British (or German or Dutch or Spanish).

Spain is Iberian, Celtic, Visigoth (German), and Vandal—and Catalan, Castilian, and Basque, Phoenician, and Greek, and Arab. Portugal is African, Lusitanian, Celt, and Visigoth. Even isolated Ireland—Christianity's north-European refuge after the fall of Rome—had its Norse invaders and has its "black" Irish, dark-haired and dark-eyed, who, the story goes, are offspring of shipwrecked Spaniards from the Armada. The United States is now the least ethnic of nations (although arguably the most nationalistic), since it has been by design the assimilator of immigrant populations from all over the world, with American nationalism a force of assimilation and acculturation (objectives that are repudiated by many Americans today). In a more qualified way, this also is true of the immigrant nations of the old "white Commonwealth"—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and white South Africa.

IN eastern Central and Balkan Europe, nationality is identified with ethnic or religious background. It is not acquired by immigration (or readily lost by emigration). This radical difference from the Western view of nationality is at the source of the crises of nationalism that have broken out in the region since the collapse of Communism, in 1989. Yet although nationality is viewed as detached from territory, certain territories may be considered essential to certain nations, as Serbs have insisted is true of the former Yugoslav province of Kosovo: its medieval importance to Serbia makes it forever Serb, they say, even though Kosovo has since become all but totally populated by Muslim Albanians. Transylvania is considered by Romanians to be integral to Romania, even though its population is largely Hungarian. There are many such cases.



Poland existed for a hundred and twenty-three years in the absence of any territory recognized as Poland. Between 1918, when it resumed territorial existence after its eighteenth-century partitions (which had caused it to disappear into Prussia, Russia, and Austria), and the present day, Poland's boundaries have shifted westward by more than a hundred and fifty miles on its eastern frontier and some seventy miles in the west (in a country that before the Second World War was five hundred miles wide). Part of what formerly was Poland is now in Lithuania and Ukraine, including the great cultural centers of Vilnius (Wilno) and Lvov (Lwów, Lemberg). Adam Zamoyski, in his book "The Polish Way," writes that as a result of the Second World War "Poland's frontiers were wrenched back to an idealised original; the minorities which had not been extirpated were removed; Poles from all over Eastern Europe were concentrated." He goes on, "The loss of Wilno and Lwów, and the disappearance of the Jewish, Ruthene and German elements, have impoverished the cultural variety of the Polish world. The compensating factors are political rather than cultural." It would be presumptuous to think that Poland's territorial definition may not change again.

During its years of territorial nonexistence, the Polish nation survived in the minds of Poles living in what had been historical Poland and of Poles living in exile in Paris and elsewhere. When for the second time it ceased to possess an independent national existence, during the Second World War, Poles created underground schools, as

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they had done during the partition years, and also universities (called "flying" universities, because their clandestine classes were held in constantly changing places), and even underground institutions of civil administration and justice, in order to assert a Polish nation's political existence despite its formal nonexistence. When Lech Walesa became President of the reconstituted non-Communist Polish Republic, in 1990, he accepted the insignia of office not from General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the most recent President of the Polish People's Republic, but from the elderly chief of state of the Polish government in exile, which had first been established in 1940, in Paris, and had been in London since 1941.

During the years of exile, Poles working in London with the wartime Allies or serving in Polish ships, Polish Army brigades, and Polish air squadrons attached to British forces, and, later—after the Soviet Union installed the Communist Party in power in Poland—Poles who worked in New York, London, or Munich with Western intelligence agencies and Western-sponsored radio stations broadcasting to Poland, conducted themselves as agents of a nation that had been temporarily denied its freedom but was in principle the equal of the American or British nations with which they coöperated and upon which they had of necessity become temporarily, and reluctantly, dependent. They attempted to maintain the principle of a relationship of reciprocity between allied powers, their own embarrassed by fortune but able eventually to make good its obligations. To the Americans and British who worked with these Poles, it was an edifying performance. It contrasted, in the nineteen-fifties, with the attitude of many people from other Soviet-controlled nations in the East who worked with Western governments, and certainly wanted to see their countries freed, but who saw themselves as émigrés and expected to install their families in the West for good.

THE Western nation is the provider of defense, civil order, a system of justice, an economic structure, a framework for industry and for commercial transactions, systems of transportation and communications, and more. In return, it demands solidarity among its citizens, which means a willingness to accept the moral and legal norms of the collectivity, to pay taxes and otherwise support the government apparatus from which all benefit, and to come to the common defense. Citizenship is fundamentally a practical commitment involving obligations and reciprocal benefits, but the commitment nearly always has an emotional coloration, often intense—an attachment to country, *patrie*, or *Vaterland* which repeatedly causes people to disregard others' claims to justice, or reason, or a common morality. National feeling has consistently overridden principles of international solidarity and political or religious universalism. The first Socialist International cracked up on the outbreak of the First World War, when members of the international working class enthusiastically went to war against one another for purely nationalistic reasons. Christians and Jews have rarely hesitated to serve in the armies of nations at war, whatever the cause. The European colonial powers successfully employed Muslim troops against fellow-Muslims, Hindus against Hindus, African troops to keep order in mutinous African colonies.

The emotional attachment is not essential, however. Belgium exacts a very small commitment from the majority of its citizens, for a number of historical reasons, one being long foreign occupation, with a consequent role for government as the agent of foreign interests, and another being the tense coexistence inside Belgium of French and Dutch linguistic communities. In contemporary Belgium, many of the functions of the central government have been devolved upon the Walloon, Flemish, and (binational) Brussels authorities, and a number of people would willingly reassign most of the rest to the European Community, and allow the Belgian nation to fade away. Yet the argument that Belgium was never a nation but merely a nineteenth-century political artifice, convenient at the time for Prussia, Britain, and France, must address the fact that surveys of the attitudes of Walloons and Flemish show that the two have more in common with each other than the Walloons do with the French or the Flemish with the Dutch. There is indeed a Belgian nation, created by the common historical experience of Catholics in this flat

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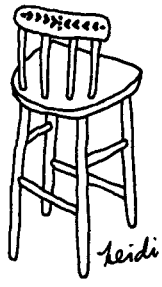
and much fought-over seaboard land where French and Dutch-Germanic cultures meet. But it is a nation that enjoys a low level of patriotic commitment.

Canada bears a certain resemblance to Belgium. The majority of modern Canadians seem to have never satisfactorily settled in their minds why there should be a Canadian nation. The nation exists as a result of the Seven Years' War and that war's aftermath in Europe; the rebellion against the British Crown of the thirteen other North American colonies of Britain; and the Battle of Vimy Ridge, in the First World War, when Canadians first fought as Canadians and not as citizens of individual provinces. But it sometimes seems that the citizens of the United States believe in Canada's necessity (as a non-United States of America: evidence of alternative possibility, demonstration of non-inevitability—even refuge) more than the Canadians themselves do. Quebec is a nation. But it is unclear that English-speaking Canada really meets the minimum criterion of nationhood set by Hugh Seton-Watson, an eminent British authority on nationalism, which is that people simply "consider themselves to form a nation."

Germany since the Second World War has presented the case of people—Germanic, Baltic, and Slav in origin—deeply conscious of themselves as a political and historical entity, defining citizenship by "blood," in contrast to their Western European neighbors, who, like the Belgians, but for different reasons, have begun to unload the responsibilities and the apparatus of nationhood onto the supranational European Community. Because modern German history has seemed to many Germans too painful to bear, a kind of resignation of independent statehood in favor of "Europe" has seemed to offer a solution to the "German problem." The secondary guilt that since the war has been part of being a German—the guilt of fathers visited, however unjustly, upon their sons and daughters—has seemed resolvable through Germany's absorption into a new Europe. Yet this is the reaction of a people still, in the early nineteen-nineties, in a difficult situation, rather than solid evidence of a permanent change in the quality of German nationalism—a nationalism attached to a nation that was a single united nation for only seventy-eight years (until unity resumed in 1990), and whose older, formative inheritance was that of the feudal Holy Roman Empire. It is imprudent to attempt conclusions about the future of a Germany most of whose citizens, until 1990, considered both of the states they then possessed—the Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic—provisional and incomplete entities, constructs of the war, waiting to be replaced. The reunited Germany that did replace them can also be called provisional, since it has lost, and renounced, East Prussia, the dynamic core of Bismarck's Germany.

German pride in West Germany's economic accomplishments is nonetheless a form of nationalism, and has not lacked an edge of condescension toward those of Germany's postwar allies who are its economic competitors and have not done so well. Yet since 1945 Germans have been consistently hostile to any German military role outside Europe. The pacific attitudes expressed during the Gulf War last year, as during earlier Middle East crises, and today in the Yugoslav war, suggest that there may have been a permanent mutation in German political conviction and ambition, toward North European or Scandinavian-style neutralism or non-interventionism, replacing the aggressive nationalism that has marked Germany's modern historical record.



Still, the salient quality of German "national" existence continues to be Germany's failure to be a nation like the old nations of Western Europe. It has never been such a nation. It passed from feudalism to dynastic absolutism and empire between 1848 and 1870 and, following the brief republican Weimar interval, to ideological totalitarianism, in 1932. From the earliest feudal period, the Germans of the Holy Roman Empire conceived of themselves as charged with a mission of conversion and colonization to the east. Under Hitler, this became a secular and racist mission to enslave or eliminate the eastern peoples as racial inferiors. Since that ended, in 1945, Germans have seemed to want to renounce not only crusade and empire but nationhood as well. Hence their distress in 1990 when they found themselves rejoicing at the reconstitution of a united German nation—with a mission to the east.

Nationhood of the Western, secular, and ethnically plural kind presents no inherent obstacle to democracy or to the protection of human rights, since minorities are not, as such, excluded from the nation. This inclusiveness is what distinguishes the dominant Western model of nationhood from the new nations that came out of the collapse of Austria-Hungary and the Ottoman Empire, and claimed political nationhood for an ethnic community.

Because political identity in Eastern and Balkan Europe is linked to ethnicity and religion, nationality and citizenship are exclusive and cannot be compromised, or escaped. That link is an element in the current dilemma of Yugoslavia, where a significant part of the younger population is composed of the offspring of different tribes. In Bosnia-Herzegovina when the present fighting began, it was estimated that sixteen per cent of the children were the issue of "mixed" marriages. For whom are they supposed to fight?

If ethnic identity is the basis of nationality, people of "other" ethnic groups cannot be fully equal, for equality implies interchangeability. Others are rivals and potentially threatening, and since the frontiers between national groups are often indistinct or arbitrary, with groups of different ethnic nationality intermingled, there has always been invidious discrimination by dominant groups against the aliens inside the national frontiers, with tension over the definition of borders and over claims by one side or the other to enclaves of their tribe living on the far side of the tribal frontier.

Examples of this are the war of territorial aggrandizement and ethnic "cleansing" being carried on by Serbia, with a concurrent expansion of Croatian frontiers into Bosnia-Herzegovina; the Azeri-Armenian struggle over Nagorno-Karabakh; and conflicts involving the ethnic Russian minorities in Moldova, the Baltic states, and other regions of the former Soviet Union. The situation of the ethnic Albanian population of Kosovo, now under the direct control of Serbia, is quasi-insurrectional. That of the Hungarian minorities in

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"He gets her heart, you get her brain, and I get to eat the dog."

Romania, Slovakia, Serbia, and Ukraine is difficult. A third of the ethnic Hungarians of Austria-Hungary were left outside the Hungarian state created in 1920 by the Treaty of Trianon. Today, the number of ethnic Hungarians living in Slovakia is put at six hundred thousand, in Serbia at five hundred thousand, in Ukraine at two hundred thousand. The number in Transylvania is estimated to be two million, and there is considerable tension between the two countries over this issue. Hungarians outside Hungary are the largest national minority in Europe, and concern for the defense of Hungarian communities outside Hungary's borders was a rallying issue of the pre-1989 democratic opposition to Communism there.

The total number of these ethnic conflicts is nonetheless smaller than it was before the Second World War, because during and after the war many people were simply done away with on ethnic or racial grounds. When the war was in its final months, and during the terrible first months of peace, people who were minorities within states dominated by other nationalities, or whose existence was an obstacle to the redrafting of ethnically exclusive new frontiers, were expeditiously murdered or they were expelled, becoming "displaced persons," in the bureaucratic usage of the period.

When Poland was compelled by the postwar settlements to move itself bodily westward, the unfortunate Poles native to the territories that Poland was forced to cede to the Soviet Union had to move westward, and the Germans in what was now to become western Poland were ejected—those who had not already taken to the roads with the retreating Wehrmacht. East Prussia was divided between Russia and Poland. Its capital, Königsberg, founded in 1255 by the Teutonic Knights, who had conquered the earlier settlers of the region—a Baltic people identified, because they were pagan, as Saracens of the North—was renamed Kaliningrad, after M. I. Kalinin, a figure in the October Revolution and the titular head of the Soviet state from 1919 to 1946. (It will no doubt soon be renamed again.) Stalin repopulated his part of East Prussia with something like a million people brought from Russia itself, Byelorussia and the Ukraine (as they were then), and even Kazakhstan. When Lithuania regained its independence, in 1991, the ex-Prussian Königsberg-Kaliningrad became an enclave of Russia wedged between Lithuania and Poland, with no territorial link to Russia—just as, before the war, East Prussia had been a separated German territory inside Poland and, for that reason, a recurrent source of trouble and unrest.

THESE horrific wartime and postwar acts of demographic surgery were imposed upon populations whose initial complexity was a result of what the British historian Robin Okey describes as the "Volkerwanderung or migration of peoples which followed the collapse of the Roman empire." He explains:

> In the sixth and seventh centuries Slav peoples, already installed in Poland, moved into Bohemia and the Balkans. But they did not entirely disperse the earlier inhabitants, particularly the forefathers of the modern Albanians in their west Balkan mountain fortress and the Latin-speaking Romanians north of the Danube, and they failed to withstand totally the pressure of later arrivals, like the Asiatic Magyars (or Hungarians), who settled in the Danube basin in 896, or the Germans, who pushed downwards from Bavaria through the Austrian Alps, inwards into the mountainous girdle of Slav Bohemia and eastwards from the Elbe into nascent Poland. This settlement pattern by which Slavs came to form the majority of the population of Eastern Europe, but had to share it with a large minority of assorted non-Slavs, was to have fateful consequences for the area. Gradually splitting up into separate groups—the east Slav Russians and Ukrainians, the west Slav Poles, Czechs and Slovaks and the south Slav Serbs, Croats, Slovenes and Bulgars (of which the last family was isolated from the others by non-Slav settlement)—the Slavic peoples lost the initiative which numbers might have given them.

Until the nineteenth century, the nations or proto-nations of eastern Central, Eastern, and Balkan Europe mostly belonged to feudal or imperial systems in which they possessed various degrees of autonomy but only a rare and

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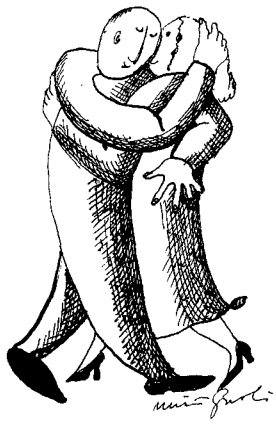
transient sovereignty. This was feasible, even normal, in the feudal and early-modern periods, but in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the development of modern national consciousness began. A modern intelligentsia emerged, eager to re-create the languages of its peoples as written languages, to record and restore their distinctive literatures and histories, and to recall for them—and embellish—past glories alleged to have been stolen by the imperial overlord. Out of this process came the modern nations of the region, all of them with less than a century of independent existence when Communist power was imposed on them in 1945-49.

The Ottoman Empire was the creation of a Turkish people possessing a military technology and tactical capability superior to those it encountered in its movement westward from Central Asia in the early Middle Ages, employing massed cavalry against infantry armies. The Turks' advance eventually took them to the edge of Vienna, where, in 1683, after a three-month-long siege of the city, their army was defeated by the Polish King John Sobieski. The Turks nonetheless remained west of the Danube, in Hungary, for a century and a half, and at the peak of their power they also incorporated into their European empire the territories of modern Greece, Bulgaria, Romania (Moldavia and Walachia), Serbia, Albania, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and Macedonia, and held all of them until the nineteenth or early twentieth century. (They also dominated the Middle East and the southern Mediterranean coast.)



Of these states, Serbia, Bulgaria, Moldavia, and Walachia had enjoyed a period of national existence in the Middle Ages. Serbia was the first of them to rise against the Turks in modern times, in 1804. Greece was the next to rebel, in 1821 (under the influence of the French Revolution and the ideas of the Romantic movement: "I dream'd that Greece might still be free"—thus Byron, who died there in the course of its struggle). Bulgaria and Romania were detached from Turkish control in the nineteenth century, under pressure from Russia, which made itself protector of their Orthodox populations, expecting to dominate them (in the case of Bulgaria, it has mostly done so ever since). On the other hand, Moldavia, or a part of it, remains in contention between Moscow and Bucharest. Those Moldavians who were annexed by the Soviet Union in 1940, and were then Russianized, and compelled to write their Romance language in Cyrillic characters, declared independence in 1991, under the name Moldova, resumed the Latin alphabet of their fellow Romanian speakers across the Prut River, and quickly turned on the Russian minority installed in their country by Stalin, who now look to Moscow for support. Thus does a suspended history resume.

The Ottoman Empire was politically corporatist, identifying its many separate "nations" or communities by ethnic origin, communal tradition or history, or religion. The Oxford historian Albert Hourani speaks of both non-Muslim and Muslim political entities of the empire as including towns, villages, pastoral tribes, city neighborhoods or quarters, and trades and crafts organized in institutions resembling the guilds of medieval Europe. Christians and Jews were allowed their religious laws and the free exercise of religion, and their own schools and hospitals as well. The Turkish authorities granted a certain legal jurisdiction to the head of each community, while holding him accountable for the community's good order and its taxation. Hourani goes on, "In this way, the non-Muslims were integrated into the body politic. They did not fully belong to it, but an individual might rise to a position of power or influence. . . . They do not seem to have lived in isolation or under pressure . . . worship and education were free within limits. They could carry on most economic activities; Jews were important as bankers, Greeks in the sea-trade, and by the sixteenth century Armenians were beginning to be important in the trade in Iranian silk."

In 1910, when the Ottoman Empire's decline in Europe was already advanced, its population was estimated (by the contemporary edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica) to be only fifty per cent Muslim, and forty-one per cent Orthodox Christian, six per cent Catholic, and three per cent all other non-Muslims—Christians (Nestorians), Druze, and Jews. In the European part of the empire, some two-thirds of the population was Christian. In the Asian part, the population was estimated at something over thirteen million: ten million Muslims, some three million Christians, a quarter of a million Jews, somewhat more than a quarter of a million Druze, and some two hundred thousand Gypsies.

The Ottoman system in the early nineteenth century was the largest of all modern state systems, while not modern at all. The sultan, or ruler, was not an individual but a family, the House of Osman, and succession was within the family but followed no rigid rule. The head of government was an official appointed by the family, who was called the Grand Vizier, and who was given absolute power. He acted through secretaries and councils of lesser officials and through governors he appointed over cities and regions, each of whom had his own household, secretary, and council. Patronage was very important. Members of the imperial household were "slaves" of the sultan whether they were actual slaves or not (many were, as descendants of conquered peoples). The system demanded obedience, tribute, and taxes but not ideological conformity, religious conversion, or social conformation to the model of the governing power. This degree of freedom was to prove a weakness later, but for a long time it allowed the Ottomans to exercise arbitrary yet also relatively undemanding power. The empire was open to the social and political ascension of the conquered and the governed, offering the *carrière ouverte aux talents*. It was, in short, a system close to the empires of antiquity, and was quite incapable of dealing either with the modern European nations, which in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries began picking it apart, or with the force of modern nationalism inside the European part of the Empire and, eventually, in Arabia.

The Ottoman breakdown in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was thus a result of its inadaptability, an institutional loss of ability to accom-

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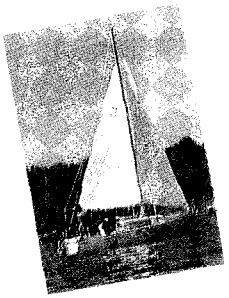

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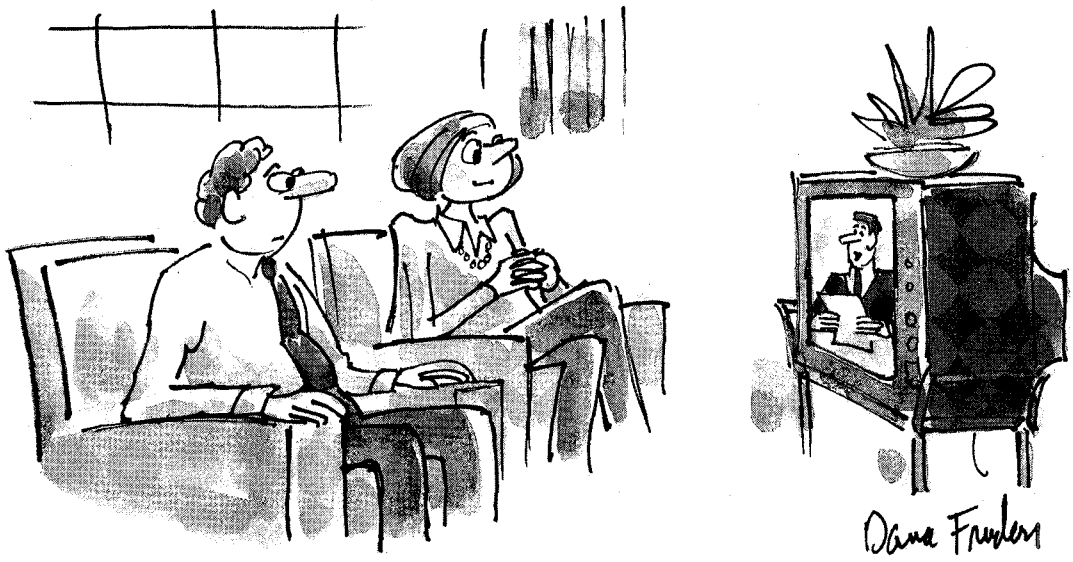

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modate communal tensions as they assumed the new forms produced by literacy, the growth of the educated class, and the influence of political and intellectual currents from the West. The Ottomans had nonetheless dominated their internal "nations" more successfully, and for a much longer period, than the Hapsburg emperors dominated theirs.

THE Hapsburg system was feudal in origin, and became the legatee of the Roman Empire by way of that empire's tenth-century reconstitution by the Franks and the Germans as the Holy Roman Empire. In feudalism, the reciprocal relationships of power and obligation among serfs, vassals, lords, and clergy, and between emperor and Pope, were supposed to permit all to find security and satisfaction within a God-centered and God-consecrated realm where secular authority was exercised by the emperor with the acquiescence of the Pope, the spiritual ruler and God's vicar on earth. In practice, the system meant a duality of power and the legitimatization of secular government, whose authority was acknowledged supreme in its own realm. Nothing like this occurred in the Eastern, Byzantine Empire, or in Islam, and its absence has had a part in the difficulties that Eastern European, Russian, and Islamic societies have experienced in establishing lasting and effective secular governments.

The complicated multinationality of the Hapsburg Empire was a relatively late development in what was at the outset merely one of a considerable number of German principalities making up the Holy Roman Empire. Austria—Österreich in German, which means "eastern realm"—was a buffer state defending the Danube frontier of the empire against the Slavs and Magyars. It expanded by battle, dynastic hazard, and marriage. (A late-fifteenth-century saying was "Let others wage war. Thou, happy Austria, marry.") Marriage with Burgundian and Spanish royalty extended Hapsburg holdings into France, Spain, and the Low Countries. Later, Austria also acquired the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary. However, the Hapsburg incorporation of three major non-German historical nations, which were never wholly reconciled to their position in a German-dominated system, was crucial to the eventual Hapsburg failure: Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland were all important nations of medieval Central Europe—indeed, more important than Austria itself.

From the fifteenth century on, with only one exception, the Holy Roman Empire's electors accorded Hapsburgs the imperial title. After the Turks' defeat at Vienna in 1683, and the campaigns across the Danube that allowed Austria to retake Hungary and territories beyond, Vienna, which until then had still been merely one among several German capital cities, became the intellectual and artistic center of southern Central Europe, and Austria became a European great power.

In the eighteenth century, the Hapsburg system included Germans, Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Slovaks, Ruthenes (of Carpathian Ruthenia, which has been part of Ukraine since 1945), Romanians, Italians, Serbs, Slovenes, Croatians, Flemings, and others. Yet there was no real rationale for Hapsburg Vienna's rule over any of them (or that of Vienna plus Budapest, under the so-called 1867 Compromise, which created a dual monarchy). Feudal obligation, God's empire, the divine right of monarchy—all had been justifications of the system in the past, but by the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries these no longer worked. The nationalities demanded to rule themselves. In 1868, Hungary had to cede a form of autonomy to Croatia. Since autonomy was not equality, however, Croatian resentment was stoked. The other nationalities were not even granted universal male suffrage, nor were the Hungarians prepared to yield it. The next-to-last Hapsburg emperor, Franz Joseph—nostalgically recalled in former Hapsburg Europe today—was actually a dispirited reactionary, unable to deal with the rising nationalisms in his realm and incapable of formulating an ideological justification for his own continued possession of hereditary power a century after the French Revolution, in a society well advanced into the industrial revolution.

The assassination of the Emperor's great-nephew Franz Ferdinand and of the nephew's wife, at Sarajevo, was an act of Serbian-sponsored terrorism, meant to serve the cause of Serbian-dominated Pan-Slavism. Austria-Hungary held Serbia accountable; Serbia had Russia's support; France was

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Russia's ally; Germany was Austria's ally—and Germany's rigid war planning required it to strike at France first, to defeat it before turning to the less urgent threat from Russia's armies. The sinister sequence of events is well known. The World War thus set off, which, of course, no Austrian official (or Serb) had anticipated, was far beyond the Hapsburg system's ability to survive. The war brought down the existing European order and prepared the bloody ground for the twentieth century's totalitarianisms and racial wars. "Injuries were wrought to the structure of human society which a century will not efface," Winston Churchill wrote afterward, and he was right.

BOTH the Ottoman and the Hapsburg systems provided ways of accommodating individual nationhood—ethnic and religious communities and also historical nations—within a larger political authority. Both failed in 1918. The failures are not to be explained entirely in terms of discrepancies in historical maturity on some arguable scale of political development, although the Ottoman system had remained in essential respects premodern, its seminomadic origin influencing its political character to the end. The Hapsburg system was also never freed from an absolutism impossible to maintain in the face of the rise of the middle classes, the attainment of mass literacy, and the loss of power by the peasantry, whose implicit alliance with the aristocracy—they were the two so-called Austrian classes—had offset the power of the urban classes. Institutional incompetence was a factor in the failure of both. Nationalism, however, was the most powerful disruptive force—above all, in the Hapsburg case, where Hungary, Poland, Croatia, Bohemia, and the Italian possessions of the empire were all sophisticated societies with clear historical identities. The final blow was administered by German nationalism—that of the Austrian Germans. Early in the war, at Easter of 1915, all Austria's German parties except the Social Democrats issued a demand that Austria become a unitary German state.

SOME of the nationalities of the old empire would today like nothing better than to be reintegrated into a successor to the Hapsburg system. The present heir, Otto von Hapsburg, who is a deputy in the European Parliament, was enthusiastically, even tearfully, cheered when he returned to Budapest after the fall of Communism to meet members of the Hungarian Parliament. The former Hapsburg nations urgently press their candidacies for membership in the European Community, the new expression of a lost European universalism. This new universalism, however, is linked not to German Europe, like that of the Hapsburgs, but to an earlier period of Christian universalism, when students travelled from Prague to Bologna, the Sorbonne, or Oxford; when Romanesque churches were built from central Norway and Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, to Palermo, in Sicily, and from Santiago, on the Spanish Atlantic coast, to Kraków; and when Italian architects designed monumental buildings in Prague and Leningrad as well as Dresden and Paris. It was a Europe where Charlemagne had Italian and Spanish advisers as well as German and French ones.

The re-creation of this universalism was the moral purpose of the Franco-German reconciliation solemnly confirmed at Konrad Adenauer and Charles de Gaulle's meeting in the Cathedral of Reims in 1962. The new European universalism is superficially a matter of economic and political integration, but its most important element is the attempt to reassert this cultural unity, which has now become an ambition (one cannot yet call it a substantial effort) to incorporate, or reincorporate, what in the past was Byzantine and Muslim Europe.

The modern ethnic nation is the principal obstacle to that unity. It is of fundamental importance to understand that it *is* a modern phenomenon. It is easy to assume that the ethnic nation is the primordial nation, the initial stage in an evolution we have all undergone, hence something that will be dealt with sooner or later by "progress." This is not so. The original forms of sociopolitical organization were pastoral and agricultural settlements, villages, then cities and city-empires, which expanded by incorporating neighboring and subsequently more distant settlements and peoples. After the collapse of the Roman Empire, the Western European political structure became that of territorial realms of princes or notables owing fealty to a

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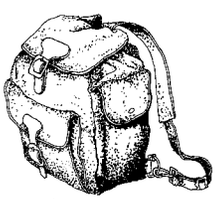

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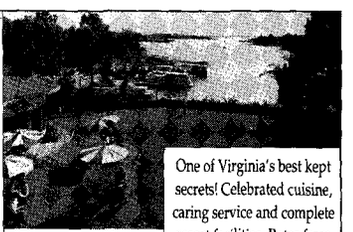

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distant Christian emperor and the Pope—none of this with any connection to "race" or "people."

The eighteenth century and the French Revolution gave us the modern nation-state (although France and England were defined and centrally ruled political entities much earlier than that, the realms of rival monarchs whose overlapping territorial claims had eventually been delimited by wars). Only in the nineteenth century did the European state begin to justify itself as the political manifestation of a defined people, previously submerged and now liberated (or in need of liberation) from alien domination. The peace settlements that followed the First World War—the Treaties of Saint-Germain, Neuilly, Trianon, and Sèvres—legitimatized these claims, in accordance with the argument, promoted by the American government, that people must themselves be allowed to choose the sovereignty under which they want to live. This proposition was part of a visionary American conception of how a new "organized common peace" could be established. It had been formulated before the United States entered the war, and had actually served to justify the American commitment, in 1917, to the total war being waged—a commitment worthwhile only if this war could indeed be made the war to end war.

The ambition was manifestly impossible, and thus Woodrow Wilson went to Europe in 1919 "unprepared to face the sordid but all-important details of the day of reckoning," George Kennan has written. "Under this theory he suffered his tragic and historic failure." His was "the colossal conceit of thinking that you could suddenly make international life over into what you believed to be your own image, when you dismissed the past with contempt, rejected the relevance of the past to the future, and refused to occupy yourself with the real problems that a study of the past would suggest."

The theory held that Hapsburg and Ottoman Europe should be reconstructed on the basis of ethnic nationhood, although it also argued that these new nations could be less than sovereign, part of some democratic successor system to that of the Hapsburgs. Accordingly, new borders were drafted for the countries of Central, Eastern, and Balkan Europe by the young journalist Walter Lippmann, together with four other members of a secret committee (called the Inquiry) that had been set up by President Wilson in October of 1917 to plan the peace. (The other members of Lippmann's group were Sidney Mezes, the president of City College of New York, and a philosopher of religion, who was a brother-in-law of Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's adviser on international affairs; David Hunter Miller, a New York law partner of Colonel House's son-in-law; James T. Shotwell, a Columbia historian; and Isaiah Bowman, the director of the American Geographical Society.) The five, "working from maps and piles of statistics, attacked the question of frontiers by drawing up charts showing the concentration of national groups within Europe," Ronald Steel writes in his biography of Lippmann. "Lippmann then coordinated these charts and lists with national political movements to determine how these ethnic entities could be granted self-determination without triggering new European rivalries. Then he correlated this blueprint with the secret treaties"—concerning the spoils of victory, which the Allies had signed prior to America's entry into the war—"deciding which territorial changes were acceptable and which defied justice and logic." It was chiefly pressure from Czech, Slovak, and other émigré groups in the Allied countries—and, particularly, in the United States—that persuaded Wilson that the de-facto dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire which took place at the war's end should be made permanent in the postwar settlements by creating new sovereignties.

The result was a group of new states defined by ethnic identity but actually incorporating minorities of other ethnic groups. The grievances of these other groups were later exploited by outside powers—decisively so by Hitler's Germany, in the run-up to the Second World War. The British historian A. J. P. Taylor says:

> Despite the invocation of "self-determination," neither Poland nor Roumania was a true national state: the Poles were rather less than two-thirds of Poland, the Roumanians rather more than two-thirds of Roumania. The Poles and Roumanians were the "people of state" on the Hungarian model; the other nationalities, as in old Hungary, possessed only minority rights, which, as in Hungary, they were unable to exercise. . . . Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, the two new states, both claimed to be based on nationalism and to have found in it the uniting principles which the Habsburg Monarchy had lacked. The Czechs and Slovaks would become one people, as the Piedmontese and Neapolitans had become Italian; Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes would merge into Yugoslavia, as Prussians, Saxons, and Bavarians had merged into Germany. The analogy was near; not near enough to prove true.

The consequences of the failure are with us today, in the fighting in the former Yugoslavia, where Serbs, resentful of their subordination in a federal Yugoslavia in which they are the largest group, are again attempting to create the integral Greater Serbia denied them both by the First World War settlement and by Marshal Tito in 1945.

The ethnic character of all these states has set them apart from the old nations of Western Europe and from the overseas nations created from Western European stock—the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Chile. It sets them off as well from the other category of "new" nations—those created after the Second World War from the old civilizations of Asia, released from colonial bondage, and those established in Africa in the nineteen-fifties and sixties within the borders that had been delimited (in general ignorance or indifference to tribal and ethnic frontiers) at or after the 1884-85 Berlin Conference of the European colonial powers, Turkey, and the United States.

Because citizenship in these Eastern European and Balkan states is ethnic and therefore exclusive—that is, it cannot be acquired in any way except by having been born to it—it is compromised if equal standing is accorded other nationalities within a country's borders. At the same time, the frontiers between exclusive national groups within a country are usually indistinct or disputed, with different nationalities intermingled: hence today's ethnic wars. Yet the situation is not analogous to that of either 1914 or 1938. There is a fundamental interest now among all

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the neighboring states and the democracies as a whole to head off ethnic conflict and ethnic war—to stop it, penalize it, force the parties to negotiate. This failed in the case of Yugoslavia, but the failure itself has been a lesson. The European Community was involved early on: dispatching monitors, commissioning Lord Carrington as a mediator, and requiring constitutional provisions guaranteeing minority rights in the new states as a condition of recognition. The Conference on Security and Coöperation in Europe (C.S.C.E.) became involved in Yugoslavia, and also in the Nagorno-Karabakh affair, where Russia and other Soviet successor states have attempted to provide a moderating influence. Turkey has taken a mediating hand in the Azerbaijan-Armenia conflict. International medical-assistance groups have been present everywhere in these conflicts, even uninvited. (France's Health Minister, Bernard Kouchner, has been working to establish the "right to humanitarian intervention" worldwide.)

Nothing like this happened in 1914. In 1914, war itself was considered an unexceptionable instrument of policy and a natural phenomenon in the Darwinian struggle of nations. Balkan conflict was unhesitatingly exploited for the aggrandizement of the great powers—a proper and moral goal of policy. In 1939, the Fascist powers considered war an assertion of national greatness. There has since been a revolutionary change in Europe, in the underlying assumptions of national action and purpose.

Nonetheless, the potential for further conflict on ethnic and national lines is very great in the Balkans, and in the former Soviet Union, which is experiencing revolutionary conditions. Old frontiers are challenged, but also the political limits that previously existed. Yet it is not unreasonable to think that the worst consequences of this will be contained, wars kept localized, and submitted to the same international pressures for settlement and compromise that have been imposed upon Serbians, Croatians, Bosnians, Armenians, and Azeris. One does not expect permanent solutions in such matters; rather, one anticipates accommodation to the confusions of history. It is possible to imagine the eventual assimilation of many of these states into a complex and developing European system forming around the European Community core. This is a political as well as an economic arrangement; and beyond it are the larger associations provided by C.S.C.E. and NATO (which everyone in the region, including Russia, wants to join, without quite reasoning why). It is a situation that, despite deep confusion, is richer in constructive possibilities than in risk, or so it now seems.

But fragility is everywhere. We are, after all, less than three years past the existence of the Soviet Eastern European empire, with all its humiliations, complicities, betrayals, and lies. We are only three or four years past the Gulag; some argue that the last political prisoners have still not been freed. We are a dozen years from the institutionalized hypocrisy, the dead language, and the suffocated thought of the Soviet system before *glasnost*. We are only forty-seven years away from the time when all of Europe was convulsed by what the Italian novelist and journalist Curzio Malaparte called the attempt to kill God. Malaparte, in his hallucinatory volume "Kaputt," of 1944, writes of a diplomatic dinner in Helsinki during the war at which a guest told about a Russian prisoner of war, a faithful Leninist, who murdered a Lutheran pastor whose arguments shook his belief in atheism. "He had tried to kill God in the pastor." Another guest, the Turkish Ambassador, remarked, "The murder of God is in the air; it is an element of modern civilization."

The nineteen-thirties and forties were decades when nihilism struggled to impose itself. We may today feel a certain astonishment that the effort failed, given the means it commanded in Nazi Germany and in Soviet Russia and its satellites. That those countries, and the rest of us, have arrived where we are now is more astonishing yet. Whether the positive forces now dominant in Europe will continue to prevail in its society, which is the source of modern civilization, and also the source of the moral unrest and the ideological violence that have shaken the world in this century, is the issue before us. The past cannot be discarded. The present has to be reconciled to the past, since the past is never entirely past.

—William Pfaff

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outlaws

"UNFORGIVEN" is the sixteenth movie directed by Clint Eastwood, and the first one I've liked. This engrossing, moody Western boasts the best cast Eastwood has ever trained his sights on, including Gene Hackman, Morgan Freeman, Richard Harris, and Saul Rubinek, and some of the most eloquent locations, with vast, unpopulated areas of Alberta, Canada, standing in for eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming. This time, Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, mixes elements from every type of oater—mythic, revisionist, psychological, elegiac, and "anti." The story is the old one about the retired gunfighter who picks up his firearms again for a last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends; Eastwood and Peoples acknowledge that the bloody chaos of a gunman's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes.

The refreshingly unhurried pace allows the actors to shape their characterizations without pressing. They relax but do not relinquish tension: the power of the film lies in the moments before and after violence, when the men ponder the enormity of murder and take each other's measure. There are a few awkward, stilted scenes and abrupt segues, but the gnarliness augments the aura of authenticity. The movie's grizzled male ensemble, its gradual build, and its juxtaposition of brutality and sardonic humor testify to its disdain for box-office conventions.

The movie bears no relation to John Huston's "The Unforgiven," a mediocre 1960 Western; Eastwood's title probably refers to the antihero's knowledge that he's damned. William Munny (Eastwood) is a worried man—a widower, father, and struggling pig farmer. The emotional reediness that made Eastwood so wrong for the larger-than-life John Huston character in "White Hunter, Black Heart" suits the resolute Munny, who, after his marriage, purged himself of vices and tried to wipe out his past sins. Eastwood once described the figure he cut in movies as "a superhuman character who has all the answers, is doubly cool, exists on his own without society or the help of society's police forces." William Munny spends most of his screen time refusing to become that character; Eastwood delineates the reëmergence of the superman as a moral and human defeat for Munny. At the peak of Eastwood's performance, a hint of spiritual intensity bleeds through his trademark taciturnity. He convinces you that the gunslinger is haunted by the men he's blown to kingdom come.

"Unforgiven" doesn't feel forced, like other Eastwood forays into redefinition. Under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to de-romanticize Western gunfighting. Every bullet in this movie matters, and by the end Munny's alcohol-fuelled, satanic purposefulness is shocking: in the climax, even his choice of victims has a crazy excess. Just as shocking is the screenplay's Marxist-feminist hook. The action begins in Big Whiskey, Wyoming, when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute called Delilah (Anna Thomson), because she giggled in surprise at "his teensy little pecker." The main villain, though, isn't the slasher but the sheriff, Little Bill Daggett (Hackman), who lets the cowboy and his partner off with a fine; they must deliver a string of ponies to the brothel owner to compensate for the mutilated whore's drop in value. The prostitutes' leader, a red-haired fury called Strawberry Alice (Frances Fisher), refuses to allow men to "brand us like horses." Enraged by the sheriff's callous response, she pools the group's money and offers a thousand-dollar reward for the murder of the offenders (five hundred per head). Throughout, the moviemakers take straightforward, familiar situations and complicate them. The slasher's partner, for example, is guilty only by association, and after paying his part of the fine he offers an extra horse for Delilah herself to ride or sell. (Alice and the others drive him away.) And Daggett turns out to be more than the worst sort of realist and pragmatist. An ex-gunfighter himself, he's obsessed with his newfound authority as the Law. The prostitutes try to keep their scheme a secret from Daggett—they know that he preserves order on his own terms.

When an aspiring gunslinger, the Schofield Kid (Jaimz Woolvett), enlists Munny in the bounty hunt, and in the bargain obtains the help of Munny's old pal, Ned Logan (Freeman), not even the veterans realize what they're getting into. All they know is that the money is tempting, and the varmints apparently worth executing: the Kid details how they mutilated Delilah beyond recognition. (The danger of exaggeration is one of the script's motifs.)

"Let's just get married, and leave it at that."

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While Munny, Logan, and the Kid work out their troubled arrangement, English Bob (Harris) struts into Big Whiskey, accompanied by the dime novelist W. W. Beauchamp (Rubinek). Bob becomes the first gunslinger to taste the nightmare retribution Daggett has planned for anyone who crosses him and goes after the reward. As embodied by Harris, with ringing tones and seductive, effortless flamboyance, English Bob is a proud marksman and an epicure of violence, serene in his bold, superior self-image. (Harris delivers keenly balanced bravura: unlike Bob, he knows how far to push his effects.) He dazzles homegrown guns with his irreverent dandyism while Beauchamp molds his legend as "the Duke of Death." Bob can be fatuous, but not everything he says is dismissible. His contention that the New World's climate and distances have a savage influence articulates what the film has already suggested. The mute grandeur and expansiveness of the cinematographer Jack N. Green's Western landscapes mock the modest aspirations of the citizenry. As in "The Ox-Bow Incident," confusion reigns—the countryside swallows up the truth.

Sheriff Daggett evolves into a complex megalomaniac, a showcase for Hackman's specialty: uncovering odd corners in the ordinary. Daggett is a shrewd manipulator, and Hackman lets the audience see the cogs grind in his mind. He uses tricky, ambiguous expressions, like a squinty, shallow smile, to convey the sheriff's sour, untrustworthy affability. His display of normality is as rickety as his self-built house, which leaks buckets. Daggett wants to be the last of the gunmen, and to set the record straight on the whole lot of them. He turns the mythmaker, Beauchamp, into a debunker, announcing to the world that they were drunken opportunists, not brave sharpshooters. Rubinek's scared, smart scribe, his eyes glinting behind his spectacles, recognizes a new story when he hears one. (Actually, the romanticism of the dime novels may have come from editorial dilution. E. F. Bleiler, in his introduction to a 1974 Dover collection, "Eight Dime Novels," quotes an editor who persuaded an author "to make the stories less terrifically forcible in the language of his rougher characters" and went on to recall, "The author urged the absolute truth of both the language and the amount of whiskey-drinking that he attributed to his characters, but I begged in the interests of morality that the flow of both one and the other be curbed.") With Harris putting on a show, Hackman pulling down the curtain, and Rubinek taking critical notes, Eastwood the director plants charged theatricals in the middle of sprawling sagebrush naturalism. Eastwood the actor develops a drawling, jumpy chemistry with his costars. The bravado of Jaimz Woolvett's Kid is sometimes comical, sometimes risky, sometimes both. Freeman's matter-of-fact yet modulated delivery puts across Logan's understanding of Munny more believably than any extravagant demonstration of bonding. Freeman expertly weights the reminder that his buddy would never leave his son and daughter and return to killing if his wife were still alive; later, when Logan goes through his own sudden character change, the actor's laconic warmth has prepared us for it.

Munny's memories of booze-hazed slaughter jibe with Daggett's exposés; Eastwood's gunman, however, is no poseur. When he drains a liquor bottle, he means business. The director doesn't deny his audience the visceral movieness of seeing Munny in action, but the outcome produces more chills than thrills. Eastwood dedicates "Unforgiven" to "Sergio and Don"—Sergio Leone, who made him a star in spaghetti Westerns as the Man With No Name, and Don Siegel, who made him a superstar in "Dirty Harry." But "Unforgiven" is neither as operatic as Leone's movies nor as terse as Siegel's. Eastwood honors his mentors by going his own way.

WHEN I was growing up, the big vacation movie was "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," a middle-class irritation comedy. For contemporary audiences, a vacation movie is something with a cast headed by Chevy Chase. But other kinds of vacation movies—like the royal fairy tale "Roman Holiday" and the elegant soap opera "Summertime"—can provide what the best vacations do: cobweb-clearing enjoyment. The period romance "Enchanted April," adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, is about women taking hold of real life by temporarily escaping it. The movie bears a superficial resemblance to such banal accounts of housewife liberation as

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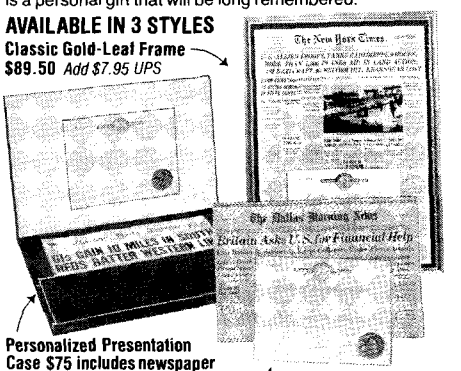

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"Shirley Valentine," but "April" has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. Mike Newell, primarily known for such bleak statements as "The Good Father," directed this film as if in a state of relief; he exhibits a brisk comic touch at the start and then eases up as the heroines do.

The lead characters are two proper middle-class ladies, Lottie Wilkins (Josie Lawrence) and Rose Arbuthnot (Miranda Richardson), who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow, Mrs. Fisher (Joan Plowright), and a gorgeous, lissome aristocrat, Lady Caroline Dester (Polly Walker). Given the forbidding propriety of Mrs. Fisher and the inscrutable politesse and ennui of Lady Caroline, the women make an odd quartet. The first section of the movie is a lively satire of twenties London domestic life and manners: Lottie puts up with a penny-pinching, self-centered solicitor husband named Mellersh (Alfred Molina), while the devout Rose despairs of her jolly but complacent and somewhat dissipated spouse, Frederick (Jim Broadbent), who writes saucy accounts of courtesans under a pen name. Once Lottie and Rose go to Italy, the social satire becomes more individual. Lottie, who first got the idea for the vacation, expresses a visionary sureness that the villa will heal all of them, because it's "a tub of love." Her openheartedness threatens Mrs. Fisher, amuses (then inspires) Lady Caroline, and dares the religious, self-sacrificing Rose to loosen her spiritual corsets. Before long, Lottie's bliss emboldens her to invite Mellersh to join them.

The script is partly about women turning frog-husbands into princes. What begins as the parodistic fantasy of a loopy, rash post-Edwardian wife ends as a rapturous marital wish-fulfillment. But comedy, entrancement, and a pleasing historical formality keep it from becoming too glib. With subtle alterations, Barnes stays close to von Arnim's text, so the movie plays fair with the women's early-twenties consciousness. Jolting their deadhead husbands back to life is the best bet these particular women have to sustain their happiness. Italy awakens their sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective. The women's joyfulness is a triumph over stiff-backed English rectitude and hidebound English culture, represented by the redoubtable Mrs. Fisher, who knew Tennyson and Carlyle personally. Even Mrs. Fisher grows playful and youthful: she becomes able to appreciate Lottie's peck on the cheek.

Newell commits several errors, such as including obnoxious portraits of Mellersh at the dinner table. But he's willing to chance oddball images and make them pay off, like a closeup of Rose dozing on a rock while a lizard slithers over her back and head. The director handles most of the performers deftly and sympathetically. Lawrence is wonderfully ebullient as Lottie. There's an express car from her brain to her mouth: she blurts out observations that startle everybody, herself included. Richardson is perhaps too adept at acting all wound up, but it's a pleasure to watch her unwind. Plowright is a forthright, robust comedian, the queen of the condemnatory glance. And Walker manages to be ravishing while maintaining a distance from her own allure. Her Lady Caroline is so secure in her charms that she's able to deploy them exquisitely, even sweetly. The men have less to work with, but even Molina shows some tenderness and gaiety, and Michael Kitchen delivers a tour de force of eccentric charm as the cultured Mr. Briggs, the oboe-playing owner of San Salvatore. Mr. Briggs (like Lottie) sees Rose as the picture of "a disappointed Madonna"; Kitchen expresses the gentle connoisseurship and the desire for family warmth that spur his admiration for her. In his adroit and original performance, he transforms Briggs' oblique peeks into a seductive gaze.

Just enough of the film's whimsy is rooted in reality. It's both ironic and poignant that people presume Rose and Lottie to be war widows because they see them without their husbands and because there are "so many" war widows around. But the main reason the movie succeeds is that Newell, the actors, and the cinematographer, Rex Maidment, capture the enveloping pastoral euphoria of San Salvatore. If the film, with its brittle London scenes and its expansive Italian ones, breaks too distinctly into pieces (several characters change with stunning rapidity), the magic of the location seals the cracks. The movie was shot on a clifftop overlooking Portofino, at an estate now called Castello Brown—the same villa where von Arnim composed her novel. Amid the azure skies and water and the riot of flowers, British repression melts away under the Mediterranean sun. You believe that San Salvatore is a spot where a walking stick planted in the soil could grow into an oleander.

"Deep Blues," a collaboration between the documentary maker Robert Mugge and the music critic Robert Palmer (who wrote the sweeping, inclusive 1981 history of the same name), is a lovably rough-hewn presentation of rural blues today. Mugge and Palmer give us one long, unbroken number after another, and even though a few songs tried my urban patience, and the warbled lyrics could occasionally use subtitles, I found it fascinating and revivifying to see and hear these musicians practice their art. The movie is a guided tour. Dave A. Stewart, of Eurythmics and the Spiritual Cowboys, hired Mugge and Palmer to film and record examples of this musical tradition; Palmer takes Stewart from Beale Street in Memphis to the northern Mississippi hills, where the music hasn't changed for generations. When Stewart leaves to continue making his own music, Palmer goes south, to the Delta (and towns like Greenville, Clarksdale, and Bentonia), where the deepest blues were born in the shacks and juke joints of black sharecroppers.

Mugge's stripped-down filmmaking suits Palmer's direct approach. The whole movie has a first-person feel to it: Palmer's commentary and talent-scouting are filled with off-the-cuff revelations, and his affection for the culture is catching. There's a tickling shot of him swaying soulfully as he and Stewart listen to Booker T. Laury bang out a zesty rendition of "Memphis Blues." Palmer and Mugge have an ear for the telling anecdote: the owner of a drygoods store on Beale Street (the one old-time shop left in a redeveloped, slicked-up area) says that

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he used to thin out crowds waiting to sample blues records by putting a spiritual on the phonograph. The filmmakers aren't afraid to be silly, as when Palmer turns a Greenville hotel's written explanation for the city's brown water into a toe-tapping song. The photography is crude but active. When, say, R. L. Burnside, sitting in front of his northern Mississippi home, sings "Jumper on the Line," the director shows us girls and women staring at Burnside and the filmmakers, a kid pedalling on a bike frame, guys hanging around a pickup truck, and poultry pecking around the yard. Mugge always gets near enough to his subjects to provide a sense of their technique—though at one point it's impossible to discern whether Roosevelt (Booba) Barnes is playing the guitar with his tongue, his lips, or his teeth.

Palmer explains in his book that the Delta's bluesmen sang in a style that was "closer to field hollers than to other blues," and that "guitar and piano accompaniments were hypnotic and percussive, and many Delta guitarists . . . made the instrument 'talk' in strikingly speechlike inflections." Contemporary Delta musicians have updated that legacy, but on celluloid it's hard to convey the music's "hypnotic" effect. At times, your reactions may be at variance with those of the juke-joint patrons getting in the mood. Certain personalities, though, come through loud and clear—especially a powerhouse of a performer called Big Jack Johnson, who's also called the Oil Man, because he delivers heating oil by day. Despite its longueurs, the film has a cumulative force. Palmer's ramble through "flat as a tabletop" Delta country, following the thread of a music that roamed and hitchhiked from place to place, conjures images of pioneering bluesmen finding their way in the dark. The movie ends beautifully, with a moonlit highway onscreen, then Lonnie Pitchford singing Robert Johnson's "Come On in My Kitchen"; this one-two punch delivers a vision of the blues as a wanderer's home away from home. —Michael Sragow

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One expert said that 220,000,000 cubic feet of earth, the equivalent of 2 billion chickens, were moved to prepare the site for construction. Even with all that, one end of the midfield terminal is higher than the other.
—*Aliquippa (Pa.) South News.*

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BOOKS

English Lessons

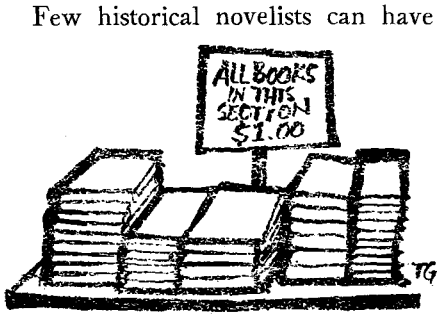
"MY subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity," Wilfred Owen wrote, in 1918, in an introduction he planned for his first collected volume. The lines eventually appeared in a slim edition of Owen's poems selected and published by friends in 1920, two years after his death, at age twenty-five, by German machine-gun fire during the week before the Armistice. Owen had begun his introduction with the warning "This book is not about heroes"—a hard-won lesson that, unthinkable in 1914, was largely taken for granted by 1920. From a writer, the lesson demanded the abandonment of England's long-ingrained pastoral-isle rhetoric. But the spareness and the irony with which Owen altered his work didn't come at once, in immediate response to the terror and squalor of the trenches. The disillusion found expression only afterward, under the tutelage of another poet-soldier, Siegfried Sassoon, in sessions of ardent reading and rewriting which took place during the brief months of their acquaintance, as fellow-patients at Craiglockhart War Hospital, a military psychiatric facility outside Edinburgh.

Craiglockhart, with a population of Royal Army officers consigned to it with the diverse symptoms of what was hesitantly and still suspiciously termed "shell shock," is the primary setting for Pat Barker's absorbing historical novel "Regeneration" (Dutton; $20). The story is taken up as Sassoon is admitted there, in mid-1917, with the war verging on the muddy destructions of Passchendaele, and with no one in command able to articulate the principles that separated one side from the other. Sassoon, an early volunteer, decorated for bravery, had issued a public declaration "of wilful defiance of military authority," in which he denounced his country's political motives and refused to return to service. Speaking as a soldier and for the sake of soldiers, he called for a clarification of England's war aims, and wrote that he hoped to destroy "the callous complacence with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realize."

Sassoon's statement, reproduced whole, leads off Barker's first page, and her novel is a tracing of its consequences, which were neither as public nor as clear as its valiant author had wished. Seeking to rescue Sassoon from himself ("I could see at once it wouldn't do any good, nobody would follow his example"), his friend Robert Graves had interfered with the Army Medical Board, providing evidence—true but irrelevant—that Sassoon was suffering from nervous exhaustion. Anticipating a court-martial and imprisonment, and a swelling of outrage and of support for his position, Sassoon was instead shipped off to the place he at once dubbed Dottyville. But there was never any doubt: his protest was his illness.

To label "Regeneration" an anti-war novel—which it is, in part—suggests a didacticism that figures no more than it should in this richly storied and peopled amplification of events. Nor is the book a dark journey into Bedlam, despite the evident pain and potential horror of the subject. The animated and diverting life of Craiglockhart—"that living museum of tics and twitches"—contains comedy as well as tragedy, and it is not the chill black comedy of the Joseph Heller tradition (or, indeed, of the Siegfried Sassoon tradition, which is its distant ancestor) but, rather, comedy flushed with warmth. For, as Sassoon discovers on passing through the hospital portals, he has entered into a carefully delimited arena of emotional exploration and nurturance which is not only the antithesis of his war experience but a reversal of all the mores of traditional English manhood. Shattered men may be rebuilt here, but not necessarily along the lines of their original construction.

Few historical novelists can have had such ample and minutely detailed sources to draw upon as Barker: Sassoon went on to publish six autobiographical volumes, chronicling his years up to and through the war, and, along with Graves and Edmund Blunden, he makes up a trio that Paul Fussell christened the war's "classic memoirists." Barker depends on all three, and more besides, and it is perhaps ironic, given the degree of self-confessed fiction present in the memoirs, that only in Barker's novel are the real names of all the principal figures restored. In episode and in observation, Barker adheres scrupulously to the facts: even the camaraderie of Owen and Sassoon conspiring over Owen's work derives, as Barker informs us in an endnote, from Sassoon's annotations on Owen's manuscript. But it may or may not be relevant that the novel is so factually secure, for Barker's whole creation breathes. "Real" characters rub shoulders in the long corridors with a host of equally tangible fictions, or with documented symptoms made flesh: Anderson, the Army surgeon, who breaks down at a drop of blood from a shaving cut; Prior, the "bad boy" from the North of England slums, who arrives unable to speak and makes the nurses wish at times that he'd never recovered; Fothersgill, who speaks only in mock medieval English: "lots of 'Yea Verilys' and 'forsooths'—as if his brief exposure to French horrors had frightened him into a sort of terminal facetiousness." But the steadying sympathy that holds the place together, and also presides over the book, is that of the good doctor whose task it is to cure these men, to mediate between the private violations of sanity which have sent them to his care and the public ones to which they must be returned.



That rarest thing in modern fiction (as, perhaps, in modern life), a man of utterly convincing higher moral instincts, Dr. W. H. R. Rivers was a figure as real (if not as well known) as Owen or Graves or Sassoon, and he is, historically, nearly as well delineated, by his words and by theirs. An anthropologist and a neurologist, and also a leading proponent of Freudian analysis in England (even before

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"Actually, he's not so bad, considering that he's recipe-dependent."

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the pathologies produced by the war irrefutably demonstrated, as he saw, subterranean channels of pain and repression), Rivers was at this time over fifty and unmarried, entirely devoted to his work and to the men in his care, and he was in the midst of a crisis. As an official healer for the Royal Army Medical Corps, a physician in uniform, he had feared, in the words of his own memoir cum clinical record, "the situation that would arise if my task of converting a patient from his 'pacifist errors' to the conventional attitude should have as its result my own conversion to his point of view." This situation was not hypothetical. Sassoon was the patient to whom Rivers referred, and in Barker's book the two are paired as noble, loving antagonists—a mutually idealizing father and son locked in a battle of words, even of dreams, for each other's souls. It is Rivers' duty to make the renegade understand and share his own sense of honor and obligation; it is Sassoon's nature to make Rivers understand and, finally, share his.

Although "Regeneration" is essentially a moral drama, it is never static, never weighty. Barker is an energetic writer who achieves much of her purpose through swift and easy dialogue and the bold etching of personality—effects so apparently simple and forthright that the complications of feeling which arise seem to do so unbidden. The vivid immediacy of her style is perhaps better suited to situation and speech than to the processes of thought, however; the shifting interior lights by which doctor and patient gradually adjust their positions are a little too clearly outlined, too artificially legible. The author herself may have felt some unease about her ability to convey these sheerly intellectual developments: a scene of high melodrama placed late in the story, in which Rivers pursues his most desperately ill patient into a situation that, by chance, duplicates the conditions of a French battlefield—a beach at night, a wild storm, a watchtower, explosions—is contrived and murky, unlike anything else in the book. Rivers' on-the-spot revelation as he drags the stricken man to safety—"*Nothing justifies this. Nothing nothing nothing*"—seems a thought that this extraordinarily empathetic individual, trapped in a pointless war, should have come to long before. But, in a way, even this failure is a sign of Barker's exceptional gift for character: one rejects the scene in part because one knows the man so well.

It has been Pat Barker's accomplishment to enlarge the scope of the contemporary English novel. A woman of working-class background from the industrial North, she was educated in London but has kept to her roots. At its best—as in the sweetly raunchy scenes here between Lieutenant Prior and his munitions-worker girlfriend, or in the instantly compelling vignettes of the other women in the munitions factory—her work makes many of the currently efflorescent novels of manners, such as those by Anita Brookner and David Lodge, seem uncomfortably narcissistic or pert. The documentary realism of Barker's first novel, "Union Street," a harshly elemental book about the interwoven lives of a group of extremely poor women, won from the British press the honorific—or the brand—of "working-class masterpiece." Set amid unemployment and scrimping and alcohol and pride in a Northern coal-mining city devastated by the policies of Thatcherism, "Union Street" is an unsparing book, and its scenes of the imperative biology of these women's lives—sex, childbirth, abortion—are fully as harrowing as the men's traumas of war recounted in "Regeneration." Indeed, this seems to be part of Barker's point: the two subjects are counterparts. Rivers comes to understand of his patients' psychosomatic illnesses that "it was prolonged strain, immobility and helplessness that did the damage, and not the sudden shocks or bizarre horrors," and that "any explanation of war neurosis must account for the fact that this apparently intensely masculine life of war and danger and hardship produced in men the same disorders that women suffered from in peace." As for the "perpetually harried expression" on the faces of the young officers—boys who at twenty feel like fathers to the men they command—Rivers has seen that look in only one other place: "in the public wards of hospitals, on the faces of women who were bringing up large families on very low incomes, women who, in their early thirties, could easily be taken for fifty or more." He recog-

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nizes it as "the look of people who are totally responsible for lives they have no power to save." These are the people on whom Barker lavishes her precise and unsentimental care: dead-broke mothers, half-grown soldiers—those living outside the pale of societal comfort and illusion.

Barker's second novel, "Blow Your House Down," was a deliberately blunt and even brutal work about a group of prostitutes stalked by a killer in an actual nineteen-seventies case in England. In an interview that followed its publication, Barker replied to a question about her evident concern with violence against women by suggesting that what was needed was for "gentle men" to become more involved in the upbringing of their sons, to release male children from the need "to find their maleness by rejecting what is feminine." The wise and saintly Rivers in "Regeneration" is certainly the quintessential "gentle" man, everybody's ideal father (the adoring reader's not least), and access to gentleness—permitting it, acknowledging it—is his lesson for the young and damaged patients who are his children. Accused by a particularly troubling patient of being not so much a father as a "male mother," Rivers bridles at "the implication that nurturing, even when done by a man, remains female, as if the ability were in some way borrowed, or even stolen, from women—a sort of moral equivalent of the *couvade*," and reflects that "if that were true, then there was really very little hope."

It is perhaps to secure Rivers' point—which is also Barker's point, and more the thematic center of the book than any statement about war—and to retain the powerful example of male tenderness free from the stigma of effeminacy that Barker plays so lightly on the unmistakable erotic element here. There are allusions to the fact of Sassoon's having come to terms with his homosexuality during the course of his "cure" with Rivers (who, as a doctor, departed from Freud on the centrality and meaning of sexuality) and to Owen's attraction—he was also homosexual—to Sassoon. ("I knew about the hero-worship but I'm beginning to think it was rather more than that," Sassoon says, worrying over a letter from the younger poet.) There is some intimation, too, that Rivers, a generation older, may have once experienced what these men are going through, but this is so delicately imparted that it is almost impossible to hold on to—a matter of a book he once read, a cultural openness, a solitary resignation. Rivers seems at times a genteel and beardless Whitman nursing the wounded of mind. And his lessons are not without risks, even to himself:

> In leading his patients to understand that breakdown was nothing to be ashamed of, that horror and fear were inevitable responses to the trauma of war and were better acknowledged than suppressed, that feelings of tenderness for other men were natural and right, that tears were an acceptable and helpful part of grieving, he was setting himself against the whole tenor of their upbringing. . . . And yet he himself was a product of the same system, even perhaps a rather extreme product. . . . In advising his young patients to abandon the attempt at repression and to let themselves *feel* the pity and terror their war experience inevitably evoked, he was excavating the ground he stood on.

There are many battles being fought in "Regeneration," and the war, for some, may not always be the hardest to face. Preparing to return to his regiment, Sassoon feels cheerful: "Exactly the same feeling he had had on board ship going to France, watching England slide away into the mist. No doubts, no scruples, no agonizing, just a straightforward, headlong retreat towards the front." Barker does not follow her characters to their separate fates; it is the moment of mutual touch and transformation which concerns her. "Regeneration" is an inspiriting book that balances conscience and the vitality of change against a collapsing world—a book about voyages out.

IN the introduction to his play "The Shelter," produced in 1983, when he was twenty-five, the British writer Caryl Phillips described a postcard photograph that he had kept pinned to the wall above his desk for over a year: "A white woman's face, probably that of a woman of thirty or thirty-five, who had probably just cried, or who would cry; and curled around her forehead, with just enough pressure to cause a line of folds in the skin above her eyes, were two black hands; obviously power and strength slept somewhere within them but at this moment they were infinitely gentle, describing with eight fingers that moment when a grip of iron weakens to a caress of love." The story of the relationship between this white woman and this black man—"perhaps the most explosive of all relationships, seldom written about, seldom explained, feared, observed, hated"—seemed to the author impossible to get down on paper, and many times, Phillips tells us, he wanted to quit: "The responsibility was too big, I would say, to myself only; and I would wait until I was more mature." It was with what he thought to be a final, regretful glance at the image that he experienced at last a clearing of the mind and with it the knowledge that "the postcard was a part of me and if I did not acknowledge it I would be haunted. . . . I clearly saw in it, perhaps for the first time, something that had made me what I was."

What Phillips was at the time—besides a budding playwright—was a recent Oxford graduate, brought up in Leeds, who was born in the West Indies and taken to England before his first birthday. He was just moving toward the discovery of his voice—the voice of an England not often heard, far from sweeping lawns and university quadrangles. Phillips has written elsewhere of the depths of exclusionism and ignorance which continually challenged his right to feel himself English, from the deliberate humiliations of boyhood to the questions of a BBC television producer as to "what African languages I spoke, and if I spoke them when I'm with other West Indians." At Oxford, he envied the African students for having "a home to which they could return"; he implies almost as much about black Americans. Two years after "The Shelter," which dealt with the impossible relations of a black man and a flesh-and-blood Britannia, Phillips began writing novels on the subject of West Indian rootlessness—of in-betweenness, of pained unacceptance and categorically enforced un-Englishness—set forth in the measured and evocative prose of a natural master of the language.

Both Phillips' insistent early theme

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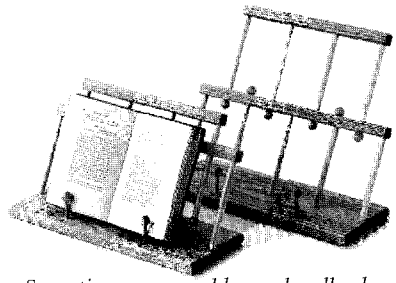
and his developing virtuosity of style are brought to an extreme pitch in his most recent novel, "Cambridge" (Knopf; $19). Set in the British West Indies before the victory of abolitionism, under a system of slavery carried out half a world away from its masters and beneficiaries, the story concerns the voyage of an Englishwoman, a near-perfect representative of the formative conventions of her class—"I am simply a lady of polite status with little talent, artistic or otherwise"—directly into the heat and confrontation of an island where her countrymen have painstakingly raised up a hell in the bower of paradise. Miss Emily Cartwright, come to inspect the running of her father's sugar plantation, is the proverbial drawing-room mirror, silvered and polished and transported over an ocean in order to capture in reflection the unthinkable English beast of slavery. Caryl Phillips, like Pat Barker, approaches the evils of history through the trials of individual conscience. His book, too, seems to set up a challenge of will against will, and a promise of transformation—in this case, through the presence on the plantation of a highly educated and articulate slave, called Cambridge. Yet as the story progresses these apparent promises grow dimmer and dimmer, until Phillips fatally reverses every prospect, every expectation. He leads where no one could expect who does not know his painfully divided earlier work.

Phillips' first novels centered on the physical beauty and social squalor of the Caribbean, the tiny islands of sizzling tin roofs and sleep and beer, "overburdened with vegetation and complacency," offering nothing, without future. This splendorous desolation he set against the cold, gray refusal of the great mother island, where what is offered is always out of reach, and where the past is all the comfort left. His people sailed away from their homes with a pity for all those "satisfied enough to stay," and they inevitably returned, defeated—in "The Final Passage" after several months; in "A State of Independence" after twenty years—and at once grateful and unfitted for the slow, eventless life they had thought to abandon.

In 1989, Phillips published a collection of three novellas under the title "Higher Ground," in which he seemed not only to have become a new writer but to have become several writers. The growth and the range were remarkable, and the command of voice—with narrators belonging to different sexes, races, countries, and times—was uncanny. The strongest of the stories was a dramatic monologue in letters called "The Cargo Rap," which records a black American's seventh year in prison during the nineteen-sixties. Here Phillips captures an era and a way of thinking and speaking with line-for-line precision, and renders a particular human personality with almost unbearable penetration: a young man of mental complexity and blanketing self-deception, whose belligerence and naïve schemes slowly give way to a seeping, cracking desperation. All of this hundred-page story is told in the singular and ever-recognizable voice of one Rudolph Leroy Williams, although Phillips manages to create—over the teller's shoulder, as it were—an array of other characters. And it is characteristic of the author's temperament that the tale begins in prison, with his narrator's crime obscured in the past, barely relevant, and all his actions cut off at the level of thought. Even rage is something that the reflective and rather gentle Phillips explores rather than releases.

The narrator of Phillips' third novella is an educated and privileged slave employed by the British military at an African trading post, whose job it is to translate between English and the dialects of captured tribes. The story, again, is delivered as a monologue, but eighteenth-century speech is alluded to rather than reproduced; something other than historical accuracy is intended. This nameless figure is marooned between his two peoples, "knowing that neither fully trusts me, that neither wants to be close to me, neither recognizes my smell or my posture." In the end, despite his Christianized learning and civility, he is turned upon by his masters and shackled to the latest group of captives; in a vortex of self-realization and terror, he is sold, in a distant country, on the block. This is a potent nightmare, as hard and irreducible as myth. In varied forms, it is at least as old as Stowe's Uncle Tom. For Phillips, its

Higher Reading



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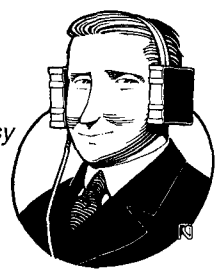

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gospel seems to be especially urgent, and it reappears, elaborated in detail and consequence, at the ambitious and inscrutable heart of "Cambridge."

The familiar Phillips gifts are much in evidence in the new novel, and its early sections have an intoxicating vocal grace. Here is the Englishwoman's story, told in her own steady voice, a brief prelude of dishevelled memory quickly bound up into the ordered form of a journal: "I shall have a record of all I have passed through, so that I might better recount for the use of my father what pains and pleasures are endured by those whose labour enables him to continue to indulge himself in the heavy-pocketed manner to which he has become accustomed."

A great part of the delight of these early pages lies in the secret of high and risky artifice shared between author and reader—the perfect balance with which Phillips has summoned up this nineteenth-century Emily. But there is also the simple appeal of the woman herself, with her dartings of bitter knowledge and need beneath the dutiful pose of the lady, with her wry intelligence and her distinctive way of trying out a new thought or expression—restyling the conventional inflections of an even earlier period—as though pressing the taste of it up against her palate, as when she notes of a seasick cabin boy: "Merely a few years hence he will have *sea legs* as opposed to *land legs*, and find it difficult to reside in a world that is devoid of motion." One believes in this Emily, and cares for her, as she broods and italicizes her way across the ocean.

Confusion sets in soon after her arrival, however, and slowly expands throughout the book. At first, we lose our hold on who Emily is or might be. Simultaneously appalled and seduced by tropical languor, the woman who left England with the bold hope that she might one day "encourage Father to accept the increasingly common, though abstract, English belief in the iniquity of slavery" is converted with startling immediacy—through plainly expressed disgust with black features and habits, with violations of "laws of taste"—to a stony conviction of the natural rightness of the slave system. The character closes up, becomes merely priggish, loses the Brontë-like sense of mettle beneath apparent mildness; even in giving herself over to island delicacies and sensualities, she is reduced to the hard and casually abusive England she had so recently sought to escape.

While there is no requirement, of course, that the heroine of a novel be also a political or moral heroine, and while the brutalization of this woman's mind is as potentially valid and perhaps more devastating a subject than its liberation, the reversal here is carried out without struggle or question, or even transition. More, the tight airlessness of that diminishing mind becomes stifling for the reader, who is, after all, trapped inside it, craning to locate a clear fact or another human face, to escape a monologue that turns into a drone long before its hundred and twenty-plus pages are out. Phillips' extraordinary control of tone never wavers, but the cost is great.

It was perhaps part of the author's rhythmic plan to have the plot rush in so late and so wild: a love affair, a baby, a murder. Emily's lover is the cruel plantation foreman, whose killer is the "black Hercules" called Cambridge, the sole slave who would not back down, who sought justice. We have seen the two men facing off in the fields—the result is the first whipping that Emily witnesses—and have seen Cambridge sitting outside Emily's sickroom reading his Bible:

> I asked if this was his common form of recreation, to which he replied in highly fanciful English, that indeed it was. You might imagine my surprise when he then broached the conversational lead and enquired after my family origins, and my opinions pertaining to slavery. I properly declined to share these with him, instead counter-quizzing with enquiries as to the origins of his knowledge.

Learning nothing of these origins, Emily "quickly closed in the door, for I feared this negro was truly ignorant of the correct degree of deference that a lady might reasonably expect from a base slave."

The history of this "base slave" is given at last by his own testimony, some thirty pages written out on the eve of hanging. Cambridge, born Olumide, was captured and taken to England, and there renamed, reclothed, reëducated, and eventually freed—"Truly I was now an Englishman, albeit a little smudgy of complexion!"—before the final and irrevocable betrayal back into slavery, aboard a ship travelling to Africa to convert the heathen. But his tale resolves the plot in only the most cursory way, and the book not at all. Where is Cambridge's voice? Far from sounding particularly fanciful, as Emily hears him, he sounds to us hardly different from Emily herself. It is soon apparent that Cambridge is less a man than an archetype, as isolated from sources of life as, finally, Emily is—or as she comes to be, it seems, once she has chosen, in the fields, in some mysterious and unexplored way, to set her heart toward the whip-wielding foreman rather than his steadfast opponent.

It is presumptuous to claim that an author should have stayed true to intentions that he may not, after all, have possessed. But everything that goes wrong with "Cambridge"—the sudden moral reduction of the heroine, the plot too sketchy and immaterial to contain, or even occupy, the characters, and the lack of conviction in the presentation of Cambridge himself—suggests a change of direction, the uprooting of a vital motivation: the meeting of this complex woman, white and free, and this complex man, black and enslaved, in a world set apart. Such is the magnetism of these twin poles of the narrative that just the anticipation of their mutual discovery is sufficiently charged to hold the story in tension, until the prospect is, chance by chance, eliminated. That there will be no connection made between these two people, no recognition, is emphasized more than once, as a kind of refutation, a warding off. ("That I might have conversed with her at ease, perhaps even discussed acquaintances in common, undoubtedly never occurred to her," Cambridge muses near the story's end.) This is not to say that these characters need to have become lovers but that the reader feels led inexorably toward some greater awareness, some eruption of sympathy, or of any emotion that would fertilize the sterile grounds in which the pair have been planted.

It is difficult to know whether this negative choice reflects technical restrictions or philosophical ones. On the simplest level, Phillips has chosen to retain his monologue form, his passive and dissociated poise, his tight control. But the choice encompasses, too, a

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backing away from the assailable cliché of black man and white woman—that "most explosive of all relationships," the exploration of which Phillips once regarded as part of his "inevitable task" and the responsibility for which he had feared. The image on the postcard that so obsessed the young writer remains one of essential division. Phillips' insistence that we are forever separate in our skins, that every voyage out is a foundering, is manifest in "Cambridge"—which begins by promising so much more—through the cutting back of dimension in the characters and of freedom in the author. Yet if "Cambridge" is a smaller book than it might have been, and more self-protective, it leaves one with the conviction that Phillips has it in him to write books that are larger and bolder. One would not require of the artist a different conclusion, or a feigned optimism—or, for that matter, a real optimism—but only the breath of possibility, without which the most meticulous creation is stillborn.

—Claudia Roth Pierpont

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

All the Pretty Horses, by Cormac McCarthy (Knopf; $21). This modern cowboy odyssey, set in 1949, follows three young men—one of them is really a wild, tragic boy—who decide to ride on horseback out of twentieth-century Texas and into the vaquero frontier that still exists in the badlands of northern Mexico. It is an implausible triumph. In the hands of a lesser talent, the Faulknerian prose and the familiar masculine material would have become stylized and sepia-toned, but right from the start Mr. McCarthy brings great imaginative competence and conviction to the tale. The novel is filled with masterly action sequences, brilliant observation of the natural world, and a kind of exalted passion for the way horses and men once lived through one another. If the next two volumes of a projected Border Trilogy are sustained at this pitch, we may have a new American classic.

Black Water, by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton; $17). This novella is about a young woman who drowns in a car driven off the road by a liberal United States senator, but it's apparent to anyone familiar with Oates's work that there is nothing sensationalistic in her choice of subject. The focus is on the young woman, who has met "The Senator" only that day and has merely, ambivalently, let him kiss her; who feels both like a cherished child of her parents and like a deficient one; who has wished for death, because of a failed romance, but has a tentative crush on a black M.I.T. physicist and is just beginning to opt for life. In its suspense and tragedy, this story is painful to read, and in its allusiveness and brevity frustrating. But its power of evocation is remarkable.

Note: "Under the 82nd Airborne," a collection of stories by Deborah Eisenberg, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($20). Many of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

Woman of Valor: Margaret Sanger and the Birth Control Movement in America, by Ellen Chesler (Simon & Schuster; $27.50). A copious and thoughtful—indeed, definitive—biography of the woman who founded, led, and dominated the movement to inform women about family planning. Margaret Sanger was born in 1879. Her father was a beguiling ne'er-do-well; her mother died at the age of fifty, having borne eleven children. Sanger, working in New York City's slums for the Visiting Nurses Association, encountered many women in poor health, like her mother, and often bearing children unwillingly or suffering from the effects of botched abortions. Her early efforts at reform—she started a magazine, *The Woman Rebel*, and later opened a birth-control clinic in Brooklyn—brought about her arrest, but she struggled on, through decades of hostility and ridicule. Ms. Chesler doesn't portray Sanger as a saint; private life meant less to her than public service, and she was an unfaithful wife and a distracted mother. Among the many topics addressed here is medical research, yet most of Sanger's difficulties arose not from the lack of scientific knowledge but from the unwillingness of certain groups to allow such knowledge to be used: in the post-Second World War period,

Nicholas Fox Weber's
exhilarating* book about five young rebels who, from 1928 to 1943, opened America to a new art

PATRON SAINTS

❄ We see Lincoln Kirstein at 22 and Edward M. M. Warburg at 18, both undergraduates at Harvard, exhibiting work by Thomas Hart Benton, Edward Hopper, Gaston Lachaise...introducing R. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion House...arranging the first public viewing of Alexander Calder's Circus...establishing a vital precedent for New York's Museum of Modern Art which was later to show us Modigliani, Seurat, Kandinsky, Klee, Brancusi, et al....bringing George Balanchine to this country.

❄ Agnes Mongan, brilliant young art historian and assistant to Paul Sachs at the Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, challenging the male-dominated museum world.

❄ James Thrall Soby, heir to a Connecticut tobacco fortune, curating, for the Wadsworth Atheneum (and later for the Museum of Modern Art) exhibitions of works by artists then scarcely known, among them Balthus, de Chirico and Gris.

❄ A. Everett (Chick) Austin Jr., mounting exhibitions in America of Picasso, Miró, Dali...presenting the world premiere of the Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson–Frederick Ashton *Four Saints in Three Acts*...

❄ Weber has immersed himself in their world, talking at length with the principals, their friends, colleagues and rivals. He has written a wonderfully alive and illuminating book about a time of great cultural excitement.

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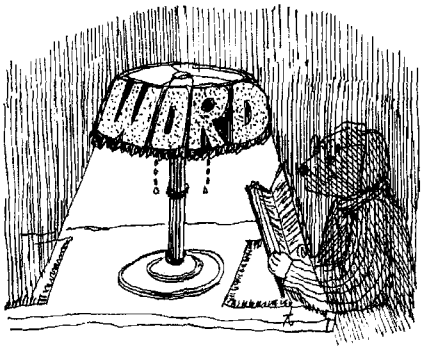

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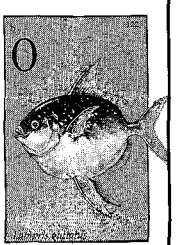

Sample box

two principal obstacles to a world population policy have been the Communist countries and the Roman Catholic Church.

AMONG THE THUGS, by Bill Buford (Norton; $22.95). Mr. Buford, the American editor of *Granta*, spent eight years shoulder to shoulder with England's football hooligans. He discovered that they were not the dispossessed young men of Thatcher's England but, often, skilled laborers with families and enough travel money to follow their teams and to be there when "it goes off"—when the supporters become a rampaging mob. While he renders the chaos with frightening immediacy, he does not lose track of the faces in the faceless crowd. Mick the electrician—who during his first meeting with the author consumes half a bottle of supermarket vodka, a tabloidful of fish 'n' chips, two cheeseburgers, two meat pies, four bags of crisps, four cans of lager, a takeaway curry, and eighteen pints of bitter—introduces Mr. Buford to a subculture of "lager louts" with an equally impressive appetite for bottle-throwing, tattoos, and petty crime. He is gradually accepted by the hooligans as a "good geezer" and allowed admittance to a National Front disco, where "racialist" skinheads pogo to a song whose refrain could be an epigraph for Mr. Buford's troubling book: "This is the voice of Britain. You'd better believe it."

THE HAPPY ISLES OF OCEANIA: PADDLING THE PACIFIC, by Paul Theroux (Putnam; $24.95). A spellbinding account of what may be the author's most ambitious travel undertaking, and is certainly one of the most strenuous. For eighteen months, he journeyed among the island groups of the Pacific, from the Trobriands and Solomons, off the coast of Australia, to the Hawaiian Islands, and, paddling in a collapsible kayak, visited the separate islands and atolls within each archipelago. The book affords us a general view of Oceania, a once earthly paradise that retains here and there some of its pristine beauty but has suffered from war, pollution, commercialization, and exploitation. Mr. Theroux provides plenty of particulars, too: we learn about the cargo cults of Vanuatu; the island of Savo, where the entire economy is based on the eggs of the megapode; the "ugly" town of Papeete, on Tahiti, where cabbage sells for eight dollars a head; and Fiji, "like the world you thought you left behind—full of political perversity, racial fear, economic woes, and Australian tourists looking for inexpensive salad bowls."

FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE: CHICAGO'S HAROLD WASHINGTON AND THE POLITICS OF RACE, by Gary Rivlin (Holt; $24.95). Although the details in this account of Chicago's first black mayor may seem parochial, the tale itself isn't; Mr. Rivlin's cast turns up in political dramas throughout the United States. There are black militants, white liberals, machine politicians, blue-collar ethnics, Latinos, all at cross-purposes, and very few of them—vocal ones, anyway—seem to care about the city as a whole. Washington was a career politician who had served in the state legislature and then in Congress, and the risks of a race for mayor weighed against the claims of personal pride and the demands of black leaders. In the end, he ran and won; he was reëlected after one term, and died soon after his second victory. The author, a former Chicago reporter, shows that Mayor Washington did care about the city, and that his essentially rational efforts to cope with Chicago's problems were bedevilled by racial sensitivities and enmities. This is not a heartening book, but it's a vivid one, and its disturbing truths are salutary lessons.

NOTE: "After Henry," a collection of pieces by Joan Didion, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($22). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Age of Missing Information," by Bill McKibben, has been published by Random House ($20). Much of the text originally appeared here. . . . "Temperaments: Artists Facing Their Work," by Dan Hofstadter, has been published by Knopf ($24). All the pieces in this collection first appeared here.

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In his First Duino Elegy, Prince Ranier Marie Rilke said, "Every single angel is terrible!"—*Dannye Romine in the Charlotte (N.C.) Observer.*

That was before he married Grace Kelly, of course.

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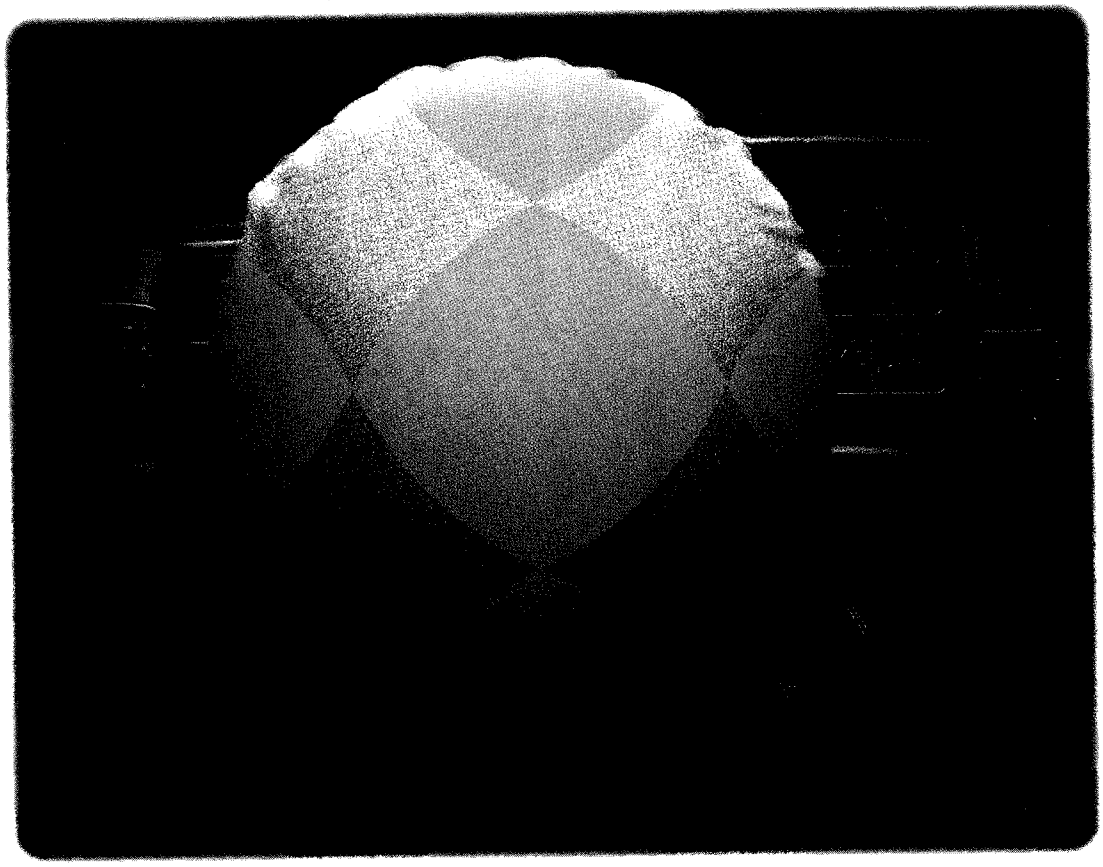

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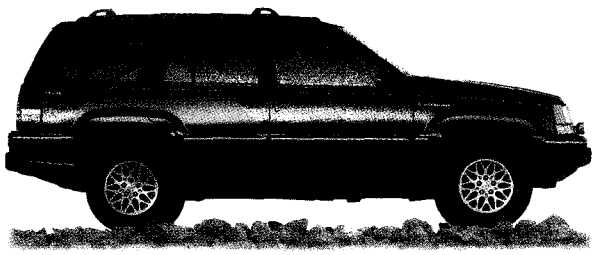

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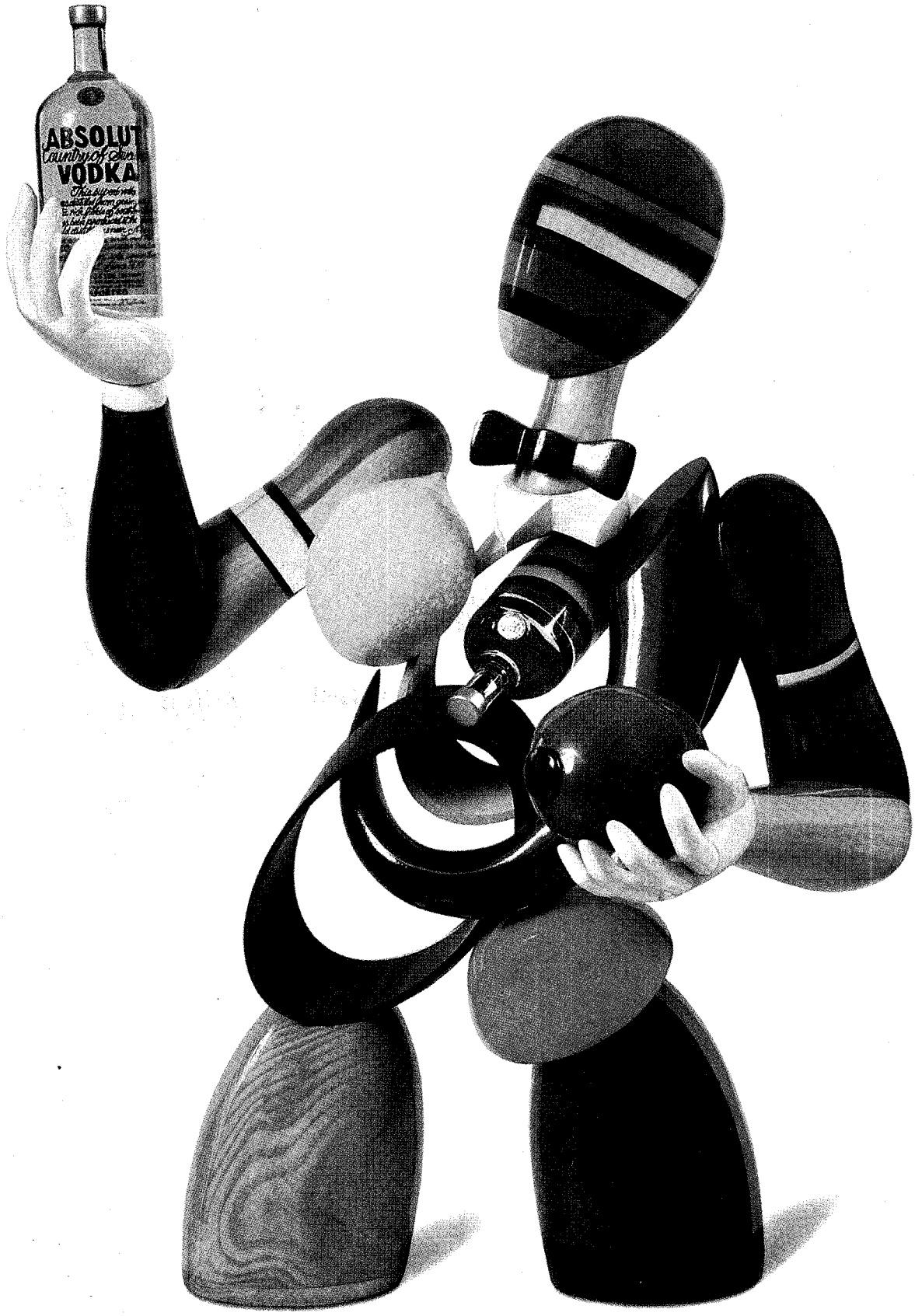

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